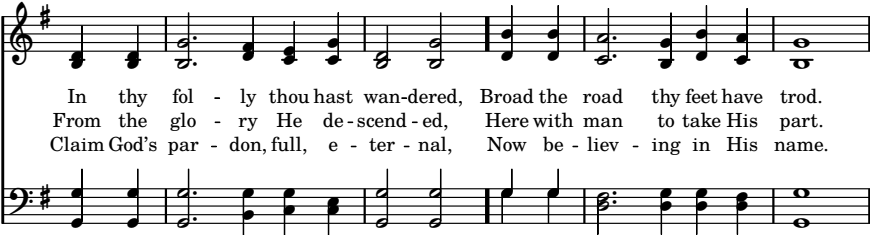


## Sinner, Thine's A Lost Condition

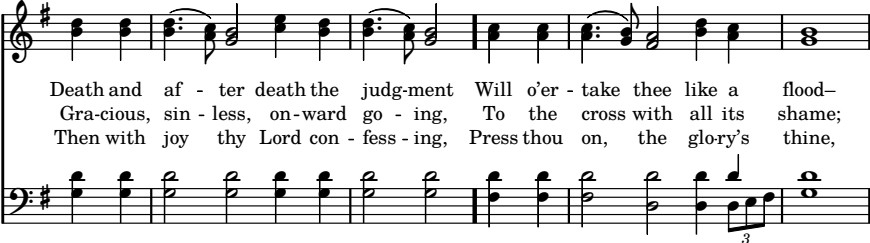
(Brooklyn. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)



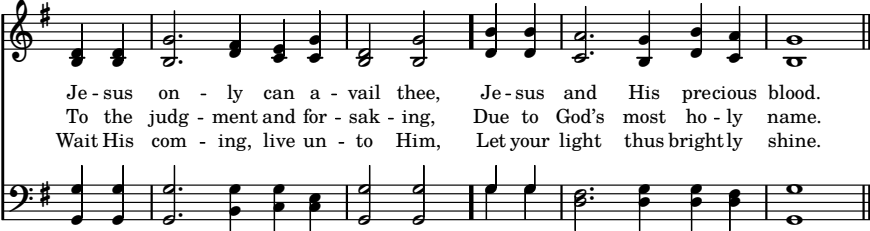
1. Sin-ner, thine's a lost con - di - tion, Guil-ty too be-fore thy God;  
 2. Let the sto - ry of His good - ness Win its way in thy poor heart;  
 3. Come at once, thy way for - sak - ing, Own thy sins with all their shame,



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 your light thus brightly shine.