The Mercy Seat

Words by Rev. Hugh Stowell
Music by W. H. Doane

1. From ev'ry stormy wind that blows, from ev'ry swelling tide of woes, there is a calm, a sure retreat;
   and all no more, and ship with friend, tho' sun-dered far; by faith they meet a round the common mercy seat.

2. There is a spot where spirits blend, where friend holds fellowship; 'tis found beneath the mercy seat. The Mercy seat, the
   and heaven comes down our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy seat. Mercy seat! O blessed rest, Communion sweet; For

3. There, there on eagle wings we soar, and time and sense seem round our Lord we meet, A-round one common Mercy seat.
   by faith our Lord we meet, A-round one common Mercy seat.