

dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you
 dreamt, which charm'd me most, that you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you

lov'd me still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me, still the same. same.

Retreat

H. STOWELL

T. HASTINGS

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,
 3. There is a scene where spi - rits blend, Where friend holds fel - low - ship with friend ;
 4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and sin mo - lest no more,

There is a calm, a sure re - treat ; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place than all be - sides more sweet ; It is the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.
 Though Sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat !