

Just As I Am

Nichole Nordeman

I wondered how to come to You,
I did not dare believe it true, that You regard the orphaned ones:
beloved daughters, worthy sons,
the broken and the barren too,
I heard I could find some rest in You. What kind of love in injury's place,
would leave instead the stain of grace?
So I come in sorrow and I come in shame.
I come to the cross with my pain. 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. The pardon that I found from sin spilled out from where the nails went in.
My heart will ever more proclaim
I had not lived until that day.
And I know there is a crown for me
beyond where mortal eyes can see
and I don't nod to any man,
but offer me just as I am. So I come rejoicing with hands held high,
and I come singing words of new life. 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,
O Lamb of God,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come. O Lamb of God, I come.

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