

There is a Fountain

On that day a fountain will be opened to the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to cleanse them from sin and impurity.

Zechariah 13:1

These words from the pen of the great prophet of the restoration period in Israel's history, were the ones God used to stir the heart of William Cowper in the 18th century. He was born in 1731 and became an honored poet, highly regarded in English literary courts. After his mother's death when he was only six, he went on to study law. Later, he had a mental breakdown and attempted suicide on several occasions. He was placed in a facility for the insane where he was converted at thirty-three years of age. Upon his release, Cowper became friends with John Newton, author of the well known hymn, *Amazing Grace*. These two men produced the famous Olney Hymns hymnal in 1799. Sixty-seven of the hymns were written by Cowper. The hymn reflecting Zechariah's words was first called, "Peace for the Fountain Opened." Later it was renamed, "There is a Fountain." Each time we sing this popular hymn we are reminded of Christ's complete atonement for our sins on the cross, how he paid the price for our redemption.

As I write this devotional thought, I reflect on the many times as a little girl I heard my Daddy play this sacred piece on the old "pump organ" in the family room of our little house on the mill village. He was a self-taught musician and would often call one of his six children to come sing as he played on of his instruments. As you read the words to Cowper's hymn, perhaps you would sing, praising God for the fountain opened for all who will be washed in the cleansing blood of The Savior.

It is said that on his deathbed, with his face aglow, William Cowper uttered these words, "I am not shut out of heaven after all."

*There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains, lose all their guilty stains;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood lose all their guilty stains.*

*The dying thief rejoiced to see that fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.
Washed all my sins away, washed all my sins away;
And there have I, though vile as he, washed all my sins away.*

*Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.
Be saved, to sin no more, be saved, to sin no more;
Till all the ransomed church of God be saved, to sin no more.*

*E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.*

*And shall be till I die, and shall be till I die;
Redeeming love has been my theme, and shall be till I die.*

*Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.
Lies silent in the grave, lies silent in the grave;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.*

*Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared, unworthy though I be,
For me a blood bought free reward, a golden harp for me!
'Tis strung and tuned for endless years, and formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears no other name but Thine.*

William Cowper, 1771

By Delaine Blackwell