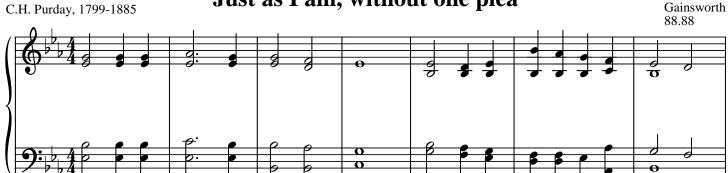
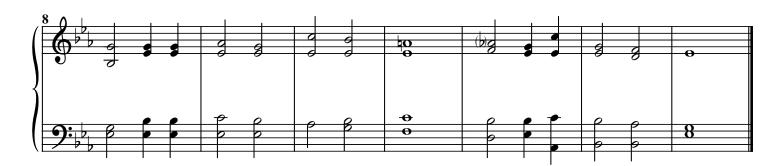
Just as I am, without one plea





Just as I am—without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fightings and fears within, without— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea, all I need in Thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because Thy promise I believe— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath broken every barrier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone— O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Just as I am—of that free love The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove, Here for a season, then above— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott