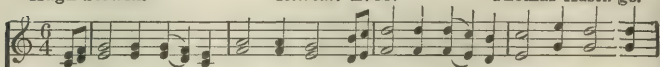


from Every Stormy Wind.

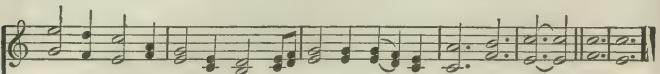
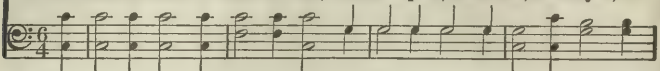
Hugh Stowell.

Retreat. L. M.

Thomas Hastings.



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 scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or



is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
 place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
 sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
 how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A - MEN.

