

The Mercy Seat

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, from ev - 'ry swell - ing
 2. There is a spot where spir - its blend, where friend holds fel - low -
 3. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, and time and sense seem

tide of woes, there is a calm, a sure re - treat;
 ship with friend, tho' sun - dered far; by faith they meet
 all no more, and heav'n comes down our souls to greet,

Rit... *Chorus*
 'tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
 a - round the com - mon mer - cy seat. The Mer - cy seat, the
 and glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.

Mer - cy seat! O bless - ed rest, Com - mun - ion sweet; For

Rit...
 there by faith our Lord we meet, A - round one com - mon Mer - cy seat.

Words by Rev. Hugh Stowell
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