

From Every Stormy Wind

Retreat. L.M.

HUGH STOWELL, 1828

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1842

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds, The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there, on an - gel's wings we soar, And earth - ly cares mo - lest no more,
 5. Ah! whith - er should we flee for aid, When tempted, des - o - late, dismayed?

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
 A place than all be - sides more sweet; It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy seat.
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy seat.
 Or how the hosts of sin de - feat, Had suf - fer - ing saints no mer - cy seat?

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'Tis by the Faith of Joys

Louvan. L.M.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, 1847

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through des - erts dark as night;
 2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearl - y gates ap - pear;
 3. Though li - ons roar, and tempests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way,

Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith our light.
 Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.
 With joy we tread the des - ert through, While faith in - spires a heav - en - ly ray.