From Every Stormy Wind

1. From ev'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
   There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads,
   There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
   There on eagle'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.