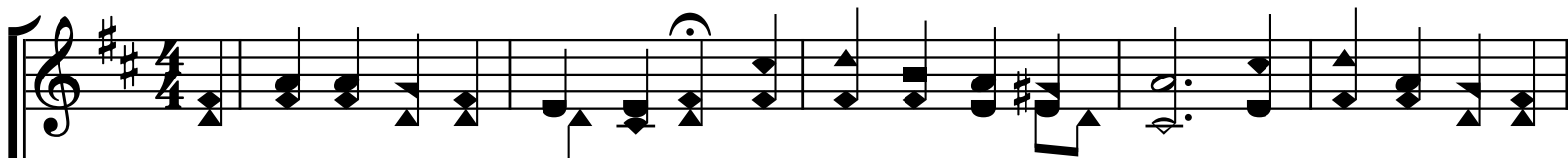
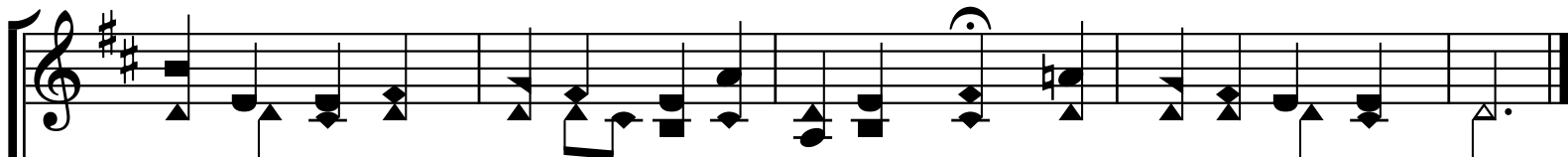


In Holy Reverence, Lord, We Come



3. Al-might-y Fa-ther, God of love, our hopes are clear and bright; we drink of life's e -



ter-nal fount, and bask on Zi-on's sun-lit mount, where hea-ven seems in sight.



TEXT: Daniel O. Teasley MUSIC: Samuel Heatwole, 2008

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