

# There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

William Cowper

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-  
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain  
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood Shall nev-er  
4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing  
5. When this poor lisp-ing, stammer-ing tongue Lies si-lent

man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood,  
in his day; And there may I, though vile as he,  
lose its power, Till all the ran-somed church of God  
wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme,  
in the grave, Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song,

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 power to save: I'll sing Thy power to save,

Lose all their guilt-y stains; And sin-ners, plunged be-  
Wash all my sins a-way; And there may I, though  
Be saved, to sin no more; Till all the ran-somed  
And shall be till I die; Re-deem-ing love has  
I'll sing Thy power to save; Then in a no-bler,

neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.  
vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.  
church of God, Be saved to sin no more.  
been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
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