

We come forward, Abba, Father
Worship of the Father — His Praise from Many Sons

8047

(Guitar: Capo 3)

G	C	G	Am	D ⁷	
1. We	come for - ward,	Ab - ba, Fa - ther,	By Thy Son	led to Thy	
G		D	B ⁷	Em	A ⁷
throne;	Praise and wor - ship	to Thee of - fer,	Ab - ba's lov - ing	kind - ness	
D	D ⁷	G	Am	D ⁷	
own.	Thou art on the throne	re - joic - ing,	Thine e - ter - nal	plan is	
G	C	Bm	Em	G	D ⁷
done:	Death and ris - ing,	lost ones find - ing—	We're Thy peo - ple	in Thy Son.	

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.