

Dear Refuge Of My Weary Soul

Original Words by
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VERSE

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise, on Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my
 2. But oh! when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine; the springs of com - fort seem to fail and
 3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of sov - 'reign grace be
 4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat; with hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and

faint - ing hope re - lies. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal; Thy Word can bring a
 all my hopes de - cline. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; and still my soul would
 deaf when I com - plain? No, still the ear of sov - 'reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer; oh, may I ev - er
 wait be - neath Thy feet. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat; with hum - ble hope at -

sweet re - lief for ev - 'ry pain I feel.
 cleave to Thee though pros - trate in the dust.
 find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
 tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.