

## Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

**D            A/C#   Bm7 D/A            G            D/F#   Asus   A**  
Dear refuge of my weary soul, on Thee, when sorrows rise,  
**D            A/C#   Bm7 D/A            G            A            D**  
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, my fainting hope relies.  
**D/C# Bm7 D/A            G            D/F#            G   Bm7            Asus   A**  
To Thee I tell each rising grief, for Thou alone can heal;  
**D            A/C#   Bm7 D/A            G            A            D**  
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel.

But oh! When gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail, and all my hopes decline.  
Yet gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust;  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though prostrate in the dust.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?  
And can the ear of sov'reign grace be deaf when I complain?  
No, still the ear of sov'reign grace attends the mourner's prayer;  
O may I ever find access to breathe my sorrows there.

Thy mercy seat is open still, here let my soul retreat;  
With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.  
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With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.

Words: Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Music: Matt Merker