

B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat B \flat /D E \flat B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat B \flat /D F

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. When this poor lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave,

B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat B \flat /D E \flat B \flat B \flat /D E \flat 6 B \flat /F F 7 Dm/F B \flat

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:
 Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

B \flat B \flat 2 B \flat B \flat /D F B \flat E \flat B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat B \flat /D F

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;
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

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