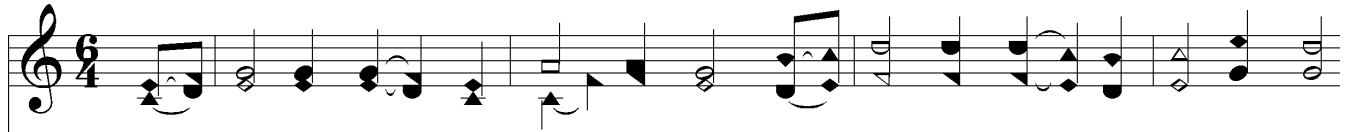
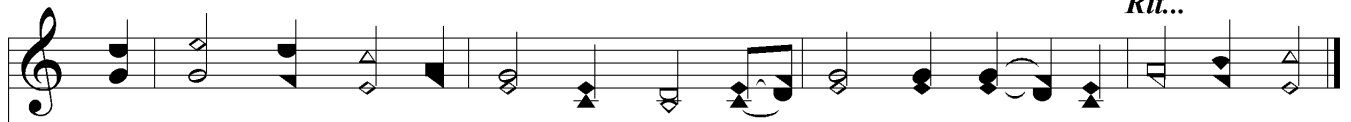


FROM EVERY STORMY WIND



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friendholds fel - low - ship with friend;
4. There there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,



There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - bo't mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

