

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

William Cowper

Western Melody

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
2. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev-er lose it's pow'r, Till all the ran-somed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains, And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more, Till all the ran-somed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave, When this poor lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.