


Sinner, Thine's a Lost Condition

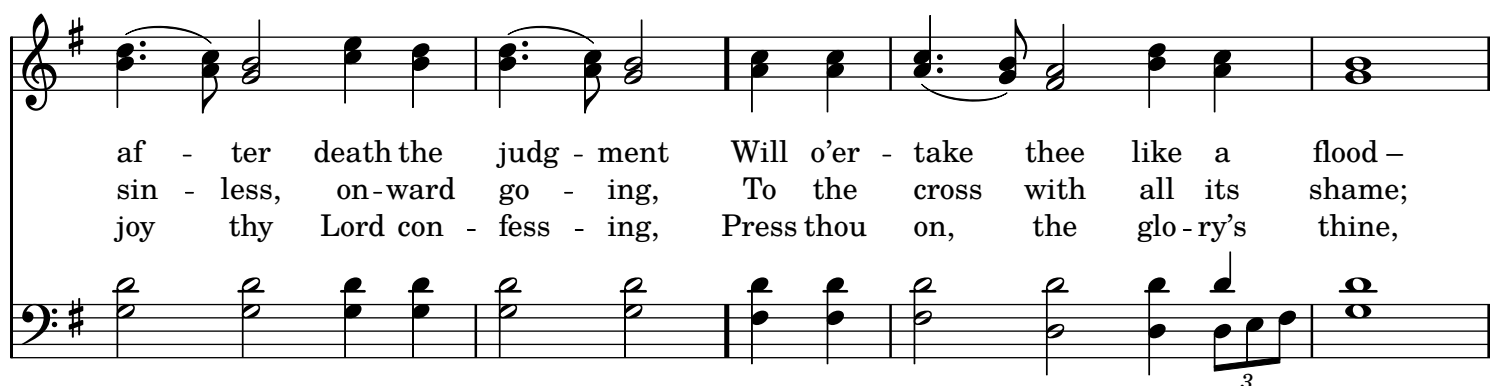
(Brooklyn. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.)



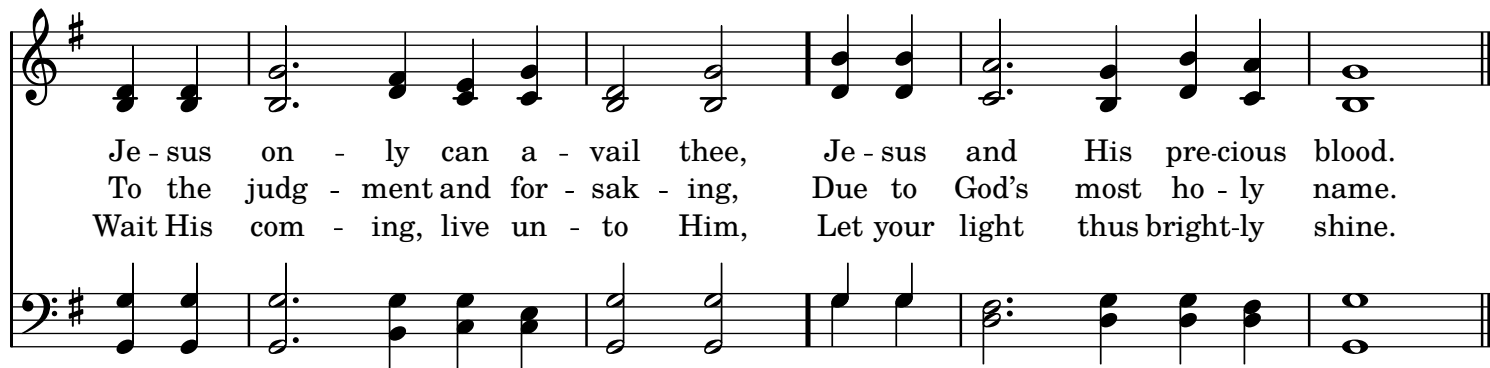
1. Sin-ner, thine's a lost con - di - tion, Guilt-y too be-fore thy God; In thy
 2. Let the sto - ry of His good - ness Win its way in thy poor heart; From the
 3. Come at once, thy way for - sak - ing, Own thy sins with all their shame, Claim God's



fol - ly thou hast wan - dered, Broad the road thy feet have trod. Death and
 glo - ry He de - scend - ed, Here with man to take His part. Gra-cious,
 par - don, full, e - ter - nal, Now be - liev - ing in His name. Then with



af - ter death the judg - ment Will o'er - take thee like a flood -
 sin - less, on - ward go - ing, To the cross with all its shame;
 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 pre-cious 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 bright-ly shine.