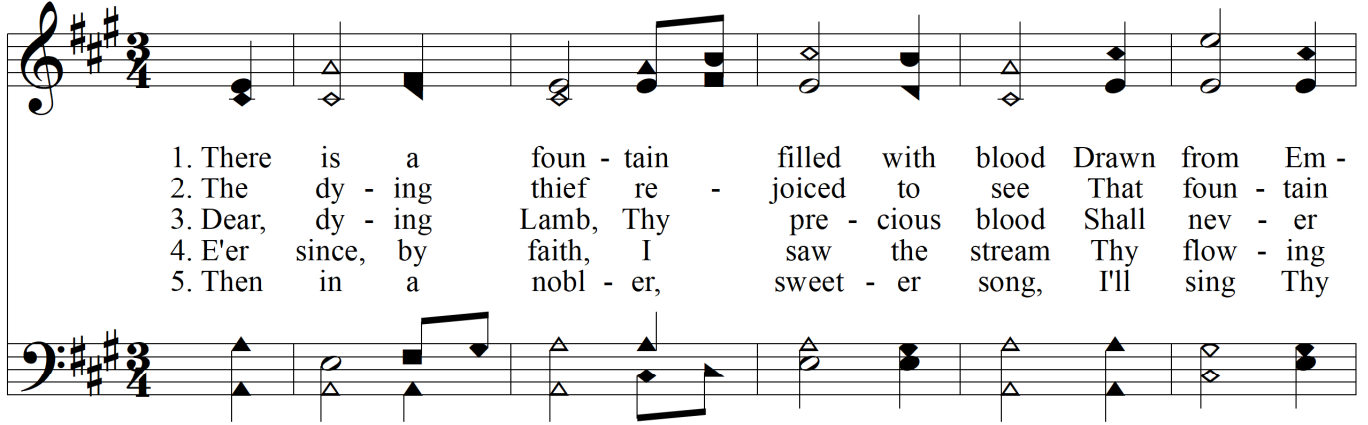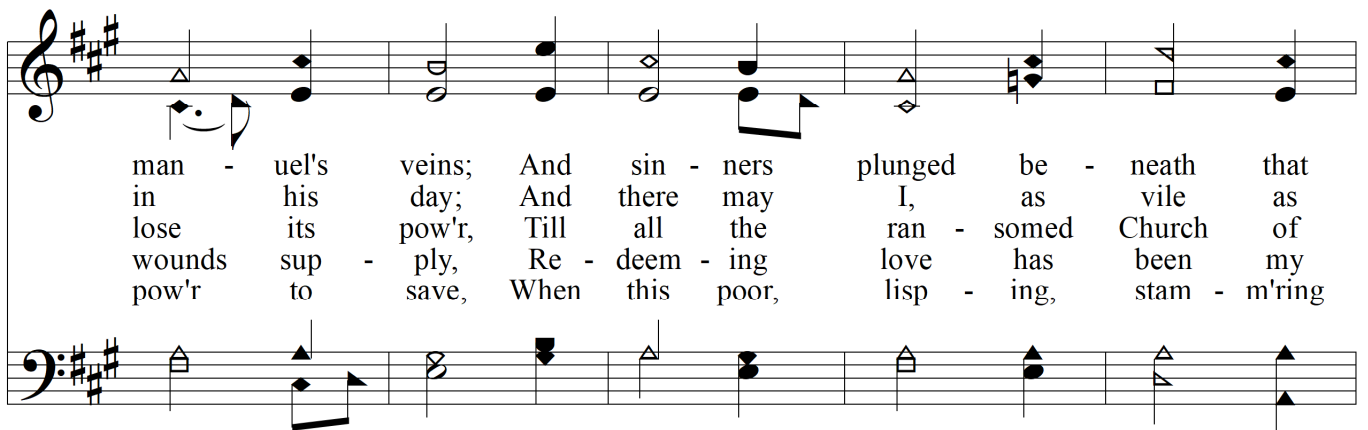# There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood
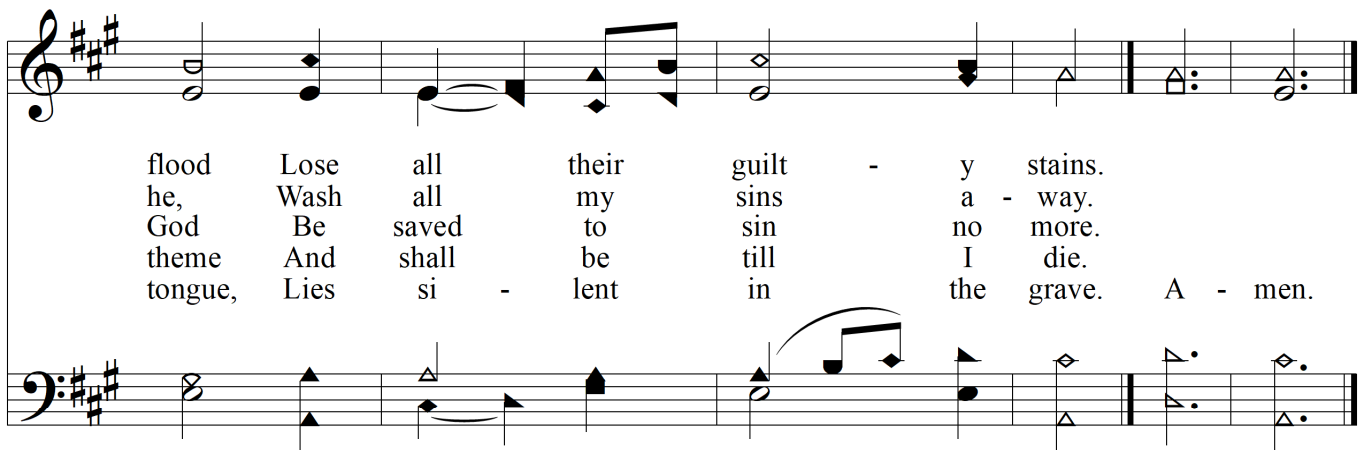
MARTYRDOM C. M.

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Em -
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing
5. Then in a nobl - er, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy

man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be - neath that
in his day; And there may I, as vile as
lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - somed Church of
wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my
pow'r to save, When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring

flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.
he, Wash all my sins a - way.
God Be saved to sin no more.
theme And shall be till I die.
tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave. A - men.

Words: William Cowper, 1719
Music: H. Wilson