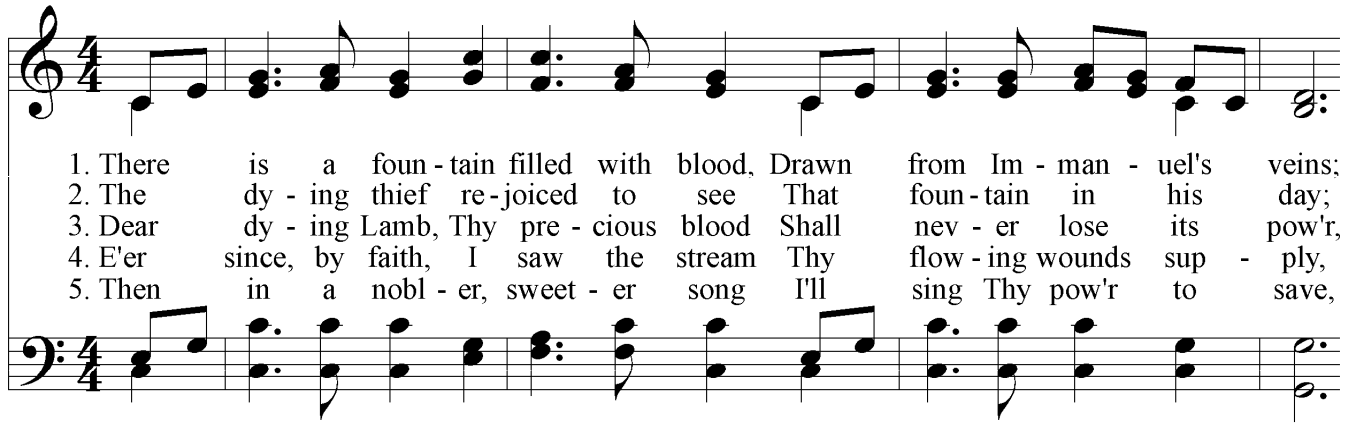
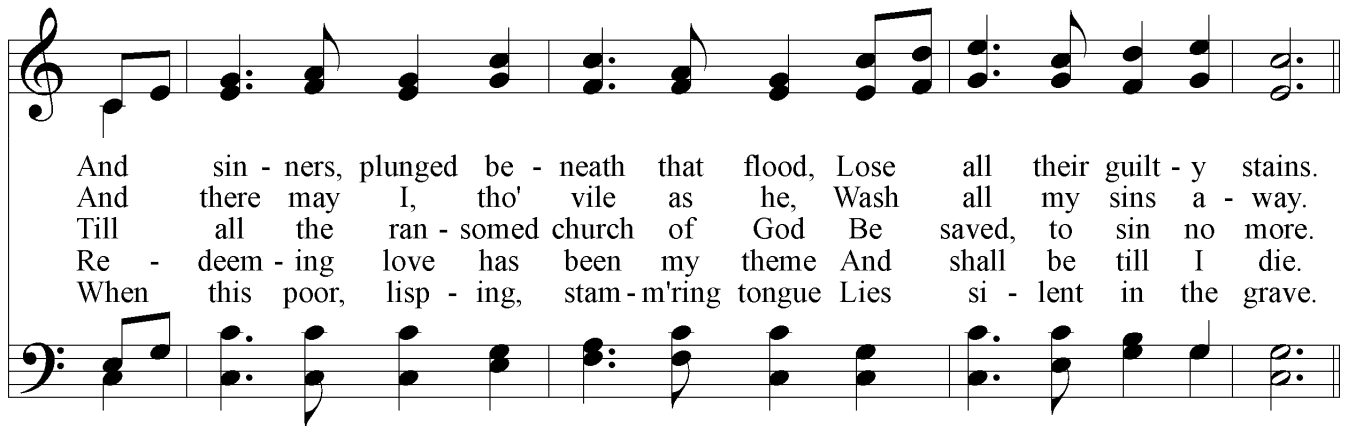


