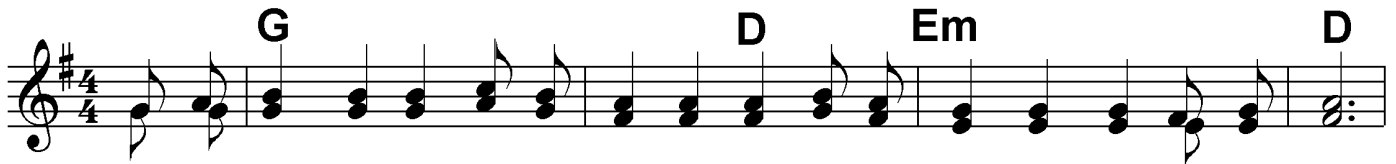


# There's a Fountain Free

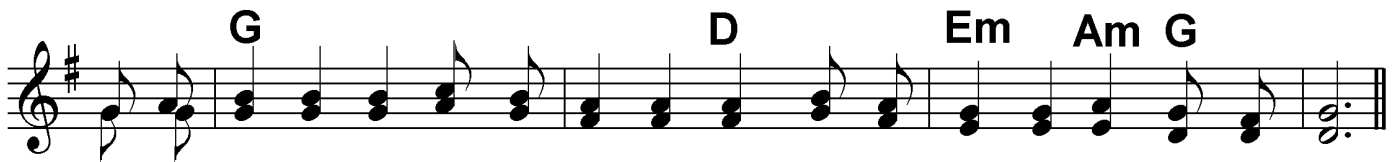
(Free Waters)

Words: Mary B. C. Slade, 1876

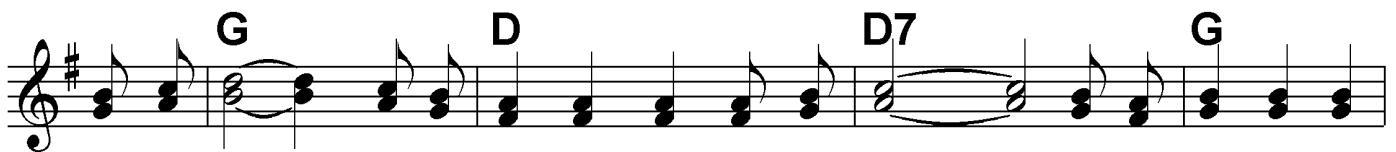
Music: Dr. Asa Brooks Everett



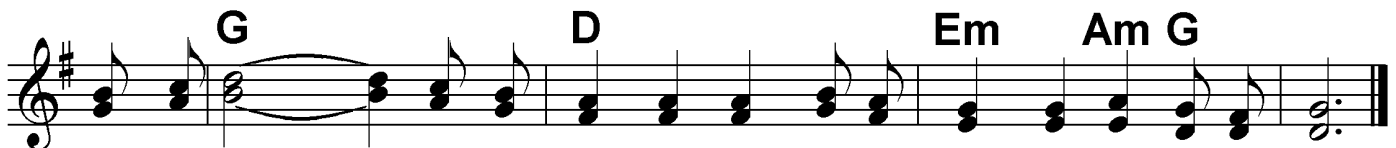
1. There's a foun-tain free, 'tis for you and me, Let us haste, O haste to the brink;
2. There's a liv - ing stream with a crys-tal gleam, From the throne of life now it flows;
3. There's a liv - ing well and its wa-ters swell, And e - ter - nal life they can give;
4. There's a rock that's cleft and no soul is left, That may not its pure wa-ters share;



'Tis a fount of love from the Source a-bove, And He bids us all free - ly drink.  
While the wa-ters roll let the wea - ry soul Hear the call that forth free - ly goes,  
And we joy - ful sing, ev - er spring, O spring, As we haste to drink and to live.  
'Tis for you and me, and its stream I see; Let us has - ten joy - ful - ly there,



Will you come to the fountain free? Will you come? 'tis for you and me;  
Will you come, Will you come,



Thirst - y soul hear the welcome call; 'Tis a foun-tain o - pen for all.  
thirsty soul