

[Jesus] also told this parable to some who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and treated others with contempt:

Two men went up into the temple to pray, one a Pharisee and the other a tax collector. The Pharisee, standing by himself, prayed thus: "God, I thank you that I am not like other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even like this tax collector. I fast twice a week; I give tithes of all that I get." But the tax collector, standing far off, would not even lift up his eyes to heaven, but beat his breast, saying, "*God, be merciful to me, a sinner!*" I tell you, this man went down to his house justified, rather than the other. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, but the one who humbles himself will be exalted.

MERCIFUL TO ME

REFORMED PRAISE



reformedpraise.org

Featuring
songs
by



Jeff Bourque



Craig Johnson



Eric Schumacher



David L. Ward

1. MERCIFUL TO ME
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13. MAJESTIC SWEETNESS

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Scripture quotation from Luke 18:9-14 (ESV).

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*Merciful
to me*

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<http://www.reformedpraise.org>

"God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" These words, from the gospel of Luke, represent the disposition of the heart and the confession of the lips shared among all true followers of Jesus. When planted in the hearts of poets and musicians, this cry for mercy gives birth to songs of gratitude for the promise that God will answer it in Jesus. Though the lyricists and musicians behind these songs span the centuries, they are united in their desire to magnify the mercy of God shown to them in Jesus, the one who both satisfied the requirements of the law and bore the penalty for its transgression, in order that God might justly show mercy for all those who put their trust in Him.

Merciful to Me is a collection of songs whose texts and tunes are both old and new. While all of these songs are intended for congregational singing, they have been cast into many different styles of music. This reflects our conviction that worship music should be as stylistically diverse as the cultures of humanity. Our goal in singing our faith is that we might engage with the lyrics in our songs emotionally. This is why Reformed Praise so often writes fresh melodies for hymns even though they may already have a commonly used tune – the tune was usually written centuries ago and, in the opinion of many, does not fit the pathos of the lyrics. It is our hope by writing and recording worship songs that continue the legacy of centuries of Protestant hymnody, that we might reform the praise of the church by injecting heart-stirring melodies into theologically rich and gospel-saturated lyrics.

Sheet music, chord charts, and simple demos can be found at www.reformedpraise.org

1. Merciful to Me

With broken heart and contrite sigh, a trembling sinner, Lord, I cry: Your pardoning grace is rich and free; O God! be merciful to me. // I beat upon my troubled breast, with deep and conscious guilt oppressed: Christ and His Cross my only plea; O God! be merciful to me. // **Chorus:** And when, redeemed from sin and hell, with all the ransomed saints I dwell, my raptured song will ever be, God has been merciful to me. // Far off I stand with tear-stained eyes, I dare not lift them to the skies; My deepest anguish You can see; O God! be merciful to me. // No pious deeds or things I own, can for a single sin atone; to Calvary alone I flee; O God! be merciful to me.

*Original hymn text by Cornelius Elven (1791-1873)
Music and updated lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2000 ReformedPraise.org
Vikki Cook: Voc / Nathan Copeland: El Bass / John Lund: Drums & Perc / David Ward: Voc, Pno, Sop Sax, Ac Gtr / David Wessner: Resonator Guitar*

2. There Is No Greater Portrait

There is no greater portrait of love and sacrifice than Jesus leaving glory and laying down His life. When I look on the sufferings my Savior chose to bear, it fills my heart with sorrow to think I put Him there. // He ran the race before Him though it was filled with pain, and walked the road to glory in agony and shame. Then for the joy before Him, He chose to bear the cross, pursued His Father's pleasure and counted all else loss. // The Son of Man was lifted before creation's eyes; was mocked and scorned by soldiers, by kings and priests despised. But now the Son is risen, ascended to the skies. By angels He is worshipped; by nations glorified. // O Savior, let this sinner be ransomed by the flood of mercy and forgiveness abundant in Your blood. O Lord, be my salvation, Your Holy Spirit send to change my heart and cause me to love You to the end.

*By Eric Schumacher and David L. Ward
© 2006 Hope Publishing Company
Rebelle Boulter: Violin / Vikki Cook: Choir / Nathan Copeland: El Bass / Sally Huntington: Cello / John Lund: Drums / Jennifer Naglak: Violin / Bob Parsons: Arranger / Laura Schroeder: Viola / Jim Ten Bensel: French Hrn / David Ward: Lead Voc, Pno, Ac Gtr / Redeemer Bible Church: Congregation*

3. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow Thee; destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be: Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought or hoped or known; yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own! // Man may trouble and distress me, 'twill but drive me to Thy breast; life with trials hard may press me, heav'n will bring me sweeter rest. // O 'tis not in grief to harm me, while Thy love is left to me; O 'twere not in joy to charm me, were that joy unmixed with Thee. // Hasten on from grace to glory, armed by faith and winged by prayer; heav'n's eternal days before me, God's own hand shall guide me there. Soon shall close my earthly mission, swift shall pass my pilgrim days, hope shall change to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

