There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Words: William Cowper, 1772  
Music: “Cleansing Fountain,” 19th Century American camp meeting tune

1. There is a fountain filled with blood  Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  That fountain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream  Thy flowing wounds supply,
4. Then in a nobler, sweet-er song  I'll sing Thy power to save;
5. Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared  Un-worth-y though I be,
6. 'Tis strung and tuned for end-less years,  And formed by power di-vine,

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.
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.
For me a blood bought free re-ward,  A gold-en harp for me.
To sound in God the Fa-ther's ears  No oth-er name but Thine.

Lose all their guilt-y stains  Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Wash all my sins a-way,  Wash all my sins a-way,
And shall be till I die,  And shall be till I die,
Lies si- lent in the grave,  Lies si- lent in the grave.
A gold-en harp for me,  A gold-en harp for me.
No oth-er name but Thine,  No oth-er name but Thine.

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