

**Our Condition, O Disaster**

(tune: Blest the Man That Fears Jehovah)

Our condition, O disaster  
Poisoned fruit have tasted we  
Now the fruit of our rebellion  
Is the grave no one can flee

In the council of the Godhead  
Maker of the moon and stars  
Condescending to our station  
Offered His own Son for ours

Born unto the world a thistle  
Reckoned as a lowly weed  
Taking justice, wrath and vengeance  
Sentenced to our poverty

As the sickle cut so deeply  
Spilling out His life within  
In the process life eternal  
Accessible was made to man

Now in glory high He reigneth  
At the Father's right hand side  
Opened up the way of heaven  
Made us kings and priests to God.