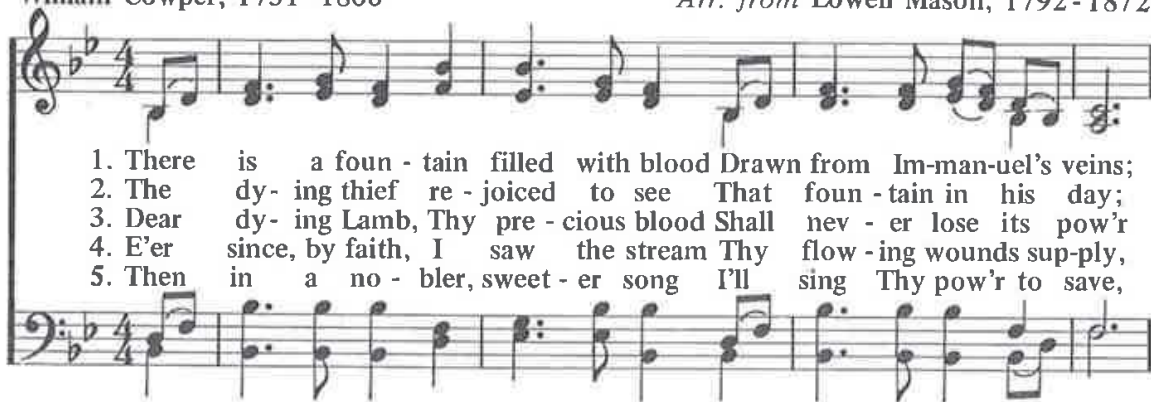
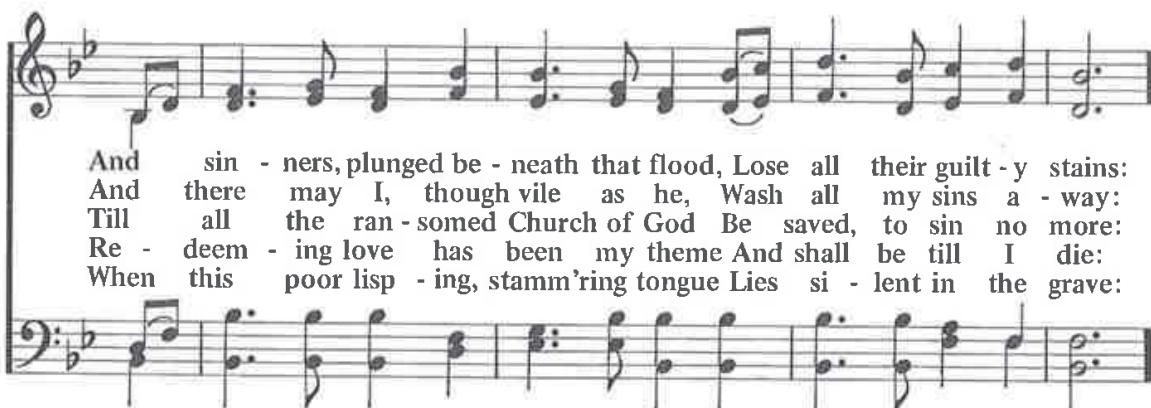


There Is a Fountain

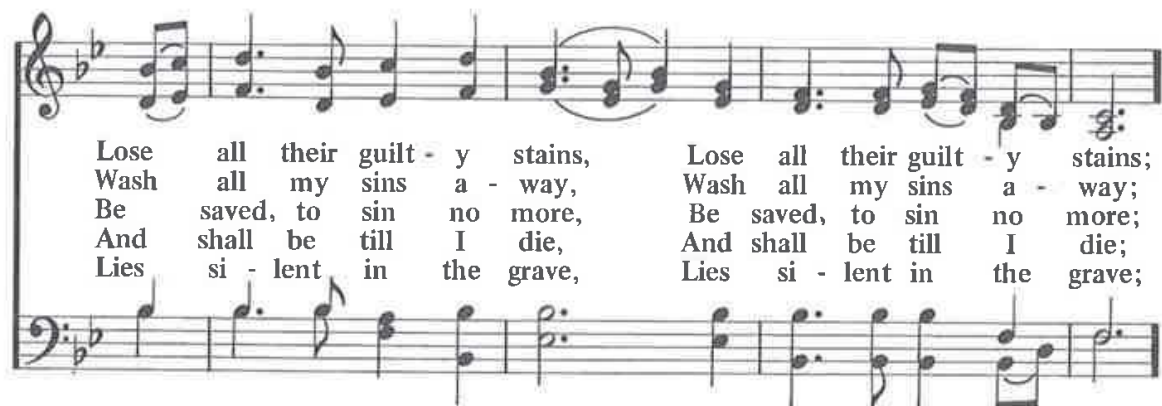
William Cowper, 1731 - 1800

Early American Melody
Arr. from Lowell Mason, 1792 - 1872


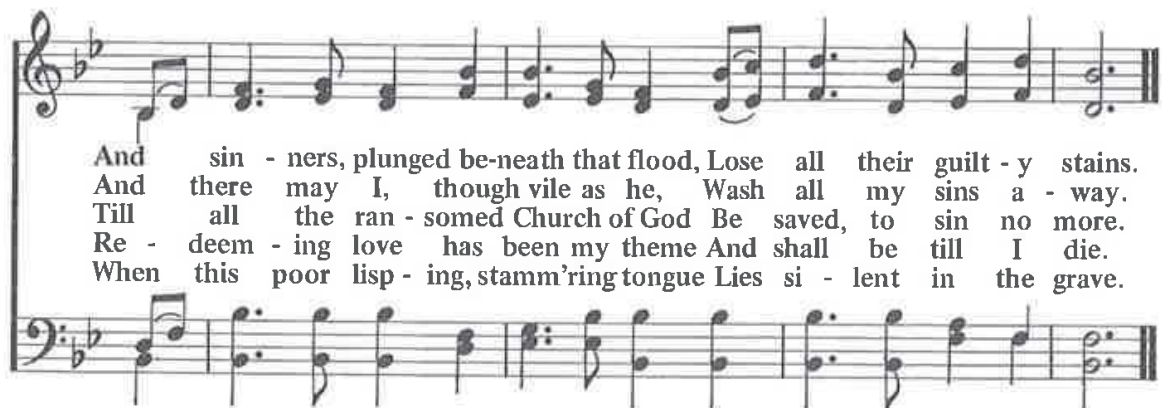
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y 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:
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y 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;
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;



And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y 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.
 When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.