

# Christ My Refuge

Hymn 253-257

Mary Baker Eddy

O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind  
There sweeps a strain,  
Low, sad, and sweet, whose measures bind  
The power of pain,

And wake a white-winged angel throng  
Of thoughts, illumed  
By faith, and breathed in raptured song,  
With love perfumed.

Then His unveiled, sweet mercies show  
Life's burdens light.  
I kiss the cross, and wake to know  
A world more bright.

And o'er earth's troubled, angry sea  
I see Christ walk,  
And come to me, and tenderly,  
Divinely talk.

Thus Truth engrounds me on the rock,  
Upon Life's shore,  
'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock,  
Oh, nevermore!

From tired joy and grief afar,  
And nearer Thee,—  
Father, where Thine own children are,  
I love to be.

My prayer, some daily good to do  
To Thine, for Thee;  
An offering pure of Love, whereto  
God leadeth me.