

There Is a Fountain

1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in His day;
 3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 5. When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains,
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved to sin no more,
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme And shall be till I die,
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose all their guil - ty stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
 Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

WORDS: William Cowper, 1731-1800

MUSIC: Peter Anglea, 1988-

SEEDS

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