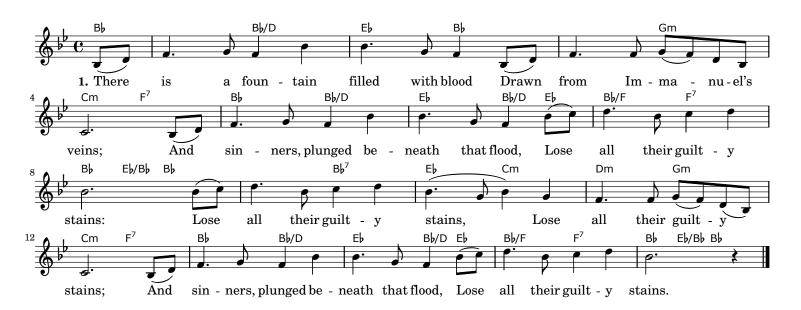
## There is a fountain filled with blood

Gospel — The Blood



- 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 power, Till all the ransomed ones of God Be saved, to sin no more: Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
  - Till all the ransomed ones 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.

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5. 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.