

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.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 O whither could we go for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed:
Or how the hosts of hell defeat
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagle-wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more:
And Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 O let my hands forget their skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

Hugh Stowell, 1799-1865