

489 There Is a Fountain

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,

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 nobl - er, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save:

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;

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.
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