

**From every stormy wind 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 beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-stain'd mercy-seat.

**Verse 3**

There is a spot where spirits blend,  
And friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

**Verse 4**

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

**Verse 5**

There, there on eagle 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.