There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood

MARTYRDOM C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood
   Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
   And sinner's plunged beneath that
   In his day;

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That fountain of blood;
   And there may I, as vile as
   Till all the ransomed Church of

3. Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never
   Lose its pow'r,
   Redeeming love has been my
   Pow'r to save,

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing
   Wounds supply,
   When this poor, lisp ing, stam m'ring
   When this poor

5. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy
   Flood lose all their guilty stains.
   Lose all my sins away.
   God be saved to sin no more.
   Theme and shall be till I die.
   Tongue, lies silent in the grave. Amen.