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A New Christmas Carol

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A New Christmas Carol.

L48

The Fountain of Christ's Blood.

HERE is a fountain of Christ's blood
Wide open set to drown our sins,
Where Jesus stands with open arms,
Of mercy to invite you in,

Here you may see his bleeding wounds,
And hear him bring forth dying groans,
He shed his rich redeeming blood,
Only to do poor sinners good.

He's crown'd with thorns spit on with
His soul is pain'd, his flesh is torn, (scorn
With ragged nails thro' hands and feet,
They nail'd their rich redeemer sweet.

With bloody spears they pierc'd his side,
And bruis'd his bleeding body sore,
From every wound the blood ran down,
The spring of life cou'd bleed no more.

When all his precious blood was spent,
The thunder roar'd, the rocks were rent ;
The earth did quake & clouds did tumble
Which made hell shake & devils tremble

The Sun and Moon in mourning went,
The Sea did roar, the Temple rent ;
The richnels of Christ's precious blood,
Did open graves and raise the dead.

Who did in frightful sort appear,
With ghastly looks their spirits flood ;
The Jews did tremble then with fear,
And said, this was the Son of God;

* But they had crucified their King,
* These true blood-royal spring of life ;
* Whose precious blood I further tell,
* Had power to quench the flames of Hell.

* How could frail flesh e'er be so base,
* To fly into their maker's face ;
* Condemn'd thy God what hast thou done,
* And after that crucify'd his Son .

* Prompt'd by the pride of filthy flesh,
* Which is but cloth'd with loathsomeness ;
* 'Tis but a coffin turn'd with breath,
* By sickness broach'd, drawn'd out by death.

* Let sorrow heave thy soul with groans,
* Shed tears and bathe his bloody wound
* Then send thy heart Christ's mercy crave
* Who knows but he shed his blood too save

* Such precious mercy Jesus gives.
* His bleeding wounds and dying groans ;
* Shake off believers filthy rags,
* And clothe their souls with shining robes,

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