

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.