

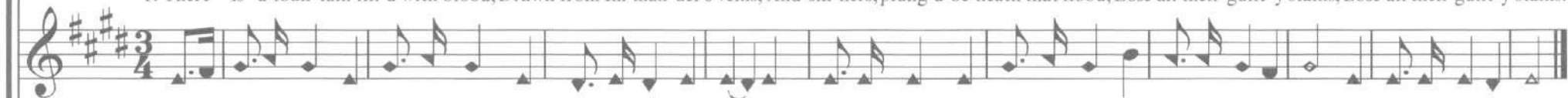
FOUNTAIN. C.M.

419

William Cowper



1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.



2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; O may I there, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way.



3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-som'd church of God Are sav'd to sin no more, Are sav'd to sin no more.

