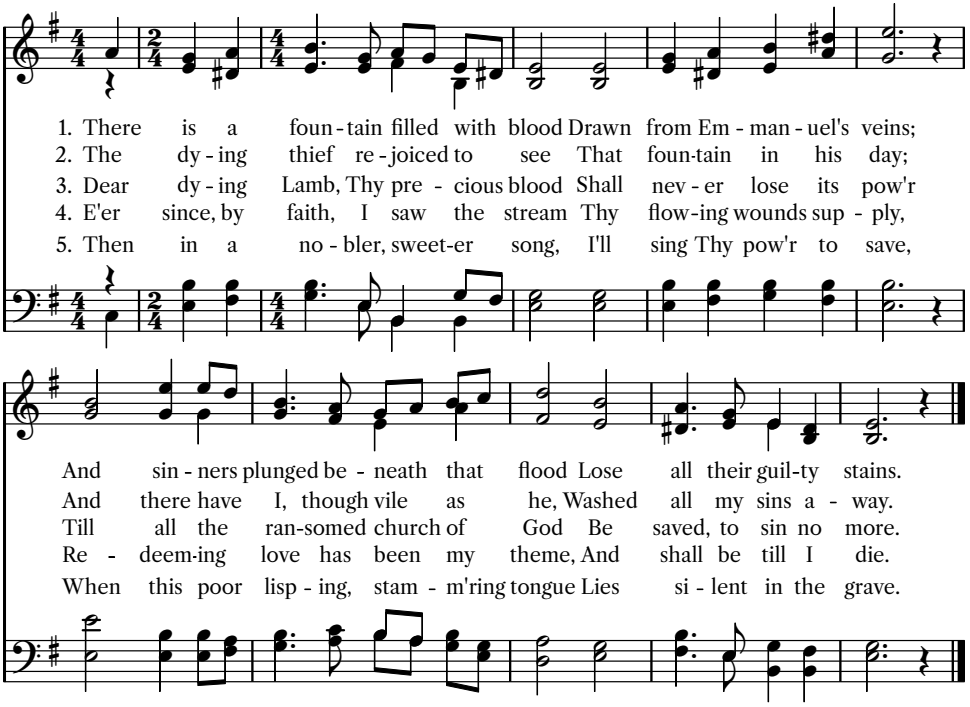
There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood



6. Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
   Unworthy though I be,
   For me a blood bought free reward,
   A golden harp for me!

7. 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
   And formed by pow'r divine,
   To sound in God the Father's ears
   No other name but Thine.

William Cowper, 1772

DETROIT C.M.
William Bradshaw, 1820