

There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood

B \flat E \flat B \flat F

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 your flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
 4. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song I'll sing your pow'r to save,
 5. Dear dy-ing Lamb, your pre-cious blood shall nev-er lose its pow'r,

B \flat E \flat B \flat F B \flat

and sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, lose all their guilt-y stains:
 and there have I, as vile as he, washed 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:
 till all the ran-somed church of God be saved to sin no more:

F B \flat E \flat B \flat F

lose all their guilt-y stains, lose all their guilt-y stains;
 washed all my sins a-way, washed 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;
 be saved to sin no more, be saved to sin no more;

B \flat E \flat B \flat F B \flat

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