

On the Lamb Our Souls Are Resting

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

Frances Bevan (from German)

German



1. On the Lamb our souls are resting, 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 precious blood
4. Filled with this sweet peace for - ev - er, On we go thro' strife and care,



All our sins, so great, so many, In His blood are washed away.
 God is satisfied with Jesus, We are satisfied as well.
 Once for all has washed and cleansed us, Cleansed us in the eyes of God.
 Till we find that peace around us In the Lamb's high glory there.



Alternate tune: No. 258.