

Consider

Don Francisco

Consider the flowers in the field
Turn your thoughts to the birds in the air
Your Father loves you more than all of these
So do not let your heart be filled with care
Now, a mountain meadow's flowers in the sunshine
Can fill the senses full and flood the soul
The best designer fashions on the planet
Are rags to what a single rose unfolds
If God will give such glory to the grasses
That in hours will just dry up and fade away
Don't you think he'll clothe his own beloved children
In what they need for every changing day?
So consider the flowers in the field
Turn your thoughts to the birds in the air
Your Father loves you more than all of these
So do not let your heart be filled with care
The freedom of the birds is stuff we dream of
To soar among the clouds and ride the wind
They never sow or reap or store for Winter
And yet your Father feeds and cares for them
Pocket change will buy them in the market

While the blood of God's own Son was paid for you
How is it that you worry for tomorrow
And doubt that what he said is what he'll do
So consider the flowers in the field
Turn your thoughts to the birds in the air
Your Father loves you more than all of these
So do not let your heart be filled with care
Moths and rust and man steal earthly riches
But kingdom treasure these can't touch at all
Where your treasure is, your heart will follow
To heaven, or to Mammon's empty halls
For the eye that's fixed on money stares at darkness
'Til darkness fills the mind and body whole
You can only serve one Lord and Master
Either God or Mammon owns your soul
So consider the flowers in the field
Turn your thoughts to the birds in the air
Your Father loves you more than all of these
So do not let your heart
Never let your heart
Do not let your heart be filled with care