

Find Me In These Fields

Phil Keaggy

Find me in these fields alone,
Crusted with the salt of my ways,
Rinse me with the motion of sweet water,
The silky rush of Your cleansing stream.

I turn my face towards the sun
Too feel the heat and cool wind blow.
Reminding me as I touch your shoulder
Awakening me from some selfish dream.

I face the fog in the Autumn,
The midnight moon weaving her chain.
You trace me deep in this valley
Repeating a familiar refrain, forgive me.

When my heart turns cold and I chased the old
Standard lie, forgive me.
When my conscious calls me to leave it behind,
Well did I, forgive me.

Take me in I'll sit at Your feet,
Live to tell all You have done,
Could I find a rose in mid-December,
A sign of peace for those passing by.

I turn my eyes toward the Son,
And a vision of a world yet to be,
When hope will be awarded living substance
And Heaven kisses Earth in reply.

I face the fog in the Autumn,
The midnight moon weaving her chain.
You trace me deep in this valley
Repeating a familiar refrain, forgive me.

When my heart turns cold and I chased the old
Standard lie, forgive me.
When my conscious calls me to leave it behind,
Well did I, forgive me.