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Standing on the Promises

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King,  
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail,  
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord,  
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fall,

through e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais - es ring;  
 when the howl - ing storms of doubt and fear as - sail,  
 bound to him e - ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord,  
 lis - tening ev - ery mo - ment to the Spir - it's call,

glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,  
 by the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 o - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
 rest - ing in my Sav - ior as my all in all,

stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

*Refrain*

Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
Stand - ing on the prom - is - es, stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - ior;

stand - ing, stand - ing,  
stand - ing on the prom - is - es, stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

# Lord, I Want to Be a Christian

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*Negro Spiritual*

I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN *Irregular*  
*Negro Melody*

1 Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In my heart, in my heart;  
2 Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In my heart, in my heart;  
3 Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In my heart, in my heart;  
4 Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart, in my heart;

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart.

In my heart, In my heart, In my heart, In my heart,

Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be more lov - ing In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be more ho - ly In my heart.  
Lord, I want to be like Je - sus In my heart.

Joseph H. Gilmore, 1834-1918

HE LEADETH ME L.M. with Refrain  
William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868

1 He lead-eth me, O bless-ed thought! O words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught!  
 2 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re-pine;  
 3 And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-tory's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
 Con-tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN  
 He lead-eth me, he lead - eth me, By his own hand he lead-eth me;



His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me. A-men.

