

Hymn Lyrics

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Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan

Hath taught each scene the note of woe;

Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,

And let thy tears forget to flow:

Behold, the precious balm is found.

To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2. Come, freely come, by sin opprest.

On Jesus cast thy weighty load;

In him thy refuge find, thy rest,

Safe in the mercy of thy God:

Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word!

O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!