

# Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

*Verse*

Dear re - fuge of my wear - y soul, On  
 oh! When gloo - my doubts pre - vail, I  
 Thou not bid me seek Thy face, And  
 mer - cy seat is o - pen still, Here

Thee when sor - rows rise On Thee when waves of  
 fear to call Thee mine The springs of com - fort  
 shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of  
 let my soul re - treat With hum - ble hope at -

trou - ble roll, My fain - ting hope re - lies To  
 seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline Yet  
 sov - ereign grace, Be deaf when I com - plain? No  
 - tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet Thy

Thee I tell each ri - sing grief, For  
 gra - cious God where shall I flee? Thou  
 still the ear of sov - ereign grace, At -  
 mer - cy seat is o - pen still, Here

Thou a - lone canst hea - l Thy Word can bring a  
 art my on - ly tru - st And still my soul would  
 - tends the mour - ner's pray - er Oh may I ev - er  
 let my soul re - trea - t With hum - ble hope at -

19 Am Am/G F G C

sweet re - lief, \_\_\_\_\_ For eve - ry pain I \_\_\_\_\_ feel But  
cleave to Thee \_\_\_\_\_ Though pro - strate in the \_\_\_\_\_ dust Hast  
find ac - cess, \_\_\_\_\_ To breathe my sor - rows \_\_\_\_\_ there Thy  
- tend Thy will, \_\_\_\_\_ And wait be - neath Thy \_\_\_\_\_ feet