

## O'er Waiting Harpstrings

"Christ My Refuge" by Mary Baker Eddy

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 mea - sures 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;

*end here*

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.

WORDS: Mary Baker Eddy  
 MUSIC: 16th c. French melody; harm. Robert Rockabrand  
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 8.4.8.4.  
 Alternate tunes: 253–257, 551, 552

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

*to beginning*

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

