

TATTERED BUTTERFLY LULLABY: Dream Song of God

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LYRICS

4/4 time (pu = 1)

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dedicated to our LORD God, 10 October 2017

Album: Amazing **LOVE** 'n' **Lullabies**

REF: 34-072

Long before you ever THOUGHT of telling God your love for Him,
of giving a valentine to Him, God gave a Valentine to YOU.

First John 4, verses 9 & 10 tell some of God's Valentine words to you:

"God showed how much He loved us by sending his only Son into the world
so that we might have eternal life through him. **This is real love. It is
NOT that we loved God, but that He loved us** & sent His Son as a
sacrifice to take away our sins" - First John 4: 9-10 NLT

* Yahweh (YHWH) pronounced Yaw-way. (Exodus 3:14 - 15; Isaiah 42: 6)

MOVEMENT 1

VERSE 1

I want someone who will love me even when I'm not lovely. I
yearn to be ... cherished just for "me". I
want someone who calls me dear.... someone who will stay near,
even when I'm worn and ... clearly **not** like Treasure.

MOVEMENT *2*

VERSE 2

Like a tattered butterfly,
my life's quickly slipping by.
I seem worthless to most people, but
GOD sings LULLABIES to me, of His Love.
Though we're tattered, getting old and worn,
days of soaring in skies are gone,
God still cherishes and brings to heav'n ALL
who **love** Him. We'll rise with Him and Soar1

MOVEMENT 1 (again)

VERSE 3

I **HAVE** someone Who **DOES** love me even when I'm not lovely. I
hear Him say I'm cherished **just for "me"**.
God named Yahweh* calls me dear, promised me He WILL stay near,
even when my heart for Him doesn't treat **HIM** ... like Treasure. >> **TAG**

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TAG - TWICE (After Verse 3) -- change to 3/4 timing; optionally faster

OH,	what	a	JOY-	ful	_
lul- la-	by, _	God _	sings, _	_	to _
us	though	we're	OLD	and	worn,
with	tat-	tered	wings.	_	Our
1	+	2	+	3	+
young	Glo-	ry	Days	have	like
but-	ter-	flies,	flown,	_	but
John _	four- _	teen's _	LUL- LA-	BY _	OF _
GOD	calls	us	HOME!	_	_

<repeat, optionally faster>

IMPORTANT Song Story:

DREAM on 9 October 2017, during week with God called SUKKOT, or Feast of Tabernacles; wrote lyrics to this song: I was pulling weeds in a gravel driveway, including tall ones with tiny blooms.

A black **tattered** butterfly at the end of its life struggled to drink nectar food from the daisy weed I had just pulled. I gently re-inserted the plant into the hole I'd pulled it from, without disturbing the eating butterfly.

MY SUDDEN THOUGHT **IN THE DREAM** (from God):
**Most people would not bother for a bug that is now old & UGLY.....
 about to die anyway.**

GOD HIMSELF loves us enough to **BOTHER** to carefully take care of us -- all the more gently when we are getting older, weaker,

TATTERED.... like a Dad singing a Lullaby of Love.