There Is a Fountain

1. There is a fountain filled with blood
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way;

3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
   church of God Be saved, to sin no more;

4. Ever since by faith I saw
   begun my theme, And shall be till I die:

Lose all their guilty stains:
Wash all my sins a-way:
Be saved, to sin no more:
And shall be till I die:

And sinners, plunged be-
And there may I, though
Till all the ransomed
Re-deeming love has

neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains:
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains:
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains:
neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains:

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