

FROM EVERY STORMY WINDS THAT BLOWS

Verse 1

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

Verse 2

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

Verse 3

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

Verse 4

There, there on eagles wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.