Abba, Father, we approach Thee







Abba, Father, we approach Thee, Led by Thy beloved Son, Offer up our praise and worship, Bask in Thy Paternal love. Thou art on the throne rejoicing, Thine eternal plan is done— Through His death and resurrection We've become Thy many sons.

Bread and cup upon the table, Which we did partake as one, Symbolize what was accomplished By Thy dear beloved Son. For His body for us broken, Cut a new and living way; Through it we can now come forward And can "Abba Father" say. Precious blood already flowing, Blotted out our sin and stain; All Thy righteous indignation Can no more on us remain. For His blood stands e'er before Thee, For us speaking better things. Thus He's silenced the accuser And we're freed from guilt and shame.

What is man, O God, before Thee? Lower than angelic hosts; Yet Thou seekest to regain us Lov'st us to the uttermost. Only man gains Thy forgiveness, (Not the angels who rebelled) Praise Thee, Father, Praise unceasing For Thy grace unparalleled.

Unknown Author