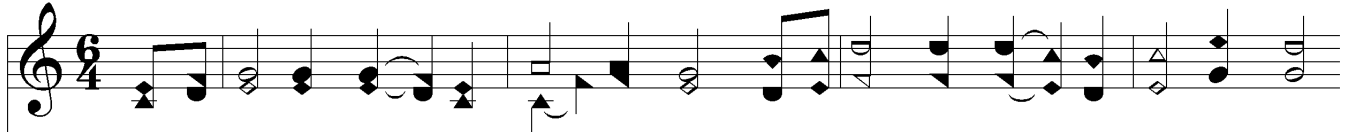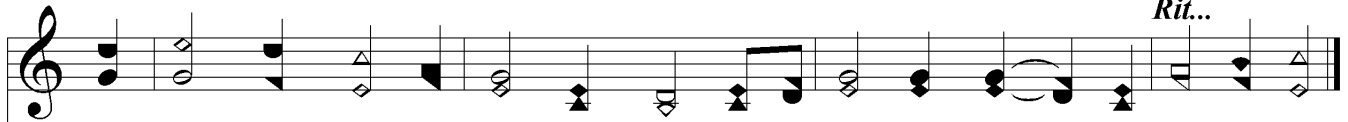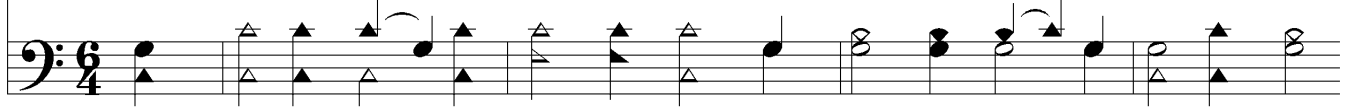# From Every Stormy Wind



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense seem all no more,

*Rit...*

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.

Words: Hugh Stowell
Music: Thomas Hastings