

(Zurich. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

Frances Bevan (from German)

German



1. On the Lamb our souls are rest-ing, What His love no tongue can say;
2. Sweet-est rest and peace have filled us, Sweet-er praise than tongue can tell;
3. Con-science now no more condemns us, For His own most pre - cious blood
4. Filled with this sweet peace for - ev - er, On we go thro' strife and care,



All our sins, so great, so man - y, In His blood are washed a-way.
 God is sat - is - fied with Je - sus, We are sat - is - fied as well.
 Once for all has washed and cleansed us, Cleansed us in the eyes of God.
 Till we find that peace a - round us In the Lamb's high glo - ry there.



Alternate tune: No. 258.