

From every stormy wind that blows

(RETREAT. L.M.)

Hugh Stowell (1799-1865)

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

$\text{♩} = 40$

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From
 2. There is a place where mer - cy sheds The
 3. There is a spot where souls u - nite, And

ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be -
 saint meets saint in heaven - ly light ; Though sun - dered far, by

sweet re - treat ; 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
 side more sweet : It is the heaven - ly mer - cy - seat.
 faith they meet Be - fore the com - mon mer - cy - seat.

4. Ah, whither could we flee for aid
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat ?

5. Thither by faith we'd upward soar,
 Let time and sense seem all no more ;
 For freely God our souls can greet
 Where glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Alternate Tunes : Maryton, 59 ; Whitburn, 333.