The Flowing Fountain

1. Look away to Cal-v'ry's rugged moun-tain, Where the Sav-ior died for thee;
   Free to all, the wa-ters now!

2. "Who-so-ev-er will, may come and wel-come," Free to all, the wa-ters now!

3. There is joy a-mong the shin-ing an-gels, O-ver one re-turn-ing soul;
   Look! be-hold an ev-er-last-ing foun-tain, O-pened there for you and me.

Tho' your sins be scar-let, here is wa-ter That will wash them white as snow,
Then no long-er stay a-way, for sure-ly Je-sus' blood can make you whole.

Chorus

'Tis free, 'tis free, The bless-ed word pro-claim; For it
flows, For it free-ly flows to all, In my Re-deem-er's name.

Words and Music: Charles H. Gabriel