

NORTON 8. 4. 8. 4.

LYMAN BRACKETT

CHRIST MY REFUGE

MARY BAKER EDDY



1. O'er wait- ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
2. And wake a white-winged an - gel throng Of thoughts, il-lumed
3. Then His un-veiled, sweet mercies show Life's bur - dens light.
4. And o'er earth's troubled, an - gry sea I see Christ walk,



- Low, sad, and sweet, whose meas-ures bind The power of pain,
 By faith, and breathed in rap-tured song, With love per-fumed.
 I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.
 And come to me, and ten-der-ly, Di-vine-ly talk.



5. Thus Truth engrounds me on the 6. From tired joy and grief afar,
 Upon Life's shore, [rock, And nearer Thee,—
 'Gainst which the winds and waves Father, where Thine own children
 can shock, are,
 Oh, nevermore! 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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