

PLEASANT STREET 8. 4. 8. 4. D.  
WILLIAM LYMAN JOHNSON

CHRIST MY REFUGE  
MARY BAKER EDDY

1. O'er wait - ing harp - strings of . . the mind There  
 3. Then His un - veiled, sweet mer - cies show Life's  
 5. Thus Truth en - grounds me on . . the rock, Up -  
 7. My prayer, some dai - ly good to . . do To . .

sweeps a strain, Low, sad, and sweet, whose  
 bur - dens light. I kiss the cross, and  
 on . . Life's shore, 'Gainst which the winds and  
 Thine, for Thee; An of - fering pure of

meas - ures bind The power of pain, 2. And  
 wake to . . know A world more bright. 4. And  
 waves can shock, Oh, nev - er - more! 6. From  
 Love, where - to God lead - eth me. ||

FINE

wake a white - winged an - gel . . thron  
 o'er earth's trou - bled, an - gry . . sea  
 tir - ed joy and grief . . a - far,

Of thoughts, il - lumed By faith, and . . breathed in  
 I see Christ walk, And come to . . me, and  
 And near - er Thee,— . . Fa - ther, where Thine own

rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.  
 ten - der - ly, Di - vine - ly talk.  
 chil - dren are, I love to be.

*D.C.*