

DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

Anne Steele (1716-1778)

Matt Merker

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee, when sor - rows rise, on
2. But oh! when gloom - y doubts pre-vail, I fear to call Thee mine; the
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain? And
4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat; with

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Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, my faint - ing hope re - lies. To
springs of com - fort seem to fail and all my hopes de - cline. Yet,
can the ear of sov - reign grace be deaf when I com - plain? No,
hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet. Thy

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Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, for Thou a - lone canst heal; Thy
gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust; and
still the ear of sov - reign grace at - tends the mourn - er's prayer; oh,
mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my soul re - treat; with

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Word can bring a sweet re - lief for ev - ery pain I feel.
still my soul would cleave to Thee though pros - trate in the dust.
may I ev - er find ac - cess to breathe my sor - rows there.
hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and wait be - neath Thy feet.