

# There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood

WM. COWPER

ARR. 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. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,  
4. Then in a no-ble, 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,  
Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
When this poor lisp-ing, stam-m'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;  
Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way,  
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die:  
Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave;