The dandelion is a nuisance. It is a pain.
Yet, God looks after it. He supplies it with sun and rain.
But for me You died! Now I am alive.
Lord, without You, neither of us could survive.
How easily it would be for it to quit when things go wrong, If it had, long ago it would be gone.
All its troubles God brings it through.
He does far more for me and you.
Step on it. Crush it. Run over it with the mower, It will come back as if seeds were sown by the sower.
God has it planned that way,
As for me, God oversees my life each day.
How can we give up, when God loves us so.
The dandelion doesn't, and God it does not even know.
It does not beg or plead.
It just waits on God for its need.
God gives both of us endurance.
He gave me eternal life; I have His assurance.
I am in Christ, my roots go deep. He put me in His harvest, to reap.
The dandelion is truly a pest, Yet every day it gives God it's best.
Can I say the same for man?
In Christ our tribulations we can overcome, we can.
The dandelion is hardy and strong.
It does not grow weary when things go wrong.
What can I learn from that little weed?
That God will supply my every need.
The dandelion is a survivor and so am I.
We both wait on God, that is why.
It never says times are hard, I am going to quit.
Neither will I until that day with God I sit.