

Am/G



# DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Kevin Twit

1. 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

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

8 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

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

15 Thou a - lone canst hea - I 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 sweet re - lief, For eve - ry pain I feel 2. But  
 cleave to Thee Though pro - strate in the dust 3. Hast  
 find ac - cess, To breathe my sor - rows there 4. Thy  
 tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy - feet