Blessed Be the Fountain

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
   Blessed be the dear Son of God: Only by His stripes we are healed.

2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er-came;
   Grieved were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered thus not in vain.

3. Father, I have wander'd from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray;
   Crim-son do my sins seem to me, I cannot wash them away:

   Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
   Though I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;

   Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
   Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,

Words: E. R. Latta
Music: H. S. Perkins

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Chorus

Blessed Be the Fountain, whiter than the snow; whiter than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than the snow; whiter than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.