

# From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

*A hymn by Hugh Stowell, c. 1828*

From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds,  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

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.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more;  
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,  
When glory crowns the mercy seat.

Oh, let my hand forget her skill,  
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,  
This bounding heart forget to beat,  
If I forget the mercy seat!

## [Exodus 25](#)

*<sup>22</sup> And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony, of all things which I will give thee in commandment unto the children of Israel.*

## [Hebrews 4](#)

*<sup>16</sup> Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.*