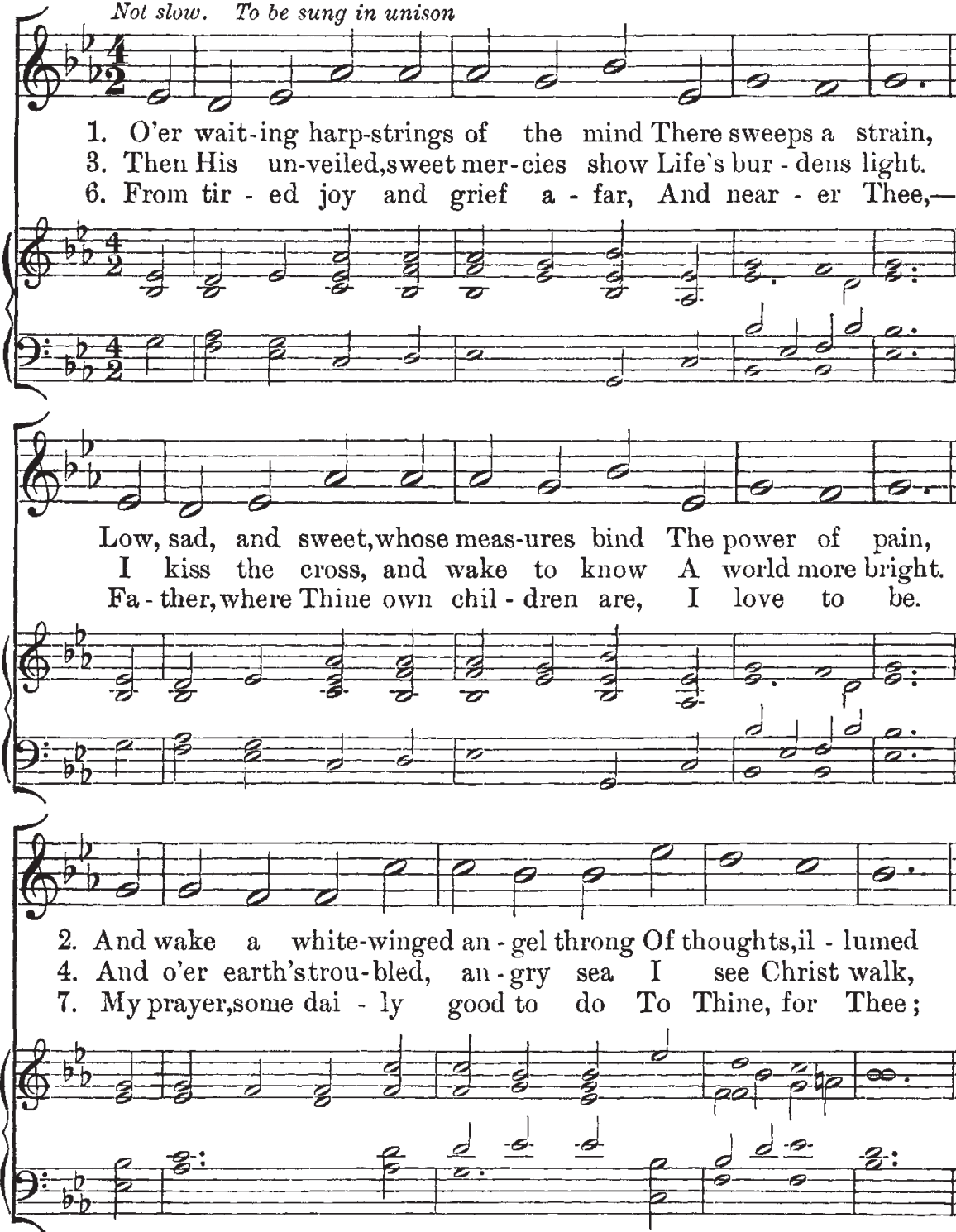


OLDDOWN 8. 4. 8. 4. D.

CHRIST MY REFUGE

BASIL HARWOOD

MARY BAKER EDDY

*Not slow. To be sung in unison*


1. O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,  
3. Then His un-veiled, sweet mer-cies show Life's bur - dens light.  
6. From tir - ed joy and grief a - far, And near - er Thee,—

Low, sad, and sweet, whose meas-ures bind The power of pain,  
I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.  
Fa - ther, where Thine own chil - dren are, I love to be.

2. And wake a white-winged an - gel throng Of thoughts, il - lumed  
4. And o'er earth's trou-bled, an - gry sea I see Christ walk,  
7. My prayer, some dai - ly good to do To Thine, for Thee;

Music by permission of BASIL HARWOOD

*D.C. for 3rd verse*



By faith, and breathed in rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.  
And come to me, and ten - der - ly, Di - vine - ly talk.  
An of - fering pure of Love, where - to God lead - eth me.

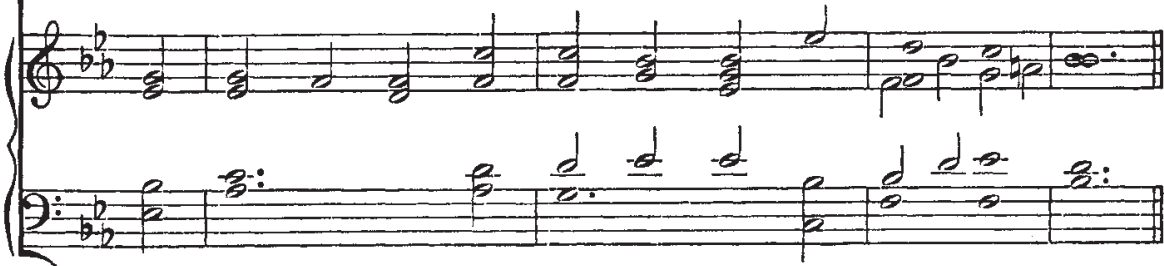
**FINE**



*5th verse only*



5. Thus Truth en-grounds me on the rock, Up - on Life's shore,



*D.C. for 6th verse*



'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock, Oh, nev - er - more!

