

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.