

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 power,
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 5. Lord, I be-lieve Thou hast pre-pared, Un-wor-thy though I be,
 6. There in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy power to save,

6

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,
 For me a blood-bought, free re-ward, A gold-en harp for me!
 When this poor lisp-ing, stam-mering tongue Is ran-somed from the grave,

11

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way;
 Are saved, to sin no more, Are saved, to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
 A gold-en harp for me! A gold-en harp for me!
 Is ran-somed from the grave, Is ran-somed from the grave;

16

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.
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