

DEAR REFUGE OF MY WEARY SOUL

Words by Anne Steele
Music by Kevin Twit

C G/B

1. Dear re - fuge of my
2. But oh! When gloo - my
3. Hast Thou not bid me
4. Thy mer - cy seat is

6 Am Am/G F G C C G/B

wear - y soul, On Thee when sor - rows - rise On Thee when waves of
doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee - mine The springs of com - fort
seek Thy face, And shall I seek in - vain? And can the ear of
o - pen still, Here let my soul re - treat With hum - ble hope at -

11 Am Am/G F G C

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

15 G C Dm Am F G

Thee I tell each ri - sing grief, For Thou a - lone canst
 gra - cious God where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly
 still the ear of sov - ereign grace, At - tends the mour - ner's
 mer - cy seat is o - pen still, Here let my soul re -

19 Dm G C G/B Am Am/G

hea - I Thy Word can bring a sweet re - lief,
 tru - st And still my soul would cleave to Thee
 pray - er Oh may I ev - er find ac - cess,
 trea - t With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will,

23 F G C C

- For eve - ry pain I feel 2. But
 - Though pro - strate in the dust 3. Hast
 - To breathe my sor - rows there 4. Thy
 - And wait be - neath Thy feet.