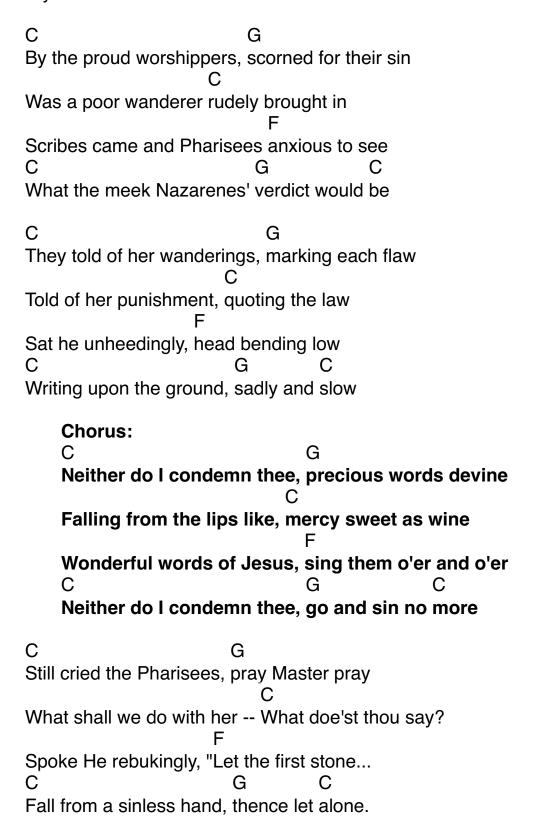
Neither Do I Condemn Thee

Clyde Rainwater



G
Cheeks flushing red with shame, turned each about
C
Then from His presence walked slowly out.
Then saw He standing there, head bending low. C G C
He whom the world despised saw the tears flow.
C G
Spoke He most tenderly, pray woman pray C
Hast thou accusers none? Nay, Master,nay!
Neither do I condemn thee, soul sick and sore C G C
Go forth I pardon thee. Go and sin no more.