

SONSHIP

O the joy of the coming day
as we transcend this house of clay
The flesh no more corrupt shall be
this mortal shall put on immortality

The sons of Yah will be manifest
from death and decay we take our rest
The restoration of every thing
will make all creation shout and sing

The heavens and the earth will know
the glory of ah His sons to show
Rise up O sons of Yah and sing
for you shall be a spirit being

Lift up your voice to Yah on high
Abba Father is our cry
Our race on earth will soon be won
when Father Yah manifests His son

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