

DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

- VERSE 1** Dear refuge of my weary soul, on Thee, when sorrows rise
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll, my fainting hope relies
To Thee I tell each rising grief, for Thou alone canst heal
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel
- VERSE 2** But oh! When gloomy doubts prevail, I fear to call Thee mine
The springs of comfort seem to fail, and all my hopes decline
Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my only trust
And still my soul would cleave to Thee though prostrate in the dust
- VERSE 3** Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace be deaf when I complain?
No, still the ear of sov'reign grace attends the mourner's prayer
O may I ever find access to breathe my sorrows there
- VERSE 4** Thy mercy seat is open still, here let my soul retreat
With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet
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