

## RETREAT. L.M.

Hugh Stowell

Dr. T. Hastings, 1840

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-fore the mer-cy seat.

2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads — A place of all on earth most sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy seat.

3. There is a place where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend; Though sun-dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com-mon mer-cy seat.

4. There, there, on ea-gle's wings we soar, And sin and sense mo-lest no more; and heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer-cy seat.