

诗歌选集第 553 首

553 【祢若不压橄榄成渣】

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(一) 祢若不压橄榄成渣，它就不能成油；祢若不投葡萄入醉，它就不能变成酒；祢若不炼哪嚏成膏，它就不流芬芳；主，我这人是否也要受祢许可的创伤？每次的打击，都是真利益，如果祢收去的東西，祢以自己來代替。

(二) 祢是否要鼓我心弦，发出祢的音乐？是否要使音乐甘甜，须有祢爱來苦虐？是否当我下倒之时，才能识“爱”的心？我是不怕任何损失，若祢让我來相亲。每次的打击，都是真利益，如果祢收去的東西，祢以自己來代替。

(三) 主，我惭愧，因我感觉，总是保留自己，虽我也曾受祢雕削，我却感觉受強逼！主，祢能否照祢喜乐，沒有顾忌去行，不顾我的感觉如何，只是要求祢欢欣？每次的打击，都是真利益，如果祢收去的東西，祢以自己來代替。

(四) 如果祢我所有苦、乐，不能完全相同，要祢喜乐，须我负轭，我就愿意多苦痛；主，我全心要祢所要，不惜任何代价；祢若喜悅，并得荣耀，我背任何十字架。每次的打击，都是真利益，如果祢收去的東西，祢以自己來代替。

(五) 我要赞美，再要赞美，赞美何等甘甜；虽我边赞美边流泪，甘甜比前更加添；能有什么比祢更好？比祢喜悅可宝？主，我只有一个祷告：祢能加增，我減少。每次的打击，都是真利益，如果祢收去的東西，祢以自己來代替。

(1)Olives that have known no pressure No oil can bestow; If the grapes escape the winepress,Cheering wine can never flow
Spikenard only through the crushing,Fragrance can diffuse.Shall I then, Lord, shrink from suff'ring Which Thy love for me would choose?Each blow I suffer is truegain to me.In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

(2)Do my heart-strings need Thy stretching,Songs divine to prove?Do I need for sweetest music Cruel treatment of Thy

love? Lord, I fear no deprivation If it draws to Thee; I would yield in full surrender All Thy heart of love to see. Each blow I suffer is true gain to me. In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

(3) I'm ashamed, my Lord, for seeking, Self to guard always; Though Thy love has done its stripping, Yet I've been compelled this way. Lord, according to Thy pleasure Fully work on me; Heeding not my human feelings, Only do what pleases Thee. Each blow I suffer is true gain to me. In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

(4) If Thy mind and mine should differ, Still pursue Thy way; If Thy pleasure means my sorrow, Still my heart shall answer, "Yea!" 'Tis my deep desire to please Thee, Though I suffer loss; E'en though Thy delight and glory Mean that I endure the cross. Each blow I suffer is true gain to me. In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

(5) Oh, I'll praise Thee, e'en if weeping Mingle with my song. Thine increasing sweetness calls forth Grateful praises all day long. Thou hast made Thyself more precious Than all else to me: Thou increase and I decrease, Lord - This is now my only plea. Each blow I suffer is true gain to me. In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

Watchman Nee