## THE MERCY-SEAT



- 2. There is a place where Jesus sheds "the oil of gladness" on our heads, a place than all beside more sweet: it is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
- 3. There is a spot where spirits blend, where friend hold fellowship with friend, though sundered far, by faith they meet around one common mercy-seat.
- 4. Ah! whither could we flee for aid, when tempted, desolate, dismayed or how the hosts of hell defeat had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5. There! there on eagle wings we soar, and time and sense molest no more; and heaven comes down, our souls to greet, and glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6. O may my hand forget her skill, my tongue be silent, cold, and still, this bounding heart forget to beat, if I forget the mercy-seat!

Words: Hugh Stowell. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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