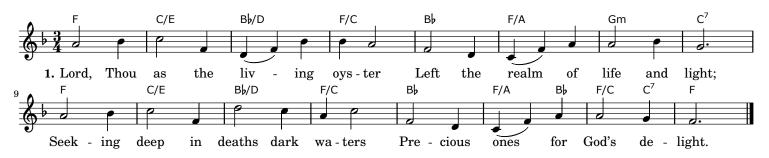
Lord, Thou as the living oyster

Experience of Christ — General



- 2. But a worthless grain You found me; Base and cruel to pierce Your side. Yet within that wound You held me, Pouring out Thy very life.
- 3. Now Thy wound's redemption keeps me Ever in Thy tender death.Prisoned there, Thy life's secretion Covers me with preciousness.
- 4. Thus a pearl, through death I enter Thine own realm of life and light; Built to be Thy habitation, Thine expression, Thy delight!
- 5. Now as gates of pearl we stand here Calling to earth's corners four, All may enter! All may enter! Worthless grains He will transform!