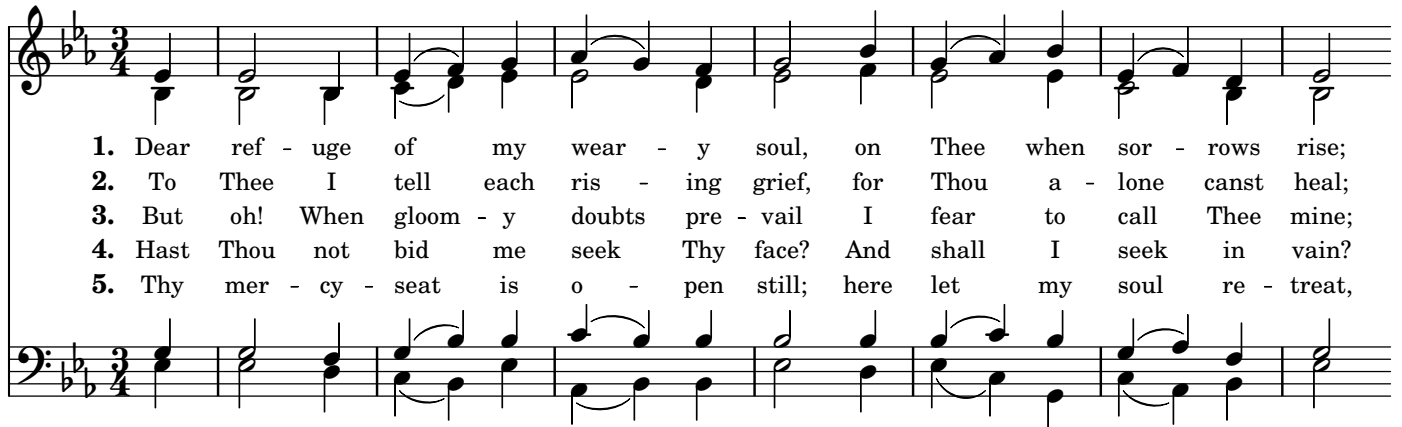


Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Text: Anne Steele, 1760

Tune: Anonymous, 1749



1. Dear ref - uge of my wear - y soul, on Thee when sor - rows rise;
2. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal;
3. But oh! When gloom - y doubts pre - vail I fear to call Thee mine;
4. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? And shall I seek in vain?
5. 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.
Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, for ev - ery pain I feel.
the springs of com - fort seem to fail and all my hopes de - cline.
And can the ear of sover - eign grace be deaf when I com - plain?
with hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.