

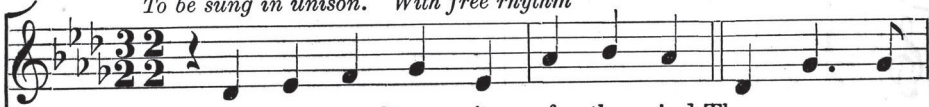
REFUGE 8.4.8.4.

CHRIST MY REFUGE

PERCY C. BUCK

MARY BAKER EDDY

To be sung in unison. With free rhythm

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1. O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a
 2. And wake a white-winged an-gel throng Of thoughts, il -
 3. Then His un-veiled, sweet mer-cies show Life's bur - dens
 4. And o'er earth's troubled, an - gry sea I see Christ
 5. Thus Truth en-grounds me on the rock, Up - on Life's




strain, Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind The power of pain,
lumed By faith, and breathed in raptured song, With love perfumed.
light. I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.
walk, And come to me, and ten-der-ly, . . . Di-vine-ly talk.
shore, 'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock, Oh, nev - er-more!

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6. From tired joy and grief afar,
And nearer Thee,— [are,
Father, where Thine own children
I love to be.
 7. My prayer, some daily good to do
To Thine, for Thee;
An offering pure of Love, whereto
God leadeth me.

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