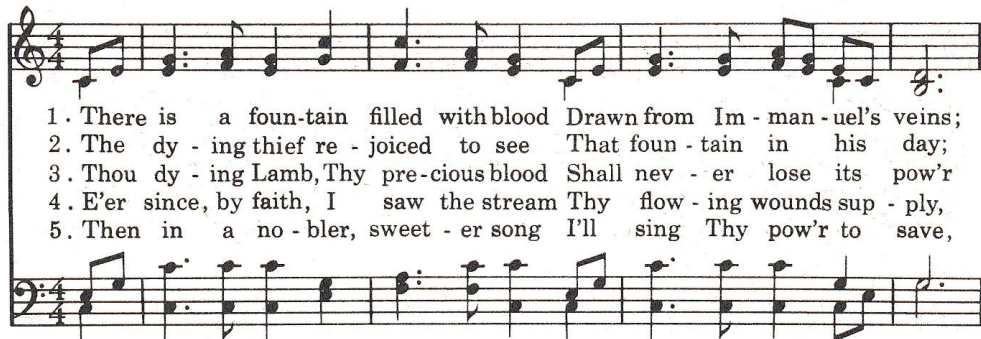


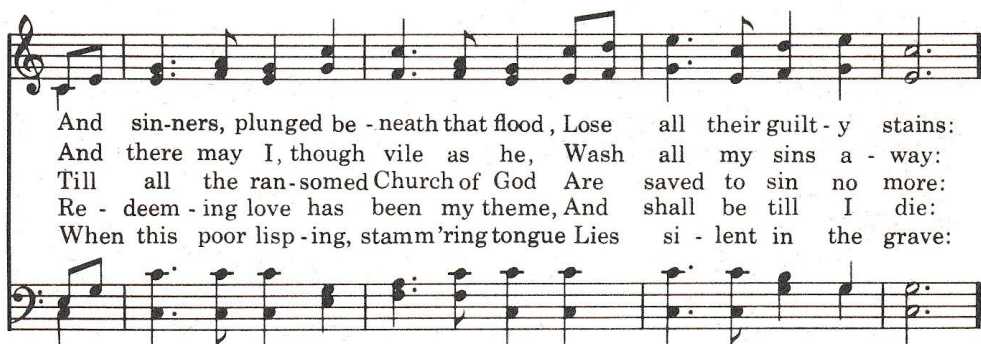
There Is a Fountain

WILLIAM COWPER

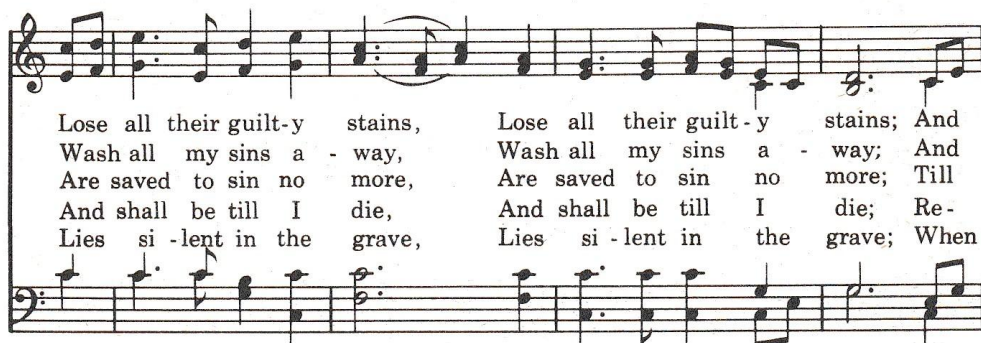
LOWELL MASON



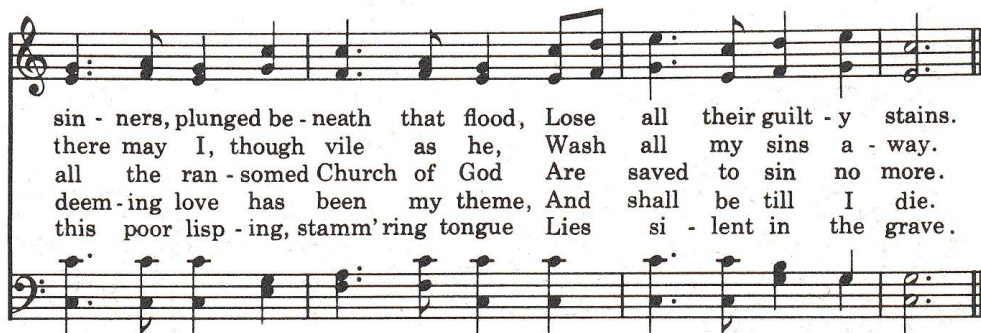
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
 3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r
 4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
 Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved to sin no more:
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Are saved to sin no more, Are saved to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When



sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.