

Christ My Refuge

Mysterioso

♩ = 100

O'er wait-ing harp-strings of the mind Theresweeps a

strain, Low, sad, and sweet, whose mea-sures bind The power of pain,

And wake a white-winged an-gel throng Of thoughts, il-lumed By

faith, and breathed with rap-tured song, With Love per-fumed.

Then His un-veiled, sweet mer-cies show Life's bur-dens light. I kiss the cross, and

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