

# Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Words by Anne Steele  
Music by Kevin Twit

Capo III      C      G/B      Am      Am/G      F

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, on Thee when  
 2. But oh! When gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to  
 3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I  
 4. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still, here let my

G      C      C      G/B      Am      Am/G

sor - rows rise on Thee when waves of trou - ble roll, my  
 call Thee mine The springs of com - fort seem to fail, and  
 seek in vain? And can the ear of sovereign grace, be  
 soul re - treat with hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, and

F      G      C      G      C      Dm      Am

faint - ing hope re - lies to Thee I tell each ris - ing grief,  
 all my hopes de - cline. Yet gra - cious God where shall I flee?  
 deaf when I com - plain? No still the ear of sov - ereign grace,  
 wait be - neath Thy feet. Thy mer - cy seat is o - pen still,

F      G      Dm      G      C      G/B

for Thou a - lone canst heal Thy Word can bring a  
 Thou art my on - ly trust. And still my soul would  
 at - tends the mourn - er's prayer oh may I ev - er  
 here let my soul re - treat with hum - ble hope at -

Am      Am/G      F      G      C

sweet re - lief, for ev - 'ry pain I feel. 2. But  
 cleave to Thee, though pros - trate 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.