

METRE 1 Hugh Stowell

# RETREAT L.M.

Thomas Hastings

1. From every storm - y wind that blows, From eve - 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 mercy seat.

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - lowship with friend; Tho' sun - der'd far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.

4. There, there on ea - gle 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.