

# There Is A Fountain Filled With Blood

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TRADITIONAL AMERICAN  
MELODY

1. There\_\_ is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from the Sav - ior's veins;  
2. Through his shed blood I was re - deemed, His\_\_ flow - ing wounds sup - plied;  
3. When\_\_ this bod - y, cor - rup - ti - ble, Lies\_\_ si - lent in\_\_ the\_\_ grave;

And sin - ners trust - ing in that blood, Lose all their guil - ty stains:  
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:  
Then in a bod - y, hea - ven - ly, I'll\_\_ sing Thy pow'r to save:

Lose all their guil - ty stains,\_\_\_ Lose all their guil - ty\_\_\_ stains;  
And shall be till I die,\_\_\_ And shall be till\_\_\_ I\_\_\_ die;  
I'll\_\_ sing Thy pow'r to save,\_\_\_ I'll sing Thy pow'r to\_\_\_ save;

And sin - ners trust - ing in that blood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.  
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.  
Then in a bod - y, hea - ven - ly, I'll\_\_ sing Thy pow'r to save.