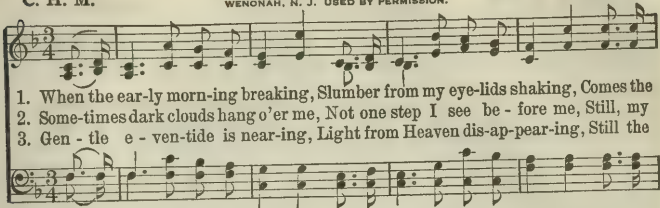


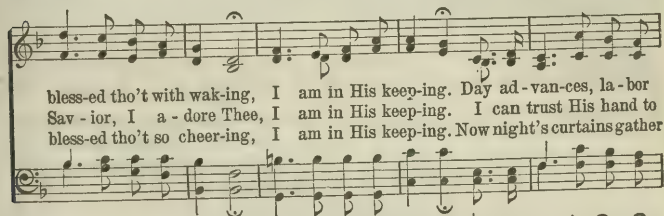
C. H. M.

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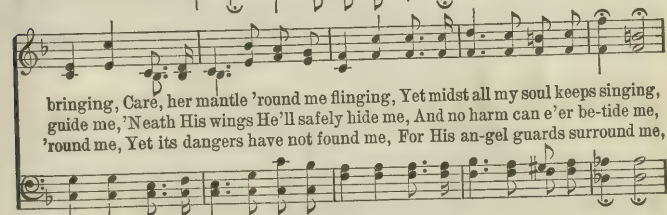
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



1. When the ear-ly morn-ing break-ing, Slumber from my eye-lids shak-ing, Comes the
 2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be- fore me, Still, my
 3. Gen- tle e- ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the

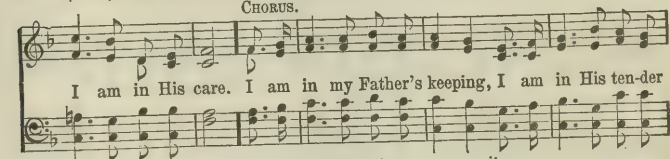


bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad-van-ces, la-bor
 Sav-ior, I a-dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
 bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather

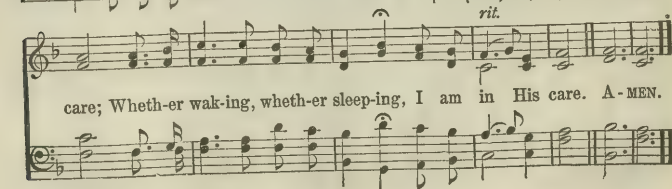


bring-ing, Care, her mantle 'round me fling-ing, Yet midst all my soul keeps sing-ing,
 guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
 'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,

CHORUS.



I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der



care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A-MEN.