

Sinner, Thine's A Lost Condition

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

1. Sin-ner, thine's a lost con - di - tion, Guil - ty 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 glory'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 thy light thus brightly shine.