1. Dear refuge of my weary soul, on Thee, when sorrows rise,
   With Thy springing hopes, and with Thy face, my hopes lie.
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.
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?
4. Thy mercy seat is open still, here let my soul retreat;
   With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.

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.

Thy Word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel.
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, though prosstrate in the dust.
O may I ever find access to breathe my sorrows there.

With humble hope attend Thy will, and wait beneath Thy feet.

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**Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul**

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