From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
From every stormy wind that blows, From

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
every swelling tide of woes, There

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
found before the mercy seat.

The other verses

2 There is a place were Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads, —
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Hugh Stowell (1799–1865). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.