There Is A Fountain
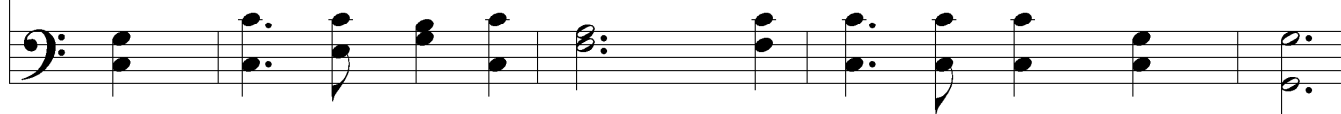
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,

And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
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.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;

And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
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.

Words: William Cowper
Music: Lowell Mason