

“Abba, Father!” We approach Thee In our Savior’s precious Name;  
We, Thy children, here assembled, Now Thy promised blessing claim;  
From our sins His blood hath washed us, ’Tis through Him our souls draw nigh,  
And Thy Spirit, too, hath taught us, “Abba, Father,” thus to cry.

Clothed in garments of salvation, At Thy table is our place,  
We rejoice, and Thou rejoicest, In the riches of Thy grace;  
“It is meet,” we hear Thee saying, “We should merry and be glad,  
I have found My once lost children, Now they live who once were dead.”

“Abba, Father!” all adore Thee, All rejoice in Heav’n above,  
While in us they learn the wonders Of Thy wisdom, grace, and love;  
Soon before Thy throne assembled, All Thy children shall proclaim,  
“Glory, everlasting glory, Be to God and to the Lamb!”