

I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat. . . Ex. 25:22

RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1842

Harmonized by Rhys Thomas, 1916

Hugh Stowell, 1828, 1831

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads, A
 3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend, Tho'
 4. Ah, with-er could we flee for aid, When tempt-ed, des - o - late, dis-mayed, Or
 5. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And time and sense seem all no more, And
 6. O may my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold, and still, This

is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all be-sides more-sweet; It is the blood-stained mer-cy - seat.
 sun-dered far; by faith they meet A - round the com-mon mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suf-fring saints no mer-cy - seat?
 heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer-cy - seat.
 bound-ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get the mer-cy - seat. A - MEN.

Peter went up . . . to pray, about the sixth hour. Acts 10:9

EUDORA 8. 8. 8. 4.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

James R. Murray, 1841-1905

1. My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve-ning
 2. Then is my strength by thee re-newed; Then are my sins by thee for -
 3. No words can tell what sweet re-lief There for my ev - 'ry want I
 4. Hushed is each doubt, gone ev - 'ry fear; My spir - it seems in heav'n to
 5. Lord, till I reach yon bliss-ful shore, No priv - i - lege so dear shall

star, As that which calls me to thy feet, The hour of prayer?
 giv'n; Then dost thou cheer my sol - i - tude With hope of heav'n.
 find. What strength for war-fare, balm for grief, What peace of mind!
 stay; And e'en the pen - i - ten-tial tear Is wiped a - way.
 be As thus my in-most soul to pour In prayer to thee. A - MEN.