Peace, Perfect Peace

1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin:
   The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
   To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.
   On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.

2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
   The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
   To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.
   On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.

3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:
   The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
   To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.
   On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.

4. Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
   The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
   To do the will of Jesus—this is rest.
   On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.

Words by Edward H. Bickersteth
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