

Cleansing Fountain

Text William Cowper; music trad., arr. T. Seaman

G G7 C G Bm Em

1. There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his
 3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-
 5. When this poor, lisp-ing, stam-mering tongue Lies si-lent in the
 6. Lord, I be-lieve thou hast pre-pared (Un-worth-y though I
 7. 'Tis strung and tuned for end-less years (And formed by pow'r di-
 8. In heav'n-ly strains from ev-ery chord Still flow the charm-ing

Am D G G7 C G Em D

5

veins, And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, lose all their guil-ty
 day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-
 - pow'r Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no
 - ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I
 grave, Then in a sweet-er, no-bler song I'll sing thy pow'r to
 be) For me a blood-bought, free re-ward, A gold-en harp for
 - vine To sound in God the Fa-ther's ears No oth-er name but
 sound, The praise of my re-deem-ing Lord, While an-gels gath-er

G G7 C Am Bm Em Am D

9

- stains. Lose all their guil-ty stains, lose all their guil-ty stains, And
 - way. Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way, And
 more. Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more, Till
 die. And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die, Re-
 save. I'll sing thy pow'r to save, I'll sing thy pow'r to save, Then
 me. A gold-en harp for me, A gold-en harp for me, For
 thine. No oth-er name but thine, No oth-er name but thine, To
 round. While an-gels gath-er round, While an-gels gath-er round, The

G G7 C G Em D C G

14

sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, lose all their guil-ty stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 - deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 in a sweet-er, no-bler song I'll sing thy pow'r to save.
 me a blood-bought, free re-ward, A gold-en harp for me.
 sound in God the Fa-ther's ears No oth-er name but thine.
 praise of my re-deem-ing Lord, While an-gels gath-er round.