

Christ My Refuge

Poem by Mary Baker Eddy

April Brahinsky

Andante *mp*

Voice

O'er wait - ing harpstrings of the

4

mind there sweeps a strain, low, sad, and

8

sweet, whose meas - sures bind the power of

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Christ My Refuge

10 *p* *cresc.*

pain, And wake a white-winged an - gel

12

throng of thoughts, il-lumed by faith, and breathed in rap - tured

14 *dim.* *mp* *cresc.*

song, with love per - fumed. Then His un-veiled, sweet mercies

16

show Life's bur-dens light. I kiss the cross, and wake to

18

know a world more bright.

20

mp *cresc.*

And o'er earth's trou-ble, an-gry

p