O’er Waiting Harpstrings
“Christ My Refuge” by Mary Baker Eddy

1. O’er waiting 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,—

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;

Low, sad, and sweet, whose mea-sures
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
Fa-ther, where Thine own chil-dren are,
I love to be.

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.

END HERE

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy
MUSIC: 16th c. French melody; harm. Robert Rockabrand
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Alternate tunes: 253–257, 551, 552

Music for Christian worship.

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

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