From Every Stormy Wind

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
   There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
   There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
   There, there on eagle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
A place than all besides more sweet; It is the blood both mercy-seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy-seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Words: Hugh Stowell
Music: Thomas Hastings
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