There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

William Cowper

Early American melody

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 power,
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup - ply,
5. When this poor lisp - ing, 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, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty 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;
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

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.
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