

I LOVE TO MEET MY FATHER
Words & Music by Glenda H. Davis, 2002

In the quiet of the morning, when all is very still,
I rise to meet my Father and early seek His will.
He awakens me to meet Him on the pages of His Word,
And deep within my heart His voice is stirred.

*I love to meet my Father, to stand before my Lord;
He welcomes me with open arms--His little one.
I stand in awe of Who He is, and that He bids me come
To meet with Him and worship at His throne!*

I rise before the daybreak to meet with Him alone,
When nothing will distract me from sitting at His throne.
His voice is always loving, even when I've gone astray;
As I return, He meets me on the way!

*I love to meet my Father, to stand before my Lord;
He welcomes me with open arms--His little one.
I stand in awe of Who He is, and that He bids me come
To meet with Him and worship at His throne!*

But sometimes I must face Him when I know I've done wrong;
My sin has come between us, but to Him I still belong.
I miss that sweet communion that I enjoy within His will;
He chastens me, then says He loves me still!

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*Tag: I stand in awe of Who He is, and that He bids me come
To meet with Him and worship at His throne!*

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