

Hugh Stowell, 1828.

# MERCY SEAT. L.M.

Arranged 1996.

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

2. { Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempt-ed, des-o-late, dismayed? } Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?  
Or how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suf-fering saints no mer-cy-seat?

3. { O let my hand for-get her skill, My tongue be si-lent, cold, and still; } If I for-get the mercy-seat.  
This bounding heart for-get to beat, If I for-get the mer-cy-seat.