

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.*  
 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.