

**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 bidd'st 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  
has 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.

Words: Charlotte Elliott, 1841  
Music: Woodworth, St. Crispin, Misericordia  
Meter: 88 88