

**There is a fountain filled with blood  
PFTL 662**

1  
There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
///Lose all their guilty stains///  
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2  
The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
///Wash all my sins away:/// *///*  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3  
Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its pow'r,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
///Be saved, to sin no more:/// *///*  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4  
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:/// *///*  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

**Hay una fuente sin igual  
Verses one, four not original**

1  
Hay una fuente carmesí  
De sangre de\_Emanuel.  
Y\_el pecador se limpia\_allí  
///Las manchas que\_hay en él./// *///*  
Y\_el pecador se limpia\_allí  
Las manchas que\_hay en él.

2  
Gozoso, vio aquel ladrón  
La fuente carmesí;  
Igual yo, que no soy mejor  
///Podré lavarme\_allí./// *///*  
Igual yo, que no soy mejor  
Podré lavarme\_allí.

3  
Cordero, perpetua\_en poder  
Tu sangre seguirá  
Hasta que\_a salvo\_esté Tu grey  
///A nunca más pecar./// *///*  
Hasta que\_a salvo\_esté Tu grey  
A nunca más pecar.

4  
Desde que\_aquella fuente vi,  
Mi tema sólo fue  
Tu redentor amor, y\_así  
///Cantando moriré./// *///*  
Tu redentor amor, y\_así  
Cantando moriré.