

The Keeper

Geoff Moore

A big, black book
In her small fragile hands
The words she read
I was too young to understand

Between the Thee's and Thou's
And the Verilies
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 on tonight
And guard his every footstep
As he travels this lie
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

Jesus, Keeper of this life
You are my Refuge, my Savior, my Guide
Watch over this little on tonight
And guard his every footstep
As he travels this lie
In some quiet moment
Draw him to Your side
That he may come to know You Jesus
As the Keeper of this Life