

# Crystal Lewis, There Is A Fountain

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

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, tho' vile as he  
wash all my sins away  
Wash all my sins away  
wash all my sins away;

And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
wash all my sins away.  
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.