

Abba, Father, we adore Thee

(WHITHER PILGRIM. 8.7.8.7.D.)

1. Ab-ba, Fa-ther, we a-dore Thee As Thy saints be-fore Thy throne ;
2. Of our guilt His cross the mea-sure, There our sins' de-sert we learn ;

Sweet it is to praise and bless Thee For Thy love in Christ made known.
In the cup of bless-ing given us We Thy love, O God, dis-cern,

In the em-blem of His bo-dy We be-hold the won-drous price,
Through His blood to us vouch-saf-ing Bold-ness to draw near the throne ;

Which was gi-ven for our ran-som : Nought could else for sin suf-fice.
How com-plete our need-ed cleans-ing Thine un-sul-lied light makes known.

Alternate Tunes : Converse, 306 ; Faith's Expectancy, 148.