

Anne Steele, 1760

God the only refuge of the troubled mind


86. 86. (C. M.)


Randolph

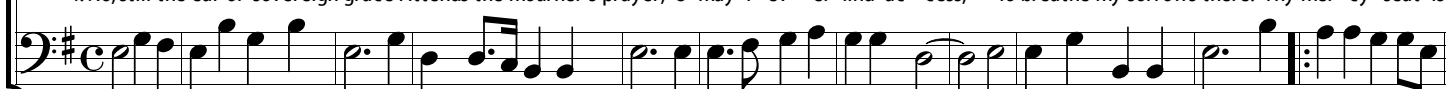
Transcribed from *The Village Compilation*, 1806.

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Daniel Belknap, 1806


Tr.  5 10


T. 

B. 

1. Thou refuge of my wea-ry soul, On thee, when sor-rows rise; On thee, when waves of trouble roll, My fain-ting hope re-lies. To thee I tell each
2. While hope revives, though pressed with fears, And I can say, my God, Beneath thy feet I spread my cares, And pour my woes abroad. But O! when gloomy

Tr.  15 1. 20 2.

T. 

B. 

3. Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on-ly trust, And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though prostrate in the dust. Hast thou not bid me
4. No, still the ear of sovereign grace Attends the mourner's prayer; O may I ev-er find ac-cess, To breathe my sorrows there. Thy mer-cy-seat is

1. ri-sing grief, For thou alone canst heal; _____ Thy word can bring a sweet relief For every pain I feel. _____ To feel. _____
2. doubts prevail, I fear to call thee mine; _____ The springs of comfort seem to fail, And all my hopes decline. _____ But -cline. _____

3. seek thy face? And shall I seek in vain? _____ And can the ear of sovereign grace Be deaf when I com-plain? _____ Hast -plain? _____
4. o-pen still; Here let my soul retreat, _____ With humble hope attend thy will, And wait beneath thy feet. _____ Thy feet. _____