Use Capo (Bb)

A                                            D     A                                               E
There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel’s veins;
The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I’ll sing Thy power to save,
Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its pow’r

A                              D                A                             E7       A
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, washed all my sins away.
Re-deeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamm’ring tongue lies silent in the grave.
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.

E A    D                    A                         E
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins a-way;
And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;

A                              D                A                             E7       A
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins a-way.
Re-deeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamm’ring tongue lies silent in the grave.
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.