

1. 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.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Wash all my sins away,  
Wash all my sins away;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3. Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
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.

4. 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.



5. When this poor lisping, stamm'ring  
tongue Lies silent in the grave,  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;  
Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.

