

In Zion's Bleeding Fountain Drown'd

Verse

In Zion's bleeding fountain drown'd
'Neath holy printed veins;
O! from His crimson stream supply
A grace that ever reigns.

Verse

Eternal life, thou dost desire,
He all thy transgressions forgave.
Resign'd mayst thou bow to the rod,
And tremble at thy grave.

Verse

Hark! blinded mortal, sinful tongue
Proclaimed a fleeting breath;
My soul a wicked conscience bore!
Reprov'd by the scythe of Death.

Verse

O, day of Judgement, awful sound;
When thund'rous trumpets cry!
The damn'd descend, predestinate soar,
O! into the Hellmouth didst fly.

Verse

Withered thy body, silent still,
From sovereign grace he fell;
E'er earthly blessings lost in sin,
Dropp'd to the flames of Hell.

Verse

At glorious Zion, that dreadful purge
Of sinners struck from the roll;
His blest Elect, abiding secur'd,
By grace in abundance extol.

Verse

How sweet His precious scarlet tide
For thine the blood was spilt.
Dripp'd from Immanuel's sacred font
To cleanse thee of thy guilt.

Verse

Arise! and see His mercy extend;
The angels swift heavenward raise,
Jerusalem in gilded grace,
Resplendent immortal days.