

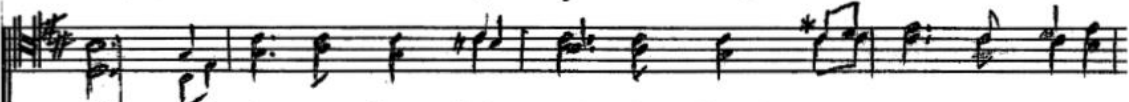
4 ac 3

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

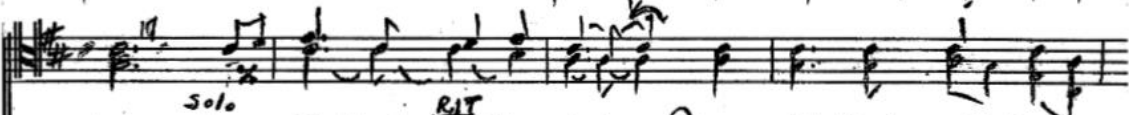
12. (Arr.)
W.H.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream. Thy flowing wounds sup-



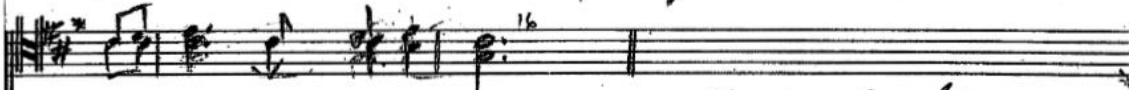
veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their Guilty
ply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I



stains, ^{Solo} Lose all their guilty stains, ^{Rit} Lose all their guilty
die, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I

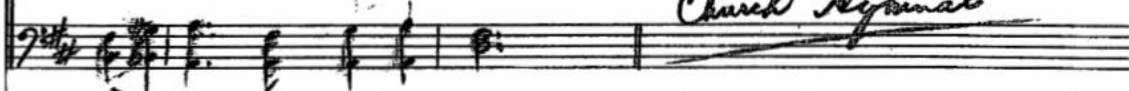


stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
die; Redeeming love has been my theme,



Lose all their guilty stains.
And shall be, till I die.

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Hogson
Church Hymnal



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