There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood

MARTYRDOM C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood
   Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
   And sinners plunged beneath that flood
   Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That fount in his day;
   And there may I, as vile as he,
   Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its pow'rs;
   Re-deeming love has been my theme,
   And I shall be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
   Thy flowing pow'r to save,
   When this poor, lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue,
   Lies silent in the grave. Amen.

Words: William Cowper, 1719
Music: H. Wilson

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