

There is a fountain of Christ's blood

Noted by Annie Webb from Thomas Colcombe at Weobley, Herefordshire, 1904



1. There is a foun - tain of Christ's blood, Wide o - pen stretched for to
2. Here you may see his bleed - ing wounds, And hear him breathe his
3. His crown of thorns spat on with scorns, He sold his pain, his
4. With blood - y spear they pierced his heart, And bruised his bleed - ing
5. When all his pre - cious blood was spent, The thun - der roared, the



1. drown our sins; Where Je - sus stands with o - pen arms Of mer - cy to in -
2. dy - ing groans. He shed his rich, re - deem - ing blood, On - ly to do poor
3. flesh - ly store. With rag - ged nails, through hands and feet, They nailed our rich Re -
4. bo - dy sore. From ev - ery wound the blood ran down, The Spring of life could
5. rocks did rent, The earth did quake, the clouds did rum - ble, Which made hell shake and



1. vite us in.
2. sin - ners good.
3. dee - mer sweet.
4. bleed no more.
5. de - vils trem - ble.

6. The sun and moon a - mourning went,
The seas did roar and the temples rent;
And the richness of Christ's precious blood
Did open graves and raise the dead.

7. With glassy looks the spirits stood,
And all did tremble then with fear;
And all did tremble then with fear,
And said it was the Son of God.

8. Now we have crucified our King,
The True Blood, Royal Spring of Life;
Whose precious blood, we can farther tell,
Has power to quench the flames of hell.

9. Now let us stand beneath the cross;
So may the blood from out his side
Fall gently on us, drop by drop;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.