

87 There is a fountain filled with blood

William Cowper

1. There is a fountain filled with blood drawn
 2. The dying thief rejoiced to see that
 3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy
 5. Then in a nobler, sweet-er song, I'll

from Em-man-u-el's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
 fountain in his day; And there have I, though
 nev-er lose its pow'r Till all the ran-somed
 flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has
 sing Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp-ing,

neath that flood lose all their guilt-y stains. Lose
 vile as he, washed all my sins a-way. Washed
 church of God be saved, to sin no more. Be
 been my theme, and shall be till I die. And
 stam-mering tongue lies si-lent in the grave. Lies

all their guilt-y stains, lose all their guilt-y
 all my sins a-way; washed all my sins a-
 saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no
 shall be till I die, and shall be till I
 si-lent in the grave, lies si-lent in the

stains; And sin - ners plunged be -
 way; And there have I, though
 more; Till all the ran - somed
 die; Re - deem - ing love has
 grave; When this poor lisp - ing,

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