

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Words: Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Music: Matt Merker

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise,
2. But oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies.
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and all my hopes de - cline.
And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be deaf when I com - plain?
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.

To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone can heal;
Yet gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust;
No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer;
Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat;

Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though pros - trate in the dust.
O may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.