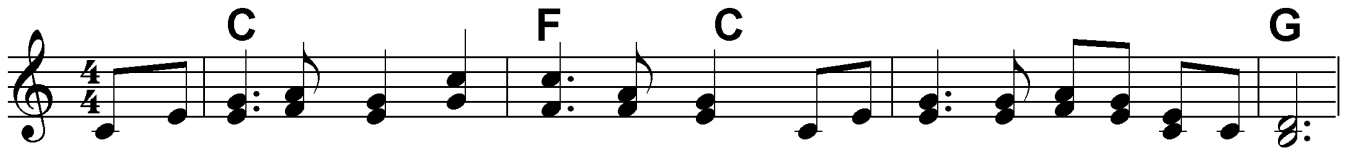


# There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Words: William Cowper, 1772

Music: "Cleansing Fountain," 19th Century American camp meeting tune



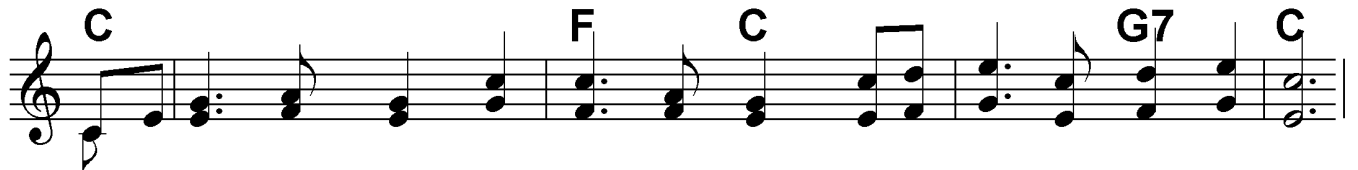
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy power to save;
5. Lord, I be - lieve Thou hast pre - pared 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.



And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
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