

Lord, You Lead to Fields of Green

Text: N. Fielding Burns, 2015

Tune: N. Fielding Burns, 2016

1. Lord, you lead to fields of green and crys - tal wa - ters fresh;
2. Dare I en - ter death's dark path, where none but brave souls trod?
3. Far I run and hide my - self in leaves of fear and shame;

here I find my soul re - stored, and for my bod - y, rest.
Yes! For You are with me still, my Guid - ance, Shep - herd God.
far - ther still You seek me out, for fur - th'rance of Your name.

From Your cool - ing stream I'll drink, and in Your pas - ture feed.
Hid - den com - fort, qui - et calm, Your work - ings are to me,
Chased by good - ness, caught by grace, how - ev - er far I flee,

Noth - ing more do I re - quire; Your flock has all I need.
pre - sent peace, and fu - ture hope, poured out a - bun - dant - ly.
al - ways shall I dwell with You and al - ways You with me.