

# There Is a Fountain

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1. There is fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.
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.
3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power  
'Til all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be 'til I die.
5. When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.