

Fountain

Wolves At The Gate

There is a fountain filled with blood
drawn from Emmanuel's veins
And sinners plunged beneath
that flood lose all their guilty stains

Lose all their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains
Lose all their guilty stains

The dying thief rejoiced to see
that fountain in his day
And there have I, thought vile as he,
washed all my sins away
With all my guilty stains

Washed all my sins away
Washed all my sins away
Washed all my sins away
Washed all my sins away

Ever since by faith I saw the stream
Your flowing wounds supplied
Redeeming love has been my theme
and shall be till I die