

Abba, Father, oh, what wonders

(HYMN TO JOY. 8.7.8.7.D.)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Ab - ba, Fa - ther, oh, what won - ders
 2. En - e - mies were we, and reb - els,
 3. Stretched be - fore us lies a fu - ture

Doth that pre - cious name re - veal !
 Ru - ined, wretch - ed, and un - done ;
 Filled with bliss no tongue can tell —

While in Christ we gaze up - on Thee,
 Thou didst give, from wrath to save us,
 Thine own house of man - y man - sions,

Songs of joy our spir - its fill. Look - ing back, we
 For Thy foes Thine on - ly Son. Now, oh, joy be -
 Where we shall for ev - er dwell. Yet, O Fa - ther,

can but bless Thee Look - ing for - ward,
 yond all tell - ing, Foes no more, but
 we, Thy chil - dren, While we through the

but a - dore ; For Thy pres-ent fa - your give Thee
sons are we, Chil - dren in a Fa - ther's pres - ence,
des - ert move, Dwell al - read - y in Thy pres - ence,

Chil - dren's prais - es ev - er - more.
Blest in Him, and loved as He.
Taste by faith the joys a - bove.

Alternate Tunes : Vision, 27 ; Northampton, 423.