

THE MERCY SEAT

(Retreat. L. M.)

Stowell

Hastings

1. From eve - ry storm - y wind that blows, From eve - ry swell - ing
 2. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low -
 3. Ah! whith - er should we flee for aid, When temp - ted, des - o -

tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis
 ship with friend; Though sun - dered far, by faith they meet A -
 late, dis - mayed? Or how the hosts of sin de - feat, Had

found a - bove the mer - cy - seat.
 round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 suff - 'ring saints no mer - cy - seat?