

## OBLATION 8. 4. 8. 4.

PERCY WHITLOCK

*With free rhythm*

## CHRIST MY REFUGE

MARY BAKER EDDY

1. O'er wait - ing harp - strings of the  
 2. And wake a white - winged an - gel  
 3. Then His un - veiled, sweet mer - cies

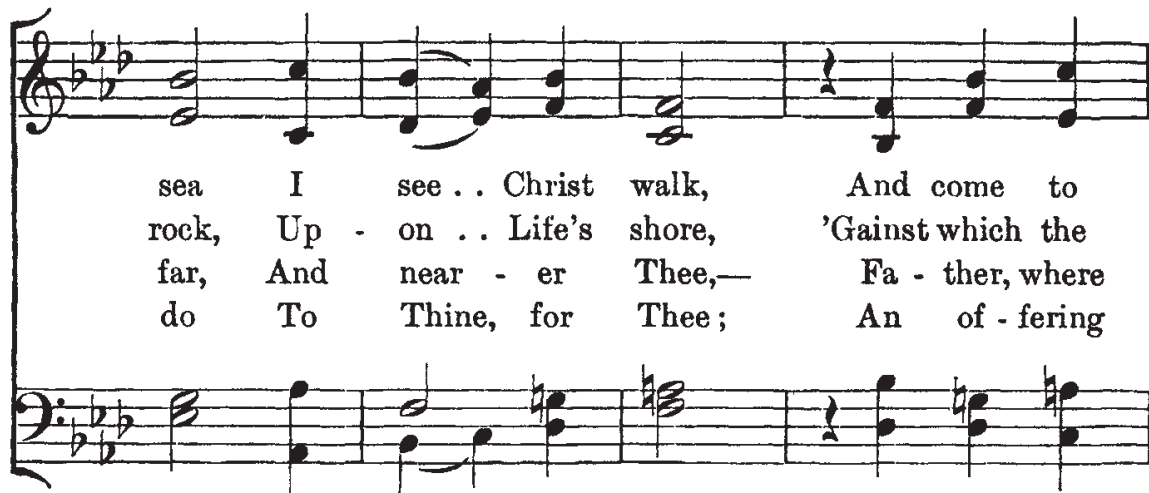
mind There sweeps a strain, Low, sad, and  
 throng Of thoughts, il - lumed By faith, and  
 show Life's bur - dens light. I kiss the

sweet, whose meas - ures bind The power of pain,  
 breathed in rap - tured song, With love per - fumed.  
 cross, and wake to know A world more bright.

## STANZAS FOUR TO SEVEN



4. And o'er earth's trou - bled, an - gry  
 5. Thus Truth en - grounds me on the  
 6. From tir - ed joy and grief a -  
 7. My prayer, some dai - ly good to



sea I see . . Christ walk, And come to  
 rock, Up - on . . Life's shore, 'Gainst which the  
 far, And near - er Thee, — Fa - ther, where  
 do To Thine, for Thee; An of - fering



me, and ten - der - ly, . . Di - vine - ly talk.  
 winds and waves can shock, Oh, nev - er - more!  
 Thine own chil - dren are, . I love . . to be.  
 pure of Love, where - to . . God lead - eth me.