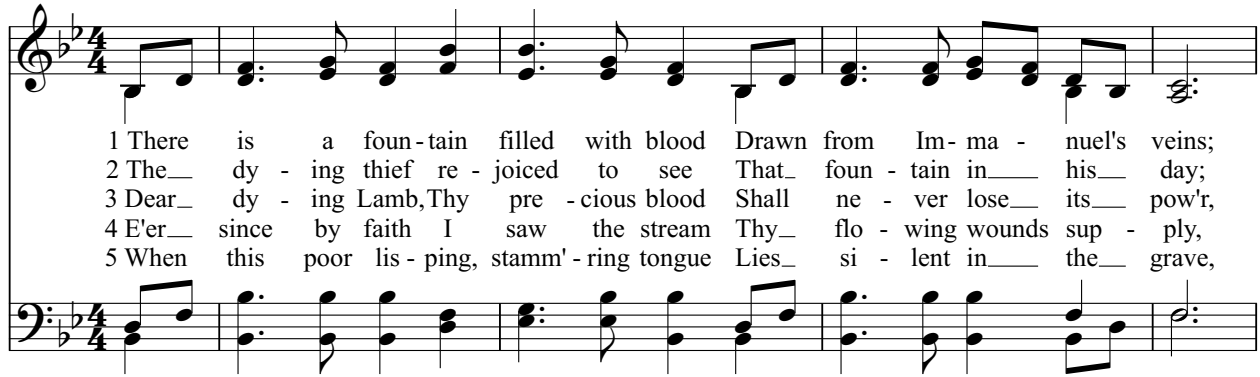
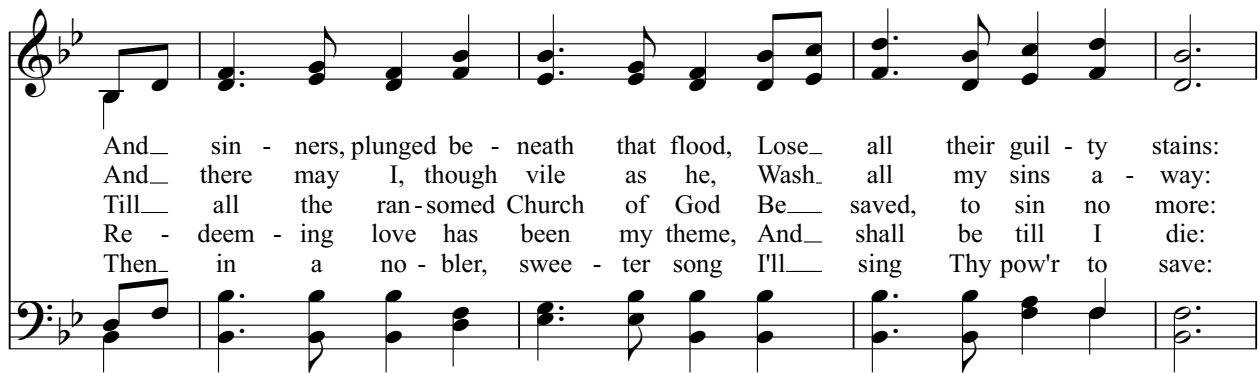


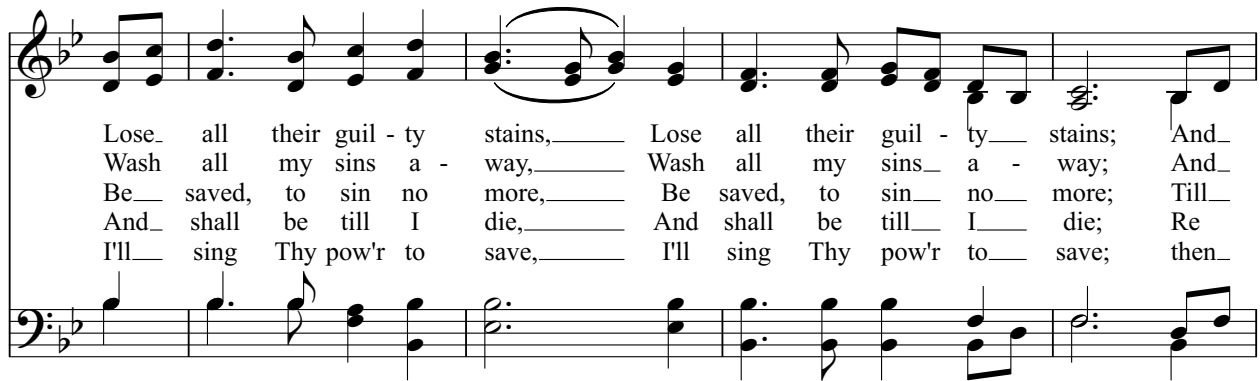
There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood



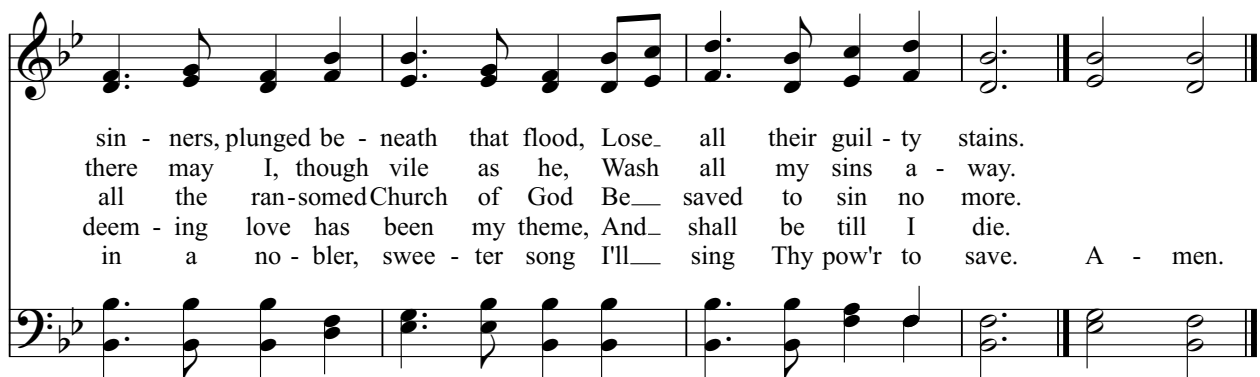
1 There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-ma-nuel's veins;
 2 The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3 Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall ne-ver lose its pow'r,
 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flo-wing wounds sup-ply,
 5 When this poor lis-ping, stamm'-ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains:
 And there may I, though 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:
 Then in a no-bler, swee-ter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:



Lose all their guil-ty stains, Lose all their guil-ty stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save; then



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 in a no-bler, swee-ter song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save. A-men.

Text: William Cowper (1731-1800)
 Tune: Traditional american melody;
 arr. Lowell Mason (1792-1872)



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 CLEANSING FOUNTAIN
www.hymnary.org/there_is_a_fountain_filled_with_blood_dr