Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER OLD

| d - | m - - m r - d - | f - f - m - r - |
Dear Refuge of my weary soul, On

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - m - |
Thee, when sorrows rise, On

| l - - s f - m - | r - d - t, - m - |
Thee, when waves of trouble roll, My

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - |
fainting hope re- lies.

The other verses

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy Word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of pardoning grace
Be deaf when I complain?

4 No, still the ear of saving grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Tune WINCHESTER OLD by Thomas Este (died undefined) and George Kirbye (died 1634); words by Anne Steele (1717–1778). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.