

# Let me stand behind You, Lord

Experience of Christ — Loving Him

(Guitar)

**D**                      **G**                      **D**                      **G**                      **D**                      **A**

1. Let me stand be-hind You,      Lord.      Let me wash      Your feet      with my tears.      Let me wipe them

**Bm**                      **E**                      **E<sup>7</sup>**                      **A**                      **D**                      **G**

                         with my hair.      Let me kiss them                      and a - noint them      With the oint -      ment.

**D**                      **G**                      **D**                      **Bm**                      **E<sup>7</sup>**

                         I love                      You!      Je - sus, I love                      You!      May I waste my all and life                      on You.

**A<sup>7</sup>**                      **D**                      **Bm**                      **G**                      **D**                      **Bm Em A<sup>7</sup>**      **D G D**

                         Let me pour the ointment pure                      On Your head and on Your feet,      On You, most precious One Because I love You.

2. Let me take a pound of ointment pure  
Of great value to anoint Your feet  
And wipe them with my hair  
That the house be filled with the fragrance  
Of the ointment.  
I love You!  
Jesus, I love You!  
May I waste my all and life on You.  
Let me pour the ointment pure  
On Your head and on Your feet,  
On You, most precious One  
Because I love You.

3. Lord, they said if You were a prophet,  
You should know who and what I am.  
I'm a sinner that toucheth You,  
A woman not worthy to anoint You.  
But I love You!  
Jesus, I love You!  
You forgave me the most  
now I love You, Lord, the most.  
Let me pour the ointment pure  
On Your head and on Your feet,  
On You, most precious One,  
Because You love me.

4. Let my love from my being wash Your feet  
And my glory without wipe them too  
Let me kiss them where the nails would pierce.  
All my love, Lord, and glory I'll waste on You.  
I love You!  
Jesus, I love You!  
All my glory and love I pour  
and waste on You.  
Receive my ointment, Lord.  
It's all I have, dear Lord.  
For You, most precious One,  
Because I love You.