Child Of Sin And Sorrow

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay, Heav'n bids thee come.
   Wait not for tomorrow, Yield thee today.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die?
   Come while thou canst borrow Help from on high.
   Grieve not that love while yet there's room;
   Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.
   Which from above, Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh.

Words and Music: Thomas Hastings