

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Dear refuge of my weary soul, on Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, my fainting hope relies.
To Thee I tell each rising grief, for Thou alone can heal;
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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Words: Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Music: Matt Merker