



IT IS ONLY A TINY ROSEBUD,
A FLOWER OF GOD'S DESIGN;
BUT I CANNOT UNFOLD THE PETALS,
WITH THESE CLUMSY HANDS OF MINE;
THE SECRET OF UNFOLDING FLOWERS,
IS NOT KNOWN TO SUCH AS I;
THE FLOWER GOD OPENS SO SLOWLY,
IN MY HANDS WOULD FADE AND DIE;
IF I CANNOT UNFOLD A ROSEBUD,
THIS FLOWER OF GOD'S DESIGN;
THEN HOW CAN I THINK I HAVE WISDOM,
TO UNFOLD THIS LIFE OF MINE;
SO I'LL TRUST IN HIM FOR HIS LEADING,
EACH MOMENT OF EVERY DAY,
AND I'LL LOOK TO HIM FOR HIS GUIDANCE,
EACH STEP OF THE PILGRIM WAY;
FOR THE PATHWAY THAT LIES BEFORE ME,
MY HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWS;
I'LL TRUST HIM TO UNFOLD THE MOMENTS,
JUST AS HE UNFOLDS THE ROSE.

