

Come to the Fountain
Fanny Crosby, 1883.
George Stebbins.

Come with thy sins to the fountain,
Come with thy burden of grief;
Bury them deep in its waters,
There thou wilt find a relief.

Refrain

Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay?
Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;
Jesus is waiting to save thee,
Mercy is pleading today.

Come as thou art to the fountain,
Jesus is waiting for thee;
What though thy sins are like crimson,
White as the snow they shall be.

Refrain

These are the words of the Savior;
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hand shall receive.

Refrain

Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace speaking voice;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.

Refrain