

The Hymn

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

Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty
stains;

And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all
their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in
his day;

And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my
sins away.

Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins
away;

And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my
sins away.

3. 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.

And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme, and
shall be till I die.

4. Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing
Thy power to save,

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
lies silent in the grave.

Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the
grave;

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
lies silent in the grave.

5. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall
never lose its power

Till all the ransomed church of God be saved,
to sin no more.

Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no
more;

Till all the ransomed church of God be saved,
to sin no more.