

# On the Lamb Our Souls are Resting

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RESTING 8 7 8 7

Tr. Mrs. Frances Bevan 1827-1909

C. and F. Jouard

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 con-demns us, For His own most pre-cious blood  
 4. Filled with this sweet peace for-ev - er, On we go, through 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.

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# "Praise Ye the Lord" Again, Again

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ARLINGTON C M

Mary Bowley Peters 1813-1856

Thomas A. Arne 1710-1778

1. "Praise ye the Lord," a - gain, a - gain. The Spir - it strikes the chord;  
 2. "Re - joice in Him," a - gain, a - gain, The Spir - it speaks the word,  
 3. "Stand fast in Christ," ah, yet a - gain He teach-eth all the band!  
 4. "Clean ev - 'ry whit;" Thou saidst it, Lord; Shall one sus - pi - cion lurk?  
 5. For - ev - er be the glo - ry giv'n To Thee, O Lamb of God!

Nor touch-eth He our hearts in vain; We praise, we praise the Lord.  
 And faith takes up the hap - py strain; Our joy is in the Lord.  
 Since hu - man ef - ferts are in vain, In Christ it is we stand.  
 Thine, sure - ly, is a faith - ful word, And Thine a fin - ished work.  
 Our ev - 'ry joy on earth, in heav'n, We owe it to Thy blood.

Alternates: St. Agnes No. 78; Evan No. 145