Blessed Be the Fountain

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed; Blessed be the dear Son of God: Only by His stripes we are healed.

Blessed be the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'er-came; Grieved were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered thus not in vain.

Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray; Crimson do my sins seem to me, I cannot wash them away:

Thou' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe, Though I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;

Wish me in the blood of the Lamb, Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Words: E. R. Latta
Music: H. S. Perkins
Blessed Be the Fountain

Chorus

Whit-er than the snow,

Whit-er than the snow,

Whit-er than the snow;

Wash me in the blood of the

Rit...

Lamb,

And I shall be whit-er than snow.

than the snow;

whit-er than the snow,

of the Lamb,

than snow.