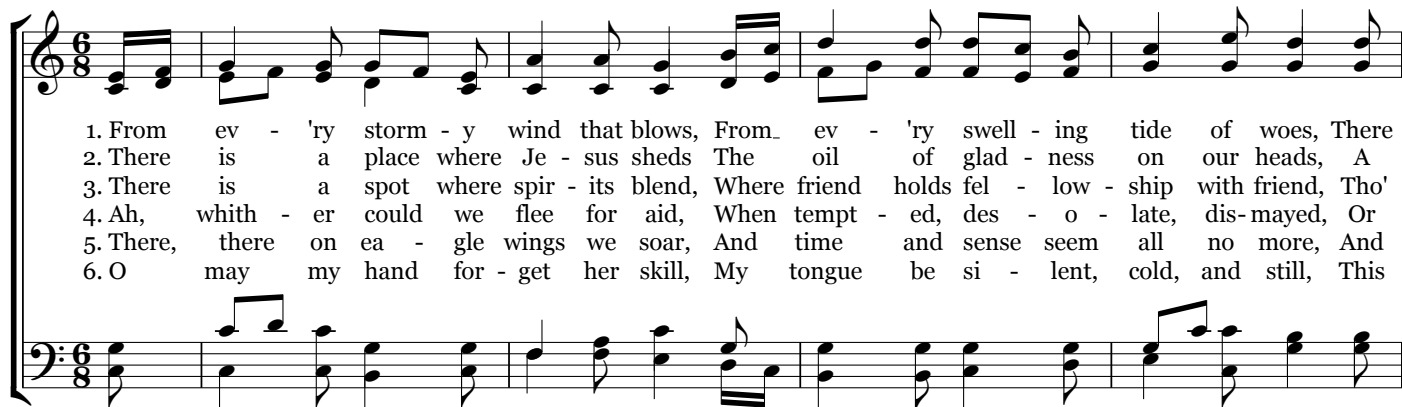


From Ev'ry Stormy Wind that Blows

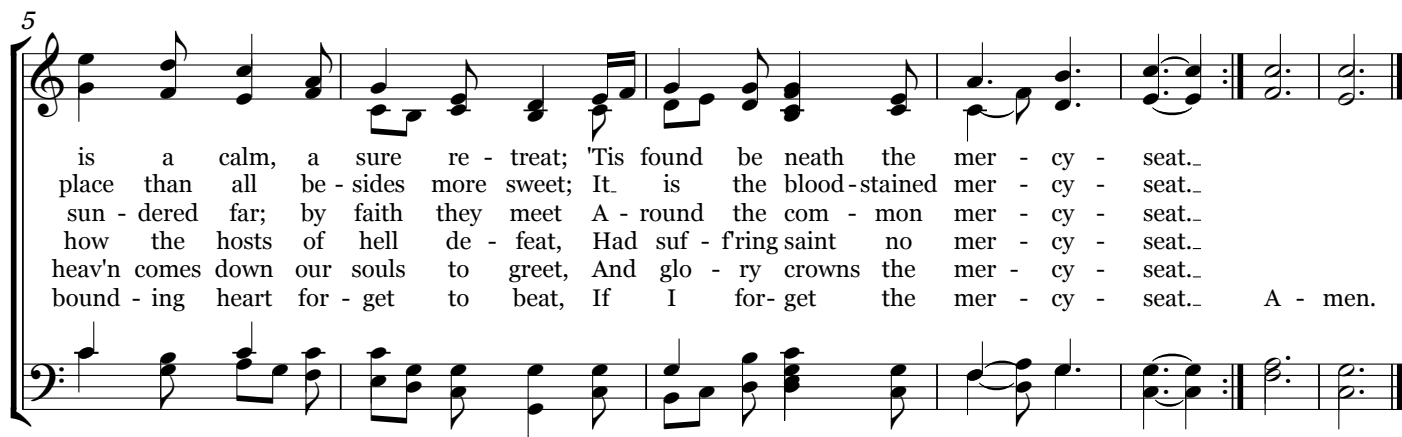
Hugh Stowell, 1828, 1831

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.