

## 诗歌选集第 802 首

802 【你的灵岂非已见祂过】

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(一) 你的灵岂非已见祂过？你的心曾否被祂所夺？你当认祂为人中第一人，欢喜选那上好的福分。祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(二) 世界的一切虚荣、珍宝，尽都是偶像，使人颠倒；镀过金，使人不容易淡泊；浸过蜜，使人真难超脱。祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(三) 什么会使地上的偶像，失去它那美丽的模样？并不是灰心、失望或劝勉，乃是“无价之宝”的一现！祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(四) 并不是因它本是虚无，才使得偶像化成灰土；乃是祂荣耀、美丽的倾注，并祂心里柔爱的流露。祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(五) 有谁愿熄灭他的灯光，若非早晨的日已在望？又有谁愿意收藏他寒衣，若非炎夏的风已兴起？祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(六) 惟有彼得所见的泪眼，司提反所仰望的荣脸，陪着马利亚同哭的慈心，会使我脱离地的吸引。祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

(七) 哦，求祂来施情并吸引，直等到祂充满了这心；我们蒙救赎，是祂的同伴，与偶像还有什么相干？祂是千万人中之第一人！哦，求祂开我眼、并夺我心，摔碎众偶像，并欢然加冠祂为千万人中之第一人！

**(1) Hast thou heard Him, seen Him, known Him? Is not thine a captured heart? Chief among ten thousand own Him; joyful choose the better part. Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(2) Idols once they won thee, charmed thee, lovely things of time and sense; gilded thus does sin disarm thee, honeyed lest thou turn thee thence. Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(3) What has stripped the seeming beauty from the idols of the earth? Not a sense of right or duty, but the sight of peerless worