

Sinner, Thine's a Lost Condition

(Brooklyn. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)

1. Sin-ner, thine's a lost con - di - tion, Guilt-y too be-fore thy God;
 2. Let the sto - ry of His good-ness Win its way in thy poor heart;
 3. Come at once, thy way for - sak - ing, Own thy sins with all their shame,

In thy fol - ly thou hast wan-dered, Broad the road thy feet have trod.
 From the glo - ry He de-scend-ed, Here with man to take His part.
 Claim God's par - don, full, e - ter - nal, Now be - liev - ing in His name.

Death and af - ter death the judg-ment Will o'er - take thee like a flood -
 Gra-cious, sin - less, on-ward go - ing, To the cross with all its shame;
 Then with joy thy Lord con - fess - ing, Press thou on, the glo-ry's thine,

Je - sus on - ly can a - vail thee, Je - sus and His precious blood.
 To the judg - ment and for - sak - ing, Due to God's most ho - ly name.
 Wait His com - ing, live un - to Him, Let your light thus brightly shine.