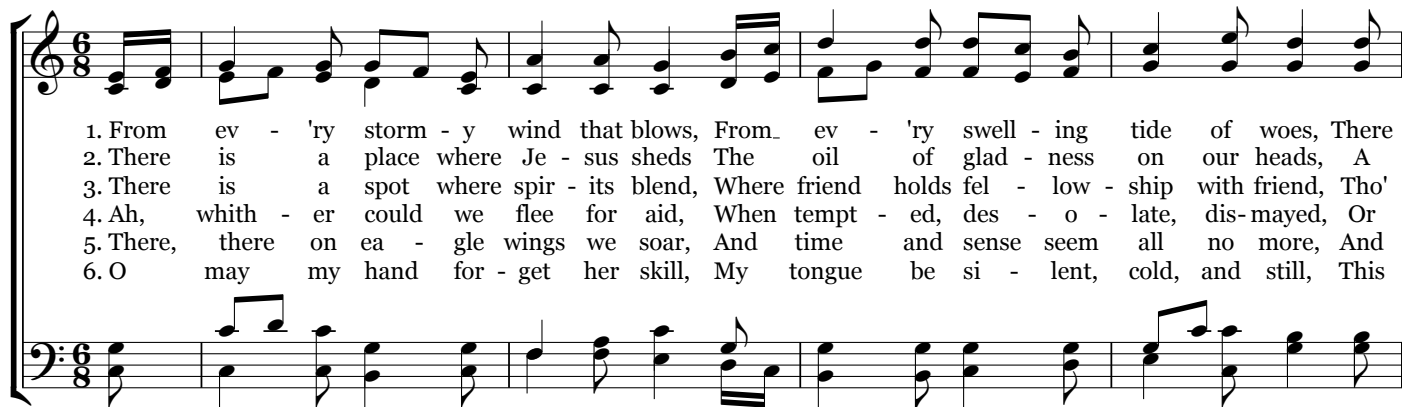


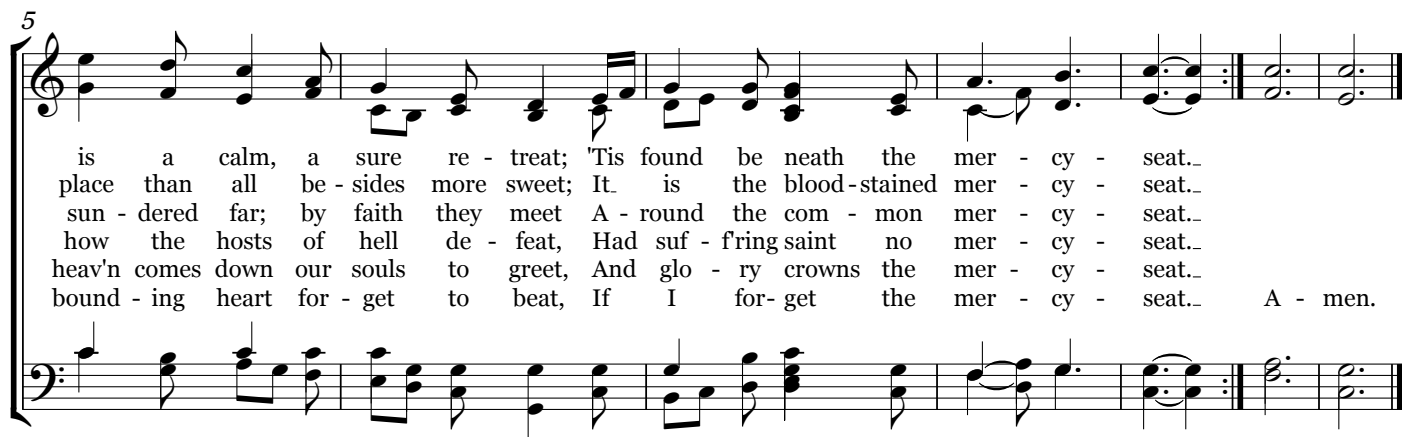
# From Ev'ry Stormy Wind that Blows

Hugh Stowell, 1828, 1831

Thomas Hastings, 1842; Tune: RETREAT; Meter: L.M.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There  
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads, A  
3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend, Tho'  
4. Ah, whith - er could we flee for aid, When tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis - mayed, Or  
5. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more, And  
6. O may my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This



5  
is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be neath the mer - cy - seat...  
place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - stained mer - cy - seat...  
sun - dered far; by faith they meet A - round the com - mon mer - cy - seat...  
how the hosts of hell de - feat, Had suf - fring saint no mer - cy - seat...  
heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat...  
bound - ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy - seat... A - men.