

HYMN

# # Lord, like the publican I stand

D
G
F#m
D7
G
Gm
D

1 Lord, like the pub - li - can 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

A
D
Em
D
A
A7
D

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.