

449 Lord, like the publican I stand

Capo 1: D G F#m D D7 G Gm D

1 Lord, like the pub - li - can^a I stand and lift my heart to thee;
 2 I smite up - on my anx - ious breast, o'er-whelmed with ag - o - ny;
 3 My guilt, my shame, I all con - fess; I have no hope nor plea

thy par-doning grace, O God, com-mand, be mer - ci-ful to me.
 O save my soul by sin op-pressed, be mer - ci-ful to me.
 but Je - sus' blood and right-eous-ness; be mer - ci-ful to me.

- 4 Here at thy cross I still would wait,
 nor from its shelter flee,
 till thou, O God, in mercy great,
 art merciful to me.

^a tax collector; Luke 18:10

Text: Thomas Raffles, 1831

Tune: Charles H. Gabriel, 1856–1932