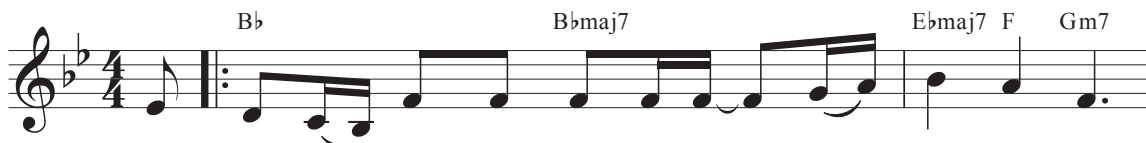
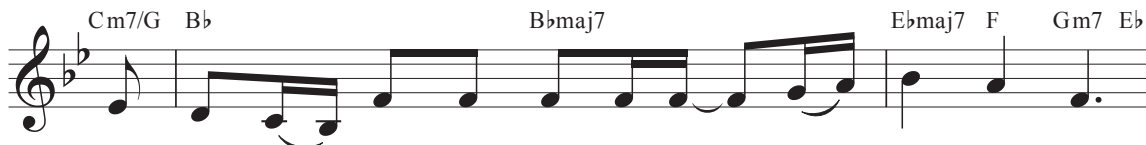


O'er Waiting Harpstrings

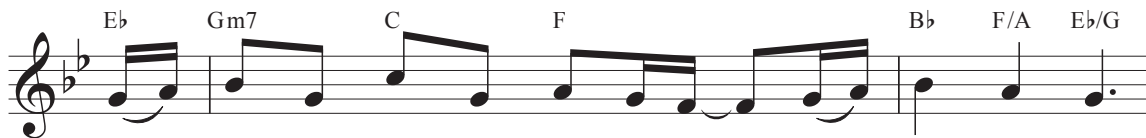
"Christ My Refuge" by Mary Baker Eddy



1. O'er wait - ing harp - strings of the mind There sweeps a strain,
 (3.) His un - veiled, sweet mer - cies show Life's bur - dens light.



Low, sad, and sweet, whose mea-sures bind The power of pain,
 I kiss the cross, and wake to know A world more bright.



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,



By faith, and breathed in rap - tured song, With
 And come to me, and ten - der - ly, Di -



love per - fumed. 3. Then vine - ly talk.



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!

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.