

2. The growth of Christ, the seed, in us Will soon produce the wheat, The life within break forth—yet work Divine is not complete; For wheat alone can never be The seed's expression true; So all the grains must blend together Into something new.

> The seed is simply Jesus; Now wheat is Jesus too! The grains of wheat must blend Together into something new.

3. The individual grains of wheat
No longer must be free,
But crushed together, ground to powder,
Every grain must be,
Until the wheat becomes the meal
From which the loaf is formed
Till all the saints will blend and to
His Body be conformed.

We all must take the grinding until the Christ within Can mold into His Body all the individual grains.

4. The seed is planted, wheat is grown
And meal is the sum
Of all the growth upon God's farm,
Where Christians grow as one;
But all the growth in life is for
The building of the church,
That God and man may have a home
And both may end their search.

The farm is for the building, for God and man a home, Where both may dwell among His people gathered into one. 5. God's building is produced by silver, Precious stones, and gold—
From meal through transformation, Pressure, heat, and pain untold.
The meal must not be satisfied
To stay as meal alone,
But must submit to transformation
Into precious stone.

The meal must pass through suffering that precious stones be formed;
Then built into God's building, to His purpose full conformed.

6. From fullest growth and transformation
Comes a pearl of worth;
This simple, precious, all-inclusive
Gem will then come forth.
Conceived in death and formed in life
By that all-glorious One,
The church, His Bride, the fruit of all
The work that He has done.

The pearl is what He's after, the Bride to please His heart, So single, pure and precious, and His very counterpart.

7. The growth in life begins when planted On God's farm we're found:
The growing seed becomes the wheat From which the meal is ground.
But building work proceeds when meal Submits to be transformed;
Then gold and silver, precious stones For building will be formed.

The farm is for the building, built up by precious stones, From which the priceless pearl comes forth to be His Bride, His own. 8. Lord, keep us poor in spirit,
Pure in heart that we may be
Good ground in which the seed of life
May grow abundantly,
Until the final stage is reached
And You are satisfied
And have Your priceless, chosen pearl,
Your joy complete, Your Bride.

Lord, keep us poor in spirit and purified in heart, That growing up in us You may bring forth Your counterpart.