

It Cleanseth Me

F. L. Synder, 1899

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♩=107

1. There is a stream that flows from Cal-va-ry, A crim-son tide so
2. Its sav-ing vir-tues ev-er are the same, It cleans-eth still, and
3. No o-ther foun-tain can for sin a-tone But Je-sus' blood, O

deep and wide. It wash-es whit-er than the pur-est snow; It
al-ways will. Poor sin-ners who will seek the Sav-ior's face Shall
pre-cious flood! And who-so-ev-er will may plunge there-in, And

Refrain

cleans-eth me, I know.
know His wond-rous grace. Hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis His blood that cleans-eth me, 'Tis His
be made free from sin.

grace that makes me free. And my bro-ther, 'tis for thee. Oh, hal-le-lu-jah! 'tis sal-

- va-tion full and free; And it cleans-eth, yes, it cleans-eth me.