

THE MERCY SEAT.

Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

Music by G. W. C.

From eve - ry stor - my wind that blows,
There is a place where Je - sus sheds

From eve - ry swell - ing tide of
The oil of glad - ness on our

woes, There is a calm a sure re -
heads, A place than all be - side more

treat-- Our re - fuge is the Mer - cy - seat.
sweet-- We seek the blood - bought Mer - cy - seat.