

# THE KEEPER

Words and Music by Steven C. Chapman and Geoff Moore

*Big black book in her small fragile hands  
The words she read I was too young to understand  
Between the thees and thous and the verily's  
I watched my grandma live the truth in front of me  
A little boy wakes from a dream in the night  
Runs down the hall to where she left on the light  
But I stopped when I saw her down on her knees  
Where she prayed every night for me  
In a whisper I heard. . .*

*Jesus, keeper of this life  
You are my refuge, my savior, my guide.  
Watch over this little one tonight  
And guard his every footstep as he travels this life.  
In some quiet moment draw him to your side.  
That he may come to know you, Jesus, as the keeper of this life.*

*Twenty years have come and gone since that time.  
And I can still see my grandma's face in my little boy's eyes.  
You will find me tonight somewhere down on my knees  
As I whisper a prayer that was once prayed for me  
You will hear me say. . .*

*Jesus, keeper of this life  
You are my refuge, my savior, my guide.  
Watch over these little ones tonight  
And guard their every footstep as they travel this life.  
And In some quiet moment draw them to your side.  
That they may come to know you, Jesus, as the Keeper.  
Jesus, keeper of this life  
You are my refuge, my savior, my guide.  
Watch over these little ones tonight  
And guard their every footstep as they travel this life.  
And In some quiet moment draw them to your side.  
That they may come to know you, Jesus. . .  
As I have come to know you, Jesus. . .  
let them come to know you, Jesus, as the keeper of this life.*