There is a Fountain Filled with Blood

Verse 1

There is a fountain filled with blood ; drawn from Emmanuel's veins; and sinners plunged beneath that flood; lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains; And sinners plunged beneath that flood; lose all their guilty stains.

Verse 2

The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day; and there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away. Wash all my sins away, wash all my sins away; And there may I, though vile as he, wash all my sins away.

Verse 3

Thou dying Lamb!, thy precious blood; shall never lose its power till all the ransomed church of God; be saved, to sin no more. Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more; Till all the ransomed church of God; be saved, to sin no more.

Verse 4

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream; thy flowing wounds supply, redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die. And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die; Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

Verse 5

Lord, I believe Thow hast prepared, Unworthy though I be, For me a blood-bought, free reward; A golden harp for me! A golden harp for me! A golden harp for me! For me a blood-bought, free reward; A golden harp for me!

Verse 6

There in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save, when this poor lisping, stammering tongue; Is ransomed form the grave, Is ransomed form the grave, Is ransomed form the grave, When this poor lisping, stammering tongue; Is ransomed form the grave.

end

William Cowper

