

The Fountain That Never Runs Dry.

H. L.

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Haldor Lillenas.

M. 92 =

1. Man - y wear - y years I vain - ly sought a spring, One that never would run
2. Thro' the des - ert land of sin I roam no more, For I find a liv - ing
3. Here is sweet con - tent - ment as the days go by, Here is ho - ly peace and
4. Here I find a nev - er - end - ing, sure sup - ply, While the endless a - ges

dry; Un - a - vail - ing all that earth to me could bring, Nothing seemed to
Spring, And my cup of glad - ness now is run - ning o'er, Je - sus is my
rest; Here is con - so - la - tion as the mo - ments fly, Here my heart is
roll; To this heal - ing Foun - tain I would ev - er fly, There to bathe my

CHORUS.

sat - is - fy.
Lord and King. Drink - ing at the Foun - tain that nev - er runs dry,
al - ways blest.
wear - y soul.

Drink - ing at the Foun - tain of life am I; Find - ing joy and pleas - ure
there

In a - bound - ing meas - ure, I am drink - ing at the Foun - tain of life.