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
   On Thee when waves of doubts prevail,
   My fainting hope declines.

2. But oh! When gloomy clouds seem to fail,
   And all my hopes decline,
   And shall I seek in vain? And can the ear of sovereign grace,
   Yet be deaf when I complain? No

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? No

4. Thy mercy seat is open still,
   Here let my soul retreat
   With humble hope at tend Thy will,
   And wait beneath Thy feet

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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.