

**Abba, Father! we adore Thee**  
**Worship of the Father — His Redemption**

*(Guitar: Capo 1)*

<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>D</b>
1. Ab - ba,	Fa - ther!	we	a - dore	Thee,	Hum - bly	now our hom - age pay;
<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>D</b>	
'Tis Thy child-ren's bliss	to know	Thee,	None but child - ren	"Ab - ba"	say.	
<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>Bm</b>	<b>E<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>A</b>	
This high hon - or we	in - her -	it,	Thy free gift	through	Je - sus' blood;	
<b>D</b>	<b>A</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>A<sup>7</sup></b>	<b>D</b>
God the Spir - it,	with our spir -	it,	Wit - ness - eth	we're	sons	of God.

**2.** Thine own purpose gave us being,  
 When in Christ, in that vast plan,  
 Thou in Christ didst choose Thy people  
 E'en before the world began.  
 Oh, what love Thou, Father, bore us!  
 Oh, how precious in Thy sight!  
 When to Thine own Son Thou gav'st us,  
 To Thy Son, Thy soul's delight.

**3.** Though our nature's fall in Adam  
 Shut us wholly out from God,  
 Thine eternal counsel brought us  
 Nearer still, through Jesus' blood;  
 For in Him we found redemption,  
 Grace and glory in Thy Son;  
 O the height and depth of mercy!  
 Christ and His redeemed are one.

**4.** Hence, through all the changing seasons,  
 Trouble, sickness, sorrow, woe,  
 Nothing changeth Thine affections,  
 Love divine shall bring us through;  
 Soon shall all Thy blood-bought children  
 Round the throne their anthems raise,  
 And, in songs of rich salvation,  
 Shout to Thine eternal praise.