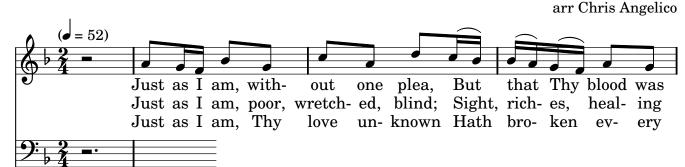
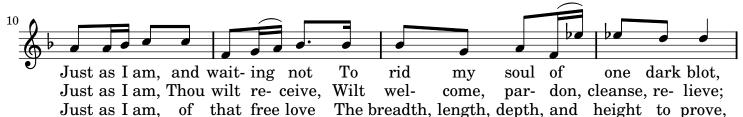
I Can But Tell Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott Sir Arthur Sullivan





shed for me, And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. of the mind, Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. bar-rier down; Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.





To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I I come. come, pro-mise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I I come. Be-cause Thy come, Here for sea-son, then a- bove, O Lamb of God, I I come! a come,