**Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul**

Lyrics: Anne Steele (1716-1778), Public Domain;

Music: Matt Merker, © 2014

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.

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.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face, and shall I seek in vain?

And can the ear of sov’reign grace be deaf when I complain?

No, still the ear of sov’reign grace attends the mourner’s prayer;

O may I ever find access to breathe my sorrows there.

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.