

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

RETREAT L.M.
 Thomas Hastings, 1842
 Arr. by Rhys Thomas, 1916

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 spot where spir - its blend, where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend,
 4. Ah, whith - er could we flee for aid, when tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis-mayed,

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 bloodstained mer - cy seat.
 tho' sun-dered far; by faith they meet a - round the com - mon mer - cy seat.
 or how the hosts of hell de - feat, had suf - f'ring saints no mer - cy seat?

5. There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 and time and sense seem all no more,
 and heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
 and glory crowns the mercy seat.

6. O may my hand forget her skill,
 my tongue be silent, cold, and still,
 this bounding heart forget to beat,
 if I forget the mercy seat.