

DAY DAWN. C.M.

125

R.M. McIntosh

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day; And there may I, tho vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.

3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r, Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved to sin no more.