

METRE 2 William Cowper

SOLON C.M.

in *Columbian Harmony*, 1829

1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That Fount-ain in his day; And there may I as vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev-er lose its pow'r Till all the ran-som'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.

4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wound sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.