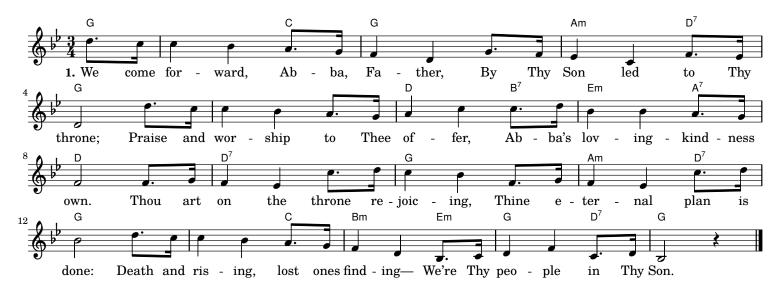
We come forward, Abba, Father

Worship of the Father — His Praise from Many Sons

(Guitar: Capo 3)



- 2. Bread and cup set on the table, Which we all partake as one, Clearly manifest in symbol All the work of Thy dear Son. On the cross, His body broken, Made a new and living way; We come forward, now 'tis open, Gladly "Abba, Father" say.
- 3. Precious blood has flowed out for us, Sins, transgressions, cleared away; Righteousness and anger toward us No more claim on us can lay. His blood stands before Thee ever; Better things it does proclaim. Thus He's silenced the accuser And released us from self-blame.

4. Lower than the angels' measure, What is man, O God, to Thee? That Thou visit, even treasure, Reconciling him to Thee. Only man receives forgiveness, Not the angels who rebelled. To Thee, Father, praise ne'er ceases For Thy grace unparalleled.

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