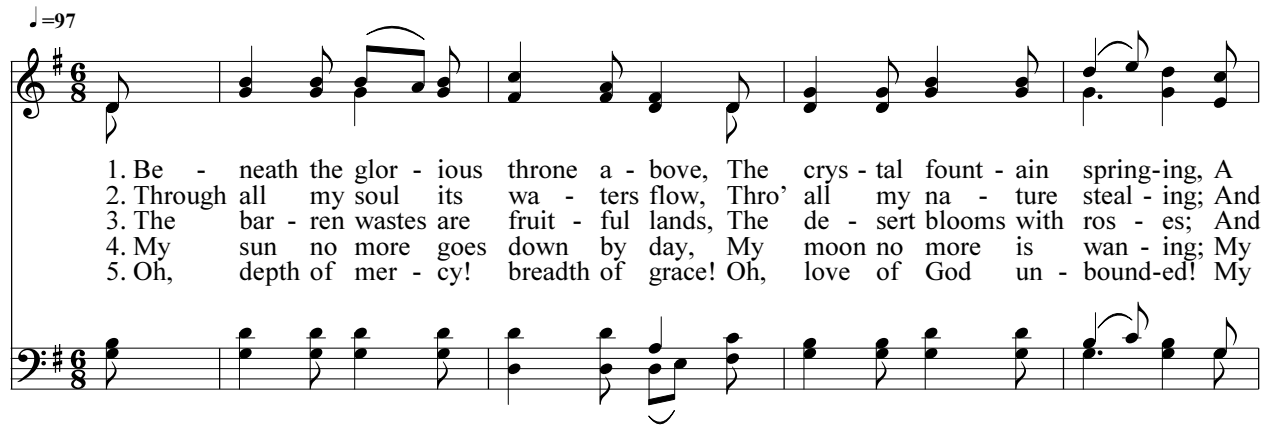


# O Glorious Fountain

Francis Bottome, 1877

James McGranahan

♩=97

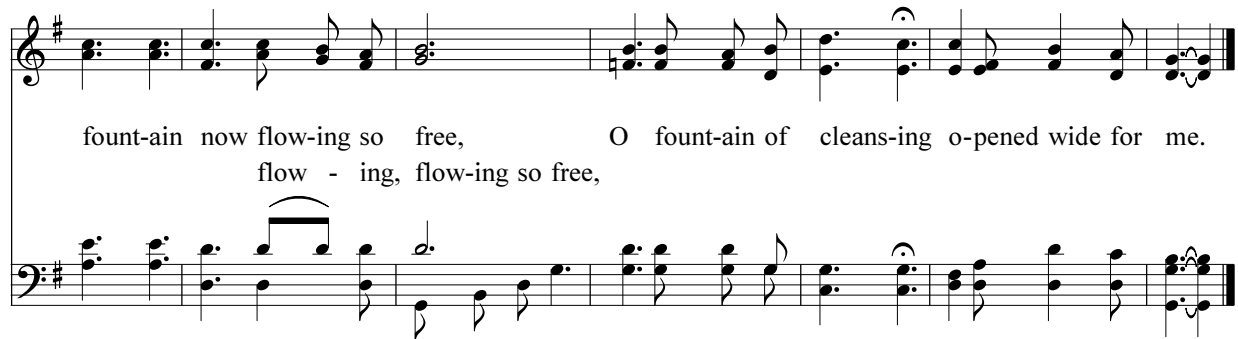


1. Be - neath the glor - ious throne a - bove, The crys - tal fount - ain spring - ing, A  
2. Through all my soul its wa - ters flow, Thro' all my na - ture steal - ing; And  
3. The bar - ren wastes are fruit - ful lands, The de - sert blooms with ros - es; And  
4. My sun no more goes down by day, My moon no more is wan - ing; My  
5. Oh, depth of mer - cy! breadth of grace! Oh, love of God un - bound - ed! My

*Refrain*



ri - ver full of life and love, Is joy and glad - ness bring - ing.  
deep with - in my heart I know The con - scious - ness of heal - ing.  
He, the glo - ry of all lands, His love - ly face dis - clos - es. O glor - i - ous  
feet run swift the shin - ing way, The heav'n - ly por - tals gain - ing.  
soul is lost in sweet a - maze, By won - drous love con - found - ed.



fount - ain now flow - ing so free, O fount - ain of cleans - ing o - pened wide for me.  
flow - ing, flow - ing so free,