

OBLATION 8.4.8.4.

PERCY WHITLOCK

CHRIST MY REFUGE

MARY BAKER EDDY

With free rhythm

1. O'er wait - ing harp - strings of the
 2. And wake a white - winged an - gel
 3. Then His un - veiled, sweet mer - cies

mind There sweeps a strain, Low, sad, and
 throng Of thoughts, il - lumed By faith, and
 show Life's bur - dens light. I kiss the

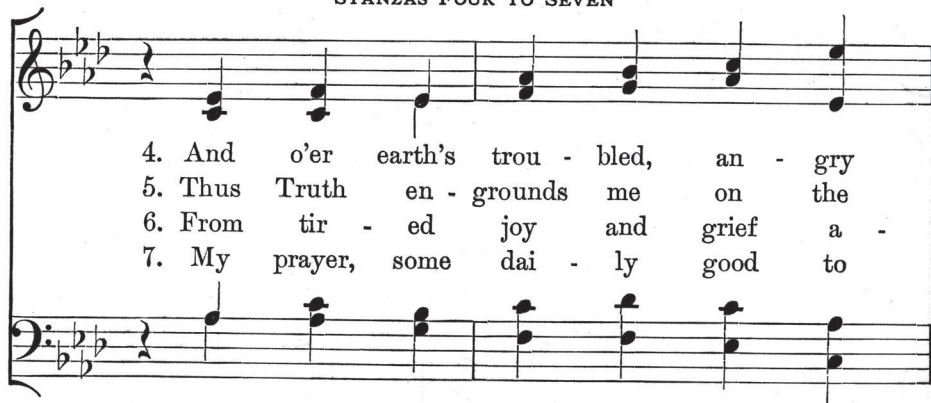
sweet, whose meas - ures bind The power of pain,
 breathed in rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.
 cross, and wake to know A world more bright.

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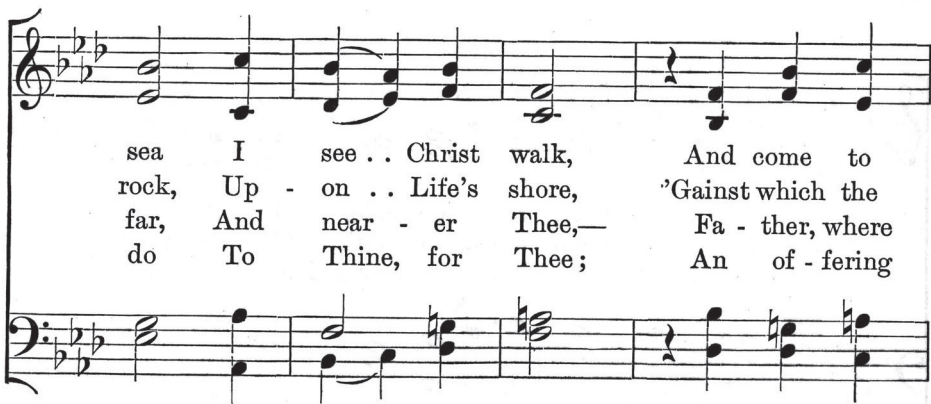
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STANZAS FOUR TO SEVEN



4. And o'er earth's trou - bled, an - gry
 5. Thus Truth en - grounds me on the
 6. From tir - ed joy and grief a -
 7. My prayer, some dai - ly good to



sea I see . . Christ walk, And come to
 rock, Up - on . . Life's shore, 'Gainst which the
 far, And near - er Thee,— Fa - ther, where
 do To Thine, for Thee; An of - fering



me, and ten - der - ly, . . Di - vine - ly talk.
 winds and waves can shock, Oh, nev - er - more!
 Thine own chil - dren are, . I love . . to be.
 pure of Love, where - to . . God lead - eth me.