

## The Pearl: Hymn 2

1

(Cradle Song: *Away in a Manger*)

*The pearl compared to Jesus in His conception, birth, and crucifixion*

To what shall I compare you? Speak not silently.  
From out of your stillness speak clearly to me.  
For whoso your stammering silence shall hear  
will see in a type our Redeemer, come near.

Your mother, a virgin, set down in the sea,  
the sea knew her not; she in sweet purity  
conceived You within him, though not with his aid.  
Alone in the virgin conception was made.

O you, who a type are, reproach each vain neck  
around which you hang and which you thus bedeck.  
You perfect in form are, like the Savior above,  
Whom singly the Most High begot from His love.

The creatures and forms of the visible earth  
declare Your conception and tell of Your birth.  
Invisible mysteries before us are laid  
in types by those creatures which by You are made.

You, only-begotten in the depths of the sea,  
the Only-Begotten of God help us see.  
Set high in the crown of earth's temporal kings,  
your royal perfection Christ's majesty sings.

How lovely the gems which around you combine  
in pure brilliant gold – see them radiant shine!  
Such gems are Your brethren, the saints of the Lord,  
held fast in Your Presence by God's holy Word.

Brought up from the deep sea, that dark living tomb,  
You cried when You came from the dear Virgin's womb.  
How fitting that you, from the depths of the sea,  
to heights of great glory exalted should be!

O daughter of water, once born in the sea,  
borne up now to land are, beloved to be.  
Men prize you; your beauty they adorn themselves by,  
as they who believe do the Savior on High.

The divers once tore you from the grip of the sea;  
now here in my hand you speak Jesus to me!  
Just so in baptism, we rest from our toil  
in You as we take on the water and oil.

A lamb in sweet silence Your nature must be,  
which, as I lay hold of is precious to me.  
Raised up on Golgotha, our judgment to bear  
You radiate gleams of God's love everywhere.

2

(Passion Chorale: *O Sacred Head, Now Wounded*)

How terrible the beauty which in God's Son we see,  
Who clothed Himself with suffering upon the wretched tree.  
The nails passed through His body, the awl bore through His hands,  
Yet suffering was His duty, Who reigns o'er all the lands.

Though none showed pity on You, nor loved You as they should,  
Their sins were all rolled on to Your body for their good.  
Thus You have come to reign, Lord, the Rock to Whom we cling!  
Your beauty drips like rain, Lord, salvation free to bring.