

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

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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

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

3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face,
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sovereign grace,
Be deaf when I complain?

No still the ear of sovereign grace,
Attends the mourner's prayer
Oh may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there

4. Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet,
 Thy mercy seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat
 With humble hope attend Thy will,
 And wait beneath Thy feet