

Blessed Be the Fountain

Eden Latta, 1881.

Henry Perkins.

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.  
Tho' I've wandered far from His fold,  
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,  
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

Whiter than the snow,  
Whiter than the snow,  
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Thorny was the crown that He wore,  
And the cross His body o'ercame;  
Grievous were the sorrows He bore,  
But He suffered Thus not in vain.  
May I to that fountain be led,  
Made to cleanse my sins here below;  
Wash me in the blood that He shed,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

Father, I have wandered from Thee,  
Often has my heart gone astray;  
Crimson do my sins seem to me  
Water cannot wash them away.  
Jesus, to the fountain of Thine,  
Leaning on Thy promise, I go;  
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,  
And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain