

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

Mrs. F. 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 and 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 wash'd 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.