

Worry Song



Sav - ior, I need re - mind - ing not to wor - ry.
Still, world - ly cares— like this - tles— keep ap - pear - ing.
gen - tle - ness marked your hon - est words to Mar - tha,
Heal - er of cares, you tell me seek your king - dom.



Now hush my mind, and help my spir - it see
Are they re - grown from roots I hold in place?
as she was cook - ing, fren - zied, mad, and spent,
Clos - er, Com - pas - sion fills my field of view.



ra - di - ant lil - ies, flocks of hum - ble spar - rows, so
Hard soil I've been— where you are wait - ing, ask - ing a -
an - gry at sis - ter Mar - y for just list - 'ning— The
Wor - ries must fade, then dis - ap - pear like shad - ows in the



fed, so clothed, so count - ed in Mer - cy, like me.
gain, to build a gar - den of bless - ing and grace. For
list - 'ning choice is what you com - mend to me yet.
bath - ing light, the sight, and the mu - sic of you!