

# Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Anne Steele, 1760  
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E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$

1. Dear re - fuge of my wear - y soul, On Thee, when sor - rows  
2. But oh! when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee  
3. Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face? And shall I seek in  
4. Dear re - fuge of my wear - y soul, On Thee, when sor - rows

E $\flat$  A $\flat$ <sup>2</sup> E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$  A $\flat$

rise, On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re -  
mine; The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de -  
vain? And can the ear of sov - reign grace Be deaf when I com -  
rise, On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re -

E $\flat$  A $\flat$ <sup>2</sup> B $\flat$  B $\flat$ /A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /G B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>/F E $\flat$  A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /G

lies. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou a - lone canst  
cline. Yet, grac - ious God, whereshall I flee? Thou art my on - ly  
plain? No, still the ear of Sov - reign grace, At - tends the mourn - er's  
lies. Thy mer - cy seat is op - en still, Here let my soul re -

B $\flat$  sus<sup>4</sup> B $\flat$  B $\flat$ /A $\flat$  E $\flat$ /G B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup>/F E $\flat$  A $\flat$  A $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$ <sup>7</sup> E $\flat$

heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, For ev - ry pain I feel.  
trust; And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Though pros - trate in the dust.  
pray'r; Oh may I ev - er find ac - cess To breathe my sor - rows there!  
treat; With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet.