

**There is a  
Fountain  
Filled With  
Blood**

CCLI # 27707

There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel'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.

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.

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.

When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save:  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
I'll sing Thy power to save;  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save.