

# From Every Stormy Wind

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Thomas Hastings

1. From — ev — 'ry storm — y wind that blows,  
 2. There — is a place — where Je — sus sheds  
 3. There — is a scene — where spir — its blend,  
 4. There, — there on ea — gles' wings we soar,

From — ev — 'ry swell — ing tide of woes,  
 The — oil of glad — ness on our heads;  
 Where — friend holds fel — low — ship with friend:  
 And — sin and sense — mo — lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re — treat;  
 A place than all be — sides more — sweet;  
 Tho' sun — dred far, by — faith souls they meet;  
 And Heav'n — comes down our souls to greet,

'Tis — found be — neath — the mer — cy seat.  
 It — is the blood — bought mer — cy seat.  
 A — round one com — mon mer — cy seat.  
 When — glo — ry crowns — the mer — cy seat.

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