

Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul

Pacific Gold

Dear refuge of my weary soul
on you when sorrows rise
on you when waves of troubles roll my faint and hope relies
To you I tell each rising grief for you alone can heal
your word can bring a sweet relief for every pain I feel
For every pain I feel And oh, my Lord, to you when waves of trouble roll I'll come But oh, when gloomy doubts
prevail, I fear to call you mine
The springs of comfort seem to fail and all my hopes decline
When in the dark, Lord, help me see, when deaf, give me your ears
Oh, brighten up this world to me and let me find you here
And let me find you here And oh, my Lord, to you when waves of trouble roll I'll come
I'll come
And oh, my Lord, to you when waves of trouble roll I'll come
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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