

# The Mercy Seat

C



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds fel - low-ship with friend;
3. Ah! whith - er should we flee for aid, When tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis - mayed?



There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found a - bove the mer - cy - seat.  
Tho; sun - dered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.  
Or how the hosts of sin de -feat, Had suf - f'ring saints no mer - cy - seat?

