

# There Is A Fountain

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;  
2. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,  
3. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,  
4. 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.  
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;  
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.  
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.