

Slaves to no one but a slave to all,
In the service of the Lord on call;
Slaves to self I know not why,
But to suffer the subject and live on a high.

Subject to change, subject to life,
Sorrow and suffering the work and wife;
A privilege to carry by burden to him,
The love of church and to sing a hymn.

Count it a privilege to suffer for Christ,
As he indeed did offer sin for eternal life;
Slave to no one but true to the heart,
The way to paradise being not clever or smart.

Add up the cost and the price of it all,
The earth spinning around like a big spinning ball;
From pole to pole and season to season,
The water and land is equated to reason;

Slaves to no one who could understand,
The beauty and majesty of a wondrous land;
The magic and money all turns into one,
As the planets orbit and turn around the sun.

Slaves to no one but to God on high,
To be rewarded and refunded when we die;
Slave to no one but my own dear heart,
Man and women who were here right from the start.

Signed,

Freedom at last