

Butterfly

A gospel song by Peter Brunette

1. Flit on by, butterfly, free and easy,
Touched so lightly by gravity's sway,
While I trudge through the town
With my visage cast down
And my mind on the deeds of the day.

CHORUS 1: Spread your wings, for the garden is calling,
And the sunshine and flowers are there.
Flit on by, butterfly,
You're much freer than I
While I stand in the shade of despair.

2. "In the sweat of thy brow," says the Bible,
"Shalt thou eat all of thy daily bread,"
And I work for my pay,
Trade my whole life away
Just to keep a roof over my head.

CHORUS 1

3. But I hear Jesus speak of the lilies,
And the parable makes my heart glad,
For without sweat or toil
Do they spring from the soil
And in glorious garments are clad.

CHORUS 2: Spread your wings, for the kingdom is coming,
Where the last and the first shall change place.
Flit on by, butterfly,
You're no freer than I
While I stand in the light of his grace.

ENDING: Flit on by, butterfly,
You're no freer than I
While I stand in my dear saviour's grace.