Blessed be the Fountain of blood

Henry S. Perkins, 1833-1914



Blessèd be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed; Blessèd be the dear Son of God; Only by His stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His body o'ercame; Grievous were the sorrows He bore, But He suffered Thus not in vain. May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below; Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

Father, I have wandered from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray; Crimson do my sins seem to me-Water cannot wash them away.
Jesus, to the fountain of Thine, Leaning on Thy promise, I go; Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain

Eden R. Latta