

Hugh Stowell (1799-1865)

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872)

♩ = 40

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From
2. There is a place where mer - cy sheds The

ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be -

sweet re - treat ; 'Tis found be - fore the mer - cy - seat.
side more sweet : It is the heavenly mer - cy - seat.

3. There is a spot where souls unite, 4. Ah, whither could we flee for aid
And saint meets saint in heavenly light ; When tempted, desolate, dismayed ?
Though sundered far, by faith they meet Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Before the common mercy-seat. 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.