Andante

O'er waiting harpstrings of the mind there sweeps a strain.

low, sad, and sweet whose measures bind the pow'r of pain.

wake a white-winged angel throng of thoughts illumined by faith.

And breath'd in raptured song with Love perfumed.
Then His un-veiled 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
ten-der-ly di- vine ly talk. Thus Truth en-ground me on the
rock up-on life's shore 'gainst which the winds and waves can shock, oh, nev-er-
more. From tir-ed joy and grief a
far and near-er 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 where-to God lead eth me.