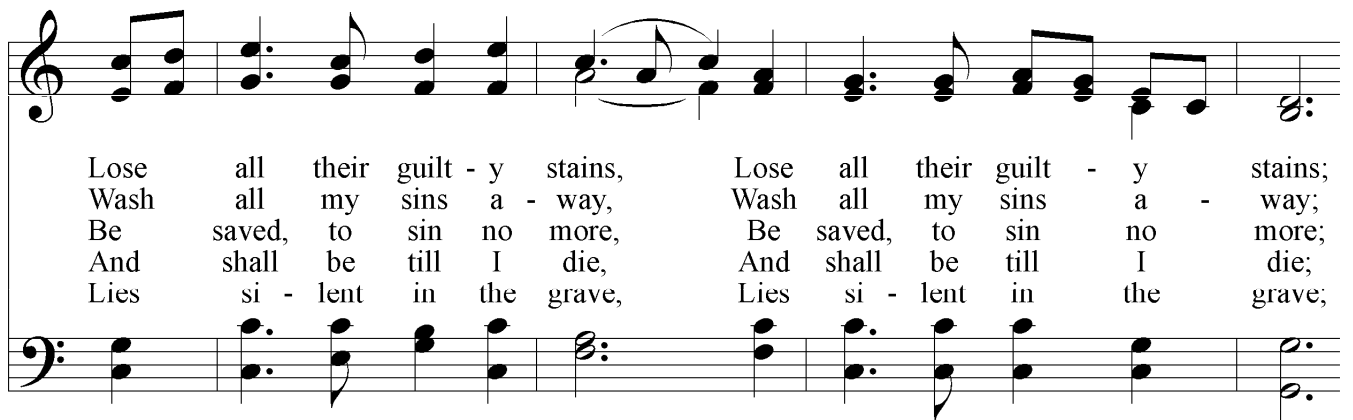
# There Is A Fountain



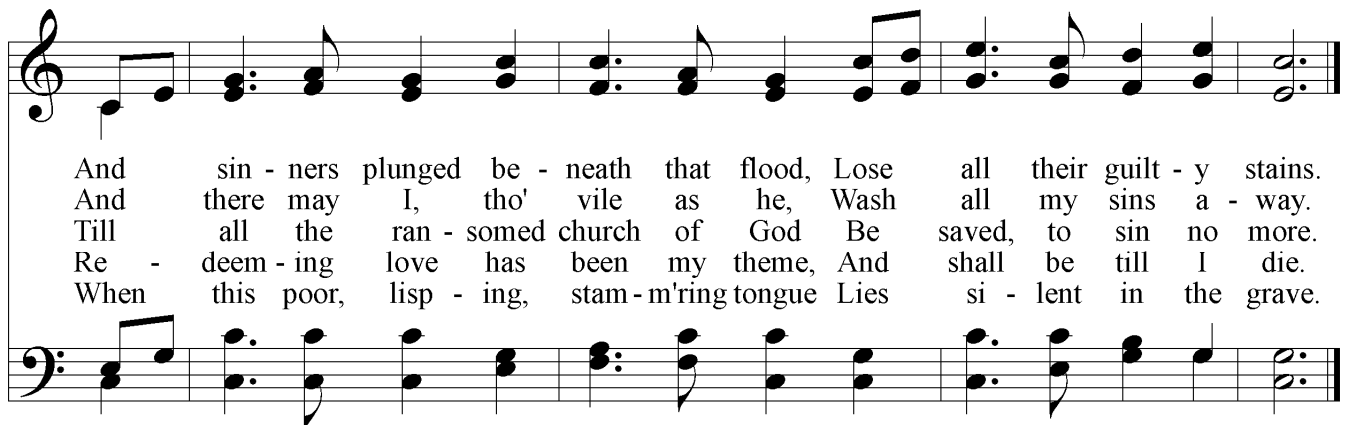
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;  
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;  
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,  
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
 5. Then in a nobl - er, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 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.  
 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;  
 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;  
 Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;



And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.  
 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.  
 When this poor, lisp - ing, stam - m'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

Words: William Cowper  
 Music: Lowell Mason