

# Christ My Refuge

*Mysterioso*

♩ = 100

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

6

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

11

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

16

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

21

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

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