

Fountain of Never Ceasing Grace

Augustus Toplady, 1774.

William Croft, 1708

Fountain of never ceasing grace,  
Thy saints' exhaustless theme,  
Great object of immortal praise,  
Essentially supreme;  
We bless Thee for the glorious fruits  
Thine incarnation gives;  
The righteousness which grace imputes,  
And faith alone receives.

Whom heaven's angelic host adores,  
Was slaughtered for our sin;  
The guilt, O Lord was wholly ours,  
The punishment was Thine:  
Our God in the flesh, to set us free,  
Was manifested here;  
And meekly bare our sins, that we  
His righteousness might wear.

Imputatively guilty then  
Our substitute was made,  
That we the blessings might obtain  
For which His blood was shed:  
Himself He offered on the cross,  
Our sorrows to remove;  
And all He suffered was for us,  
And all He did was love.

In Him we have a righteousness,  
By God Himself approved;  
Our rock, our sure foundation this,  
Which never can be moved.  
Our ransom by His death He paid,  
For all His people giv'n,  
The law He perfectly obeyed,  
That they might enter Heav'n.

As all, when Adam sinned alone,  
In his transgression died,  
So by the righteousness of One,  
Are sinners justified,  
We to Thy merit, gracious Lord,  
With humblest joy submit,  
Again to Paradise restored,  
In Thee alone complete.

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.