



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.