

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains:
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away:
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream your flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die:
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song I'll sing your pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave:
Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue lies silent in the grave.

Dear dying Lamb, your precious blood shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more:
Be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved to sin no more.