

There Is A Fountain

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then in a nobl-er, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die.
 When this poor, lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
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Words: William Cowper
 Music: Lowell Mason