1. O'er waiting harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
(3.) His unveiled, sweet mercies show Life's burdens light.

Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind
I kiss the cross, and wake to know
A world more bright.

2. And wake a white-winged angel throng
4. And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea

By faith, and breathed in raptured song,
And come to me, and tenderly,

love perfumed.

3. Then vinely talk.

5. Thus Truth grounds me on the rock,

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy
MUSIC: Cherie Brennan

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

6. From tired joy and grief a-far, And near-er Thee,—

Fa-ther, where Thine own chil-dren are, I love to be.

7. My prayer, some dai-ly good to do To Thine, for Thee;

An of-fering pure of Love, where-to God lead-eth me.