DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

Words by Anne Steele
Music by Kevin Twit

1. Dear refuge of my weary soul,
   On Thee when sorrows rise
   My fainting hope relies
   To seem to fail,
   My sovereign grace,
   To tend Thy will,

   But oh! When gloomy doubts prevail,
   I fear to call Thee mine
   And all my hopes decline
   And seem to fail,
   And be deaf when I complain?

   Hast Thou not bid me open still,
   And shall I seek in vain?
   And can the ear of spring of comfort
   Here let my soul retreat
   With humble hope at

   Thy mercy seat is
   Thy throne when waves of
   The springs of comfort
   With humble hope at

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Thee I tell each rising grief, For Thou alone canst
gracious God where shall I flee? Thou art my only
still the ear of sovereign grace, Attends the mourner’s
mercy seat is open still, Here let my soul re-

hearest Thy Word can bring a sweet relief,
and still my soul would cleave to Thee
Oh may I ever find access,
With humble hope attend Thy will,

For every pain I feel 2. But
Though prostrate in the dust 3. Hast
To breathe my sorrows there 4. Thy
And wait beneath Thy feet.