*Original hymn text by Henry Lyte (1793-1847)
Music by Jeff Bourque
© 2005 Manicotti Music (ASCAP)
Jeff Bourque: Ac Gtr, Vocals / Jason Garner: Pno / Dave Murphy: El Bass / Spencer Stanton: Violin / Jacob Wetsell: Drums*

4. O Jesus

There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth; it sounds like music to my ear, the sweetest name on earth. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; it tells me of His precious blood, the sinner's perfect plea. // **Chorus:** O Jesus, the name I love and hold most dear; O Jesus, the name I trust and gladly share. O Jesus, O Jesus! // It tells of One Whose loving heart can feel my deepest woe; Who in my sorrow bears a part that none can bear below. It bids my trembling heart rejoice, it dries each rising tear; it tells me in a still, small voice to trust and never fear. // This name shall lift my spirit still along my pilgrim road, and bless me as I climb the hill that leads me up to God. And there with all the blood-bought saints, from sin and sorrow free, this precious name I'll ever praise for all His love to me.

*Original hymn text by Frederick Whitfield (1829-1904)
Music, updated and additional lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2006 ReformedPraise.org
Jeff Bourque: Lead Voc / Steve Cook: Keys / Vikki Cook: BGV / Nathan Copeland: El Bass / Ben Gouwell: El Gtr / John Lund: Drums / David Ward: Ac Gtr*

5. O God the Holy Spirit

O God the Holy Spirit, eternal one of three, my comforter and teacher, be merciful to me. You hovered over chaos the land and sea to part so manifest Your power to calm my restless heart. // O God the Holy Spirit, direct me to the cross where I can see the suff'ring my waywardness has cost. In Jesus' death please show me the power of my sin and by His life convince me this battle He will win. // O God the Holy Spirit, put Jesus on display: remind me how my Savior took all my guilt away. My sins were all forgiven and satisfaction made; atonement was completed, my captive soul was saved. // O God the Holy Spirit, come deepen and impart these saving, loving lessons upon my despr'ate heart that I might loathe my evil and flee from Satan's snares then run to my Redeemer and cast on Him my cares.

*Based on the prayer "The Spirit's Work" from The Valley of Vision
Words and music by David L. Ward
© 2006 Hope Publishing Company
Rebelle Boulter: Violin / John Moore: El Bass / Beth Burrus: Lead Voc / Sally Huntington: Cello / John Lund: Drums / Jennifer Naglak: Violin / Bob Parsons: Arranger / Laura Schroeder: Viola / Jim Ten Bensel: French Hrn, Tpt, Tromb / David Ward: Pno, BGV*

6. So I Will Come

Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God, wounded and dying, bathed in blood! Behold His side, and venture near, the well of endless life is here. Here I forget my cares and pains and find a drink whose pow'r remains; the fountain-head above can satisfy the thirst of love. // **Chorus:** So I will come and view the cross where mercy answered righteousness; The spotless Lamb of God was slain for this unworthy, helpless sinner's gain! // His thorns and nails pierce through my heart, in ev'ry groan I bear a part; I view His wounds with streaming eyes: but see! He bows His head and dies! Oh that I thus could always feel! Lord, more and more Your love reveal! Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim the grace and glory of Your name.

*Original hymn text by John Newton (1725-1807)
Music, updated and additional lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2007 ReformedPraise.org
Jake Armerding: Violin / Jesse Harms: Ac Bass / Shannon Harris: Lead Voc / Sally Huntington: Cello / Kevin Campbell: Percussion / David Ward: BGV, Ac Gtr, Pno*

7. Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high: Hide me, O Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide; O, receive my soul at last! O, receive my soul at last! // Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone, still support and comfort me: My trust on Thee is stayed; all my help from Thee I bring; Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing, with the shadow of Thy wing. // Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in Thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind. Holy is Thy name, I am all unrighteousness, False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace, Thou art full of truth and grace. // Plenteous grace with Thee is found, grace to cover all my sin; let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within. Fountain of life Thou art, freely let me take of Thee; Spring up within my heart, rise to all eternity, rise to all eternity.

*Original hymn text by Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Music and updated lyrics by Craig Johnson
© 2005 CraigMac Music
Steve Cook: Keys / Vikki Cook: BGV / Nathan Copeland: Bass / John Lund: Drums / David Spencer: Vocals / David Ward: Ac Gtr, Alto & Bari Sax*

8. The River

Beneath the feet of man I find a stream of filth and sin that springs from ev'ry heart and mind from fountains deep within. Oh, who can know its true expanse when hearts remain unseen? What tide can stem its dark advance, what pow'r can make it clean? // But from the sacred throne of God I see a river rise; The streams are peace and pard'ning blood descending from the skies. Angelic minds can ne'er explore this deep, unfathomed sea; 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore, and lost in deity. // **Chorus:** I stand amazed to see this river rising that carries down to me Your grace surprising-- that sacred flood from Jesus' veins, it washes all my guilty stains. // Free to the sinner dead to God who sought the road to hell, that trampled on the Savior's blood on whom his sentence fell. But at the river's source I see the Lamb upon His throne; For those who slew Him now He pleads and calls them as His own. // **Bridge:** Sov'reign grace and man's free will shall not divide the throne; For man's a fallen sinner still and Christ shall reign alone!

*Original hymn text by John Kent (1766-1843)
Music, updated and additional lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2008 ReformedPraise.org
Steve Cook: Keys / Devon Kauffman: Lead Voc / Kevin Campbell: Drums / David Ward: Ac Gtr / Mike Boardley: El Gtr / Tim Link: El Bass*

9. Glory Is Certain

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, then why do I worry when trials are near! Be hushed my dark spirit, the worst that can come but shortens your journey, and hastens you home. // I dare not be seeking my comfort and bliss, or building my hopes in a place such as this; I look for the city God promised and built, where Jesus has banished my sin and its guilt. // **Chorus:** I have died to this world, and am hidden with Christ so my mind will be set on this: Glory is certain, for Christ is in me, glory is certain, for Christ is in me. // Afflictions may press me but cannot destroy, one glimpse of His love turns them all into joy; the tears of a lifetime will vanish away when He stoops to dry them on that coming day. // So let Satan's army assail me full force; their plans cannot help but to steady my course. Come joys or come sorrows, whate'er may befall an hour with my Savior will sweeten them all.

*Original hymn text by Henry Lyte (1793-1847)
Music, updated and additional lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2006 ReformedPraise.org
Jake Armerding: Lead Voc, Ac Gtr, Mand / Jennifer Armerding: Djembe / Jesse Harms: Ac Bass / John Lund: Percussion / Colleen Watson: BGV / David Ward: Irish Whistle*

10. There Is No Sin that I Have Done

There is no sin that I have done that has such height and breadth it can't be washed in Jesus' blood or covered by His death. There is no spot that still remains, no cause to hide my face, for He has stooped to wash me clean and covered me with grace. // There is no wrath that I will know, no wormwood and no gall; for though such wounds and grief I earned my Savior bore them all. There is no work that I must add to stand before His throne. I only plead His life and death sufficient on their own. // There is no love that I desire but Jesus' warm embrace. While now I know His love by faith I long to see His face. There is no song that I will sing, no melody but this, that my Beloved, He is mine, for He has made me His.

*By Eric Schumacher and David L. Ward
© 2008 ReformedPraise.org
Jesse Harms: Ac Bass / David Ward: Ac Gtr, Lead Voc / David Wessner: Pedal Steel Gtr / Colleen Watson: BGV*



11. O Weary Saint

O weary saint cast down, who mourns in barren field, whose heart and flesh now fail and naught but weeping yield-- when fears increase as life departs, where is the balm for broken hearts? // The weary Savior died and in the grave was sown to bear the wrath of God for sin though not His own then He arose from where He lay, the firstfruits of the harvest day. // O weary saint look up from the barren field will rise, in Christ, His own with heart and flesh then healed. Our hope is this, that death is gain, our tears and sighs will not remain.

*Text: Eric Schumacher & David L. Ward, © 2008 ReformedPraise.org
Tune "Love Unknown" by John Ireland (1879-1962) is copyright © The John Ireland Trust and is used by permission of the John Ireland Trustees
David Ward: Pno, Irish Flute / Karlene Gade: Voc / Sally Huntington: Cello*

12. Begone, Unbelief

Begone, unbelief, my Savior is near, and for my relief will surely appear; by prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform; with Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm. // Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide, 'tis mine to obey, 'tis His to provide; though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail, the word He has spoken shall surely prevail. // **Chorus:** Begone, unbelief! My Savior is near. And for my relief will surely appear. // His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; each time He has helped me lies clearly in view, designed to assure me He'll pilot me through. // Since all that I meet shall work for my good, the bitter is sweet, the medicine food; though painful at present, 'twill cease before long, and then, O how pleasant, the conqueror's song!

*Original hymn text by John Newton (1725-1807)
Music and updated lyrics by David L. Ward
© 2007 ReformedPraise.org
Jake Armerding: Ac Gtr, Mand, Violin, Lead Voc / Josh & Carolyn Buttram: BGV / Jesse Harms: Ac Bass / John Lund: Drums / David Wessner: Resonator Guitar*

13. Majestic Sweetness

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Savior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'flow. Behold the beauties of His face and on His glories dwell; regard the wonders of His grace and all His triumphs tell. // He saw me plunged in deep distress and flew to my relief; for me He bore the shameful cross and carried all my grief. To Him I owe my life and breath and all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death and saves me from the grave. // No mortal can with Him compare among the sons of men; so fairer He than all the fair who fill the heav'nly train. Oh may this sweet and joyful theme fill ev'ry heart and tongue till strangers love His precious name and join our sacred song.

*Original hymn text by Samuel Stennett (1727-1795) & Anne Steele (1716-1778), adapted by David L. Ward © 2009 ReformedPraise.org
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