

# THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD

TURN: G#m E |B

VERSE 1      *B*                      *E*                      *B*                      *B*                      *F#*  
There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins  
*G#m*                      *E*                      *B*                      *B*                      *F#*                      *B*  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains  
*B*                      *E*                      *B/D#*                      *F#*  
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains  
*G#m*                      *E*                      *B*                      *B*                      *F#*                      *B*  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains

VERSE 2      *B*                      *E*                      *B*                      *B*                      *F#*  
The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day  
*G#m*                      *E B*                      *B*                      *F#*                      *B*  
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away  
*B*                      *E*                      *B/D#*                      *F#*  
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away  
*G#m*                      *E B*                      *B*                      *F#*                      *B*  
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away

VERSE 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

VERSE 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

VERSE 5      When this poor lisping, stammering 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