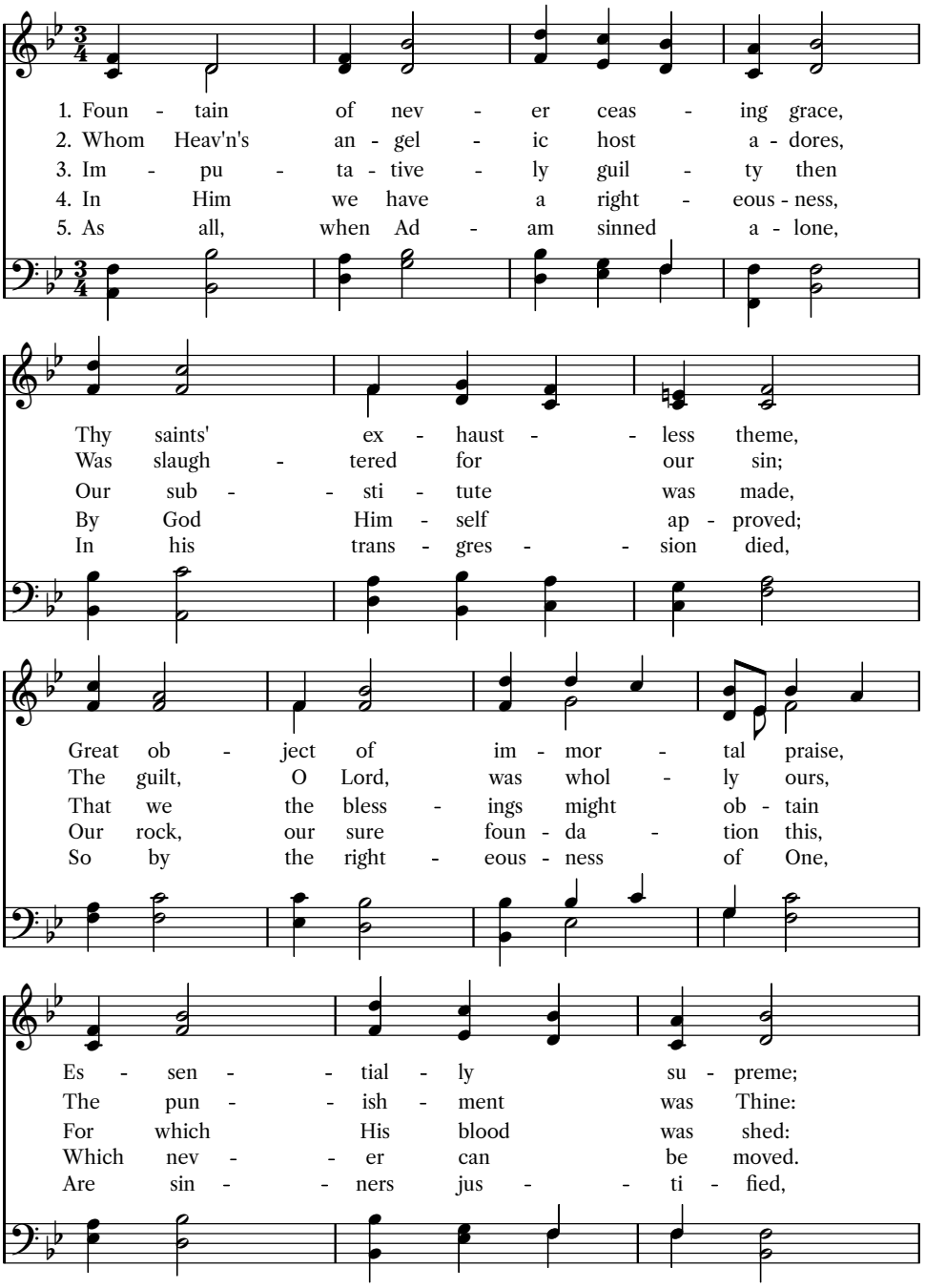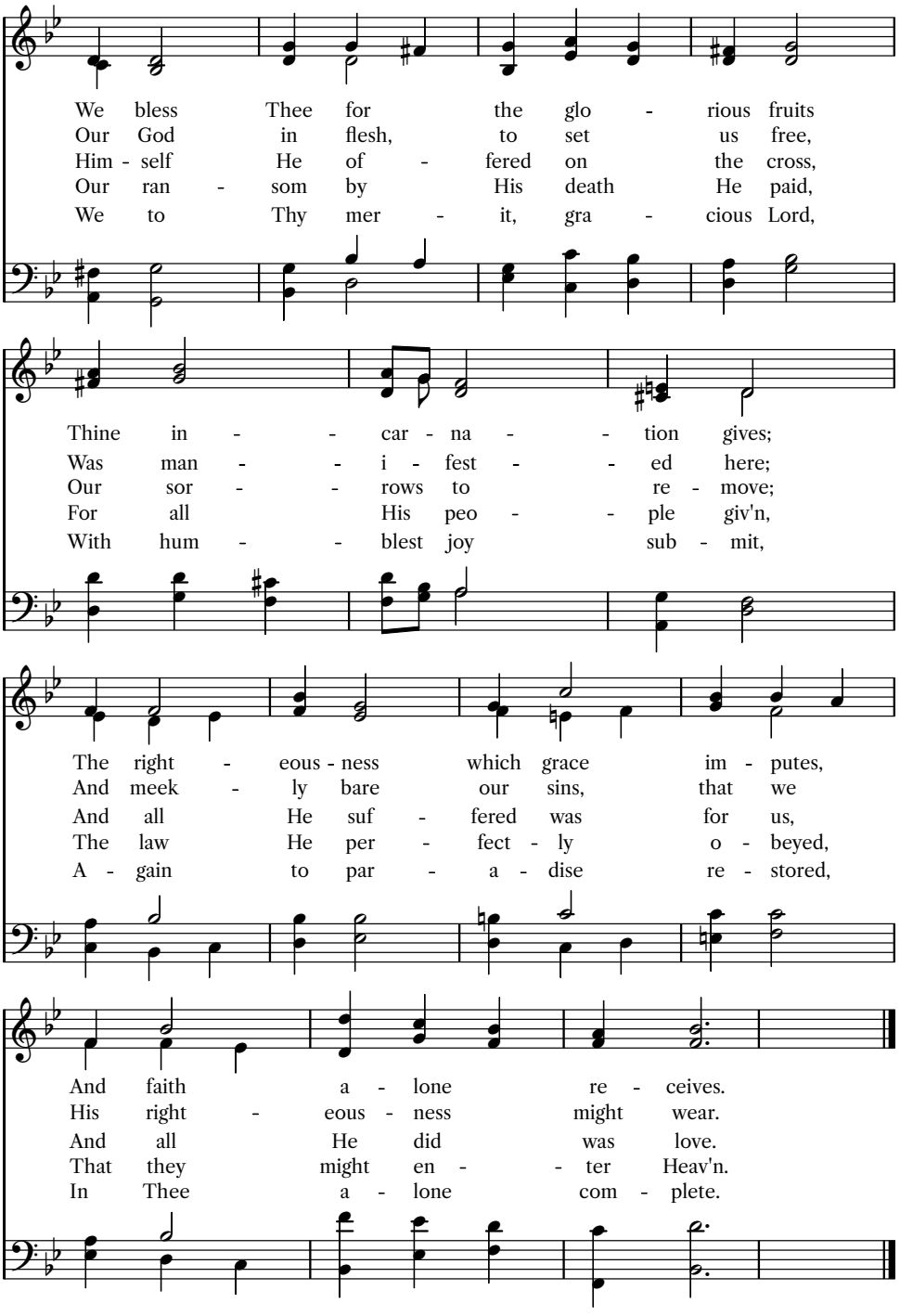Fountain of Never Ceasing Grace




We bless Thee for the glo - rious fruits
Our God in flesh, to set us free,
Him - self He of - fered on the cross,
Our ran - som by His death He paid,
We to Thy mer - it, gra - cious Lord,
Thine in - - car - na - - tion gives;
Was man - - i - fest - - ed here;
Our sor - - rows to re - move;
For all His peo - - ple giv'n,
With hum - - blest joy sub - mit,
The right - eous - ness which grace im - putes,
And meek - ly bare our sins, that we
And all He suf - fered was for us,
The law He per - fect - ly o - beyed,
A - gain to par - a - dise re - stored,
And faith a - lone re - ceives.
His right - eous - ness might wear.
And all He did was love.
That they might en - - ter Heav'n.
In Thee a - lone com - plete.

6. Our souls His watchful love retrieves,
Nor lets them go astray,
His righteousness to us He gives,
And takes our sins away:
We claim salvation in His right,
Adopted and forgiv'n,
His merit is our robe of light,
His death the gate of Heav'n.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1774

ST. MATTHEW C.M.D.
William Croft, 1708