

# 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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