Christ My Refuge

Poem by: Mary Baker Eddy
Music by: Robert Collister

Medium High Voice

Whispering Chimes Music
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O'er

Waiting harp-strings of the mind There sweeps a strain, Low,

Sad, and sweet, whose measures bind The power of

c 2011 Whispering Chimes Music
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12  \( mf \) \( rit \) . \( mp \) \( a \) tempo

p a tempo

pain, And wake a white-winged angel throng Of

15 thoughts, illumined By faith, and breathed in raptured

song, With love perfumed. Then

decresc. \( mf \)

\( \text{decresc.} \) \( \text{rit. . . } \) \( \text{mp} \)
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His unveiled, sweet mercies show Life's burdens.

mf

light. I kiss the cross, and wake to know A

cresc. . .
cresc. . .
And o'er earth's troubled,

angry sea I see Christ walk, And come to me, and

tenderly, Divinely talk. Thus
Truth en grounds me on the rock, Upon Life's shore, 'Gainst which the winds and waves can shock, Oh,
ne'er more! Oh, ne'er
C H R I S T  M Y  R E F U G E

more! From tir-ed joy and grief a-far, And nearer_ Thee,

F a - ther, where Thine own chil-dren_ are, I love_ to_

be. My prayer, some dai-ly good to do to Thine_, for__
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Thee; An offering pure of Love, where-to

God lead-eth me. God lead-eth me.

slow a tempo mp molto rit.

slow mp a tempo molto rit. p