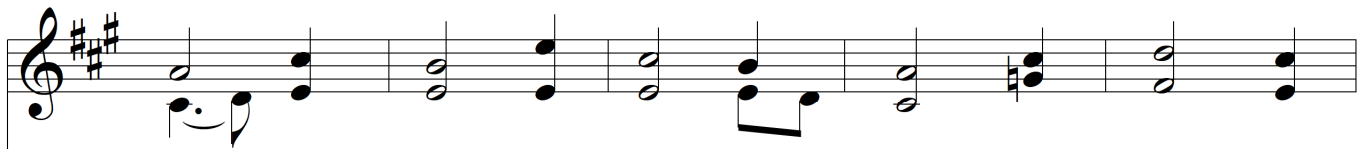


# There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood

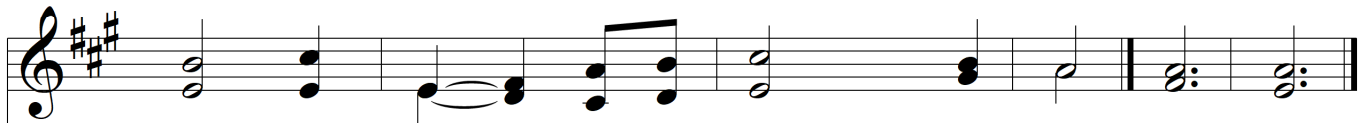
MARTYRDOM C. M.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Em -  
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain  
3. Dear, dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er  
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing  
5. Then in a nobl - er, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy



man - uel's veins; And sin - ners plunged be - neath that  
in his day; And there may I, as vile as  
lose its pow'r, Till all the ran - somed Church of  
wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has been my  
pow'r to save, When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring



flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
God Be saved to sin no more.  
theme And shall be till I die.  
tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave. A - men.

