

Hymn Lyrics

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From every stormy wind that blows

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.

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.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
when tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

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.