

ONDI-AHMAN

(written by Kenneth Cope)

Nothing like the life they had in Eden
Strangers to the place they knew so well
Dark and dreary veils the eye
The flowers fade and die

Sweat now stains the bread obtained from heaven
Callused hands must work the earthen plain
Time to settle in and pray
And await another day
Banished beneath the stars so far away

CHORUS:

Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
Left to reap what's sown
In their valley home
Ondi-Ahman
Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
Trusting He will come
Ondi-Ahman

Their daily dress reminds them of lost innocence
And growing old just speaks of dust that must return
Still their hearts have felt to sing
Since their eyes began to see
Together they take the bitter with the sweet

REPEAT CHORUS

They await the Child of promise
To grace their flesh and blood
Like an unshaken anchor
They're trusting He will come
To reconcile the exiled
And repair what they've undone
He will come—see Him come

Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
Eye to eye
In the dazzling light
Ondi-Ahman
Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
To hear the words "Well done"

Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
Face to face
In the gathering place
Ondi-Ahman
Ondi-Ahman—ondi-Ahman
Look again for them to come
Ondi-Ahman