

There is a fountain filled with blood

There is a fountain filled with blood
drawn from Immanuel's veins;
and sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
that fountain in his day;
and there may I, though vile as he,
wash all my sins away.

O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
shall never lose its power,
till all the ransomed church of God
be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
thy flowing wounds supply,
redeeming love has been my theme
and shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
when this poor lisping, stammering tongue
lies silent in the grave.