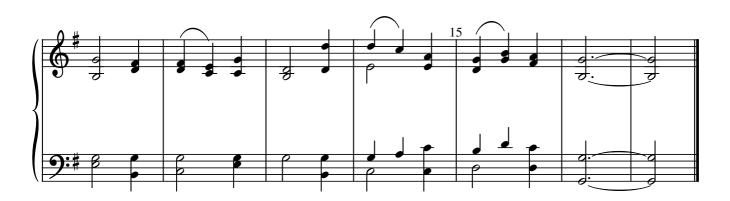
There is a fountain filled with blood





There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins; 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.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its power Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

And since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.

William Cowper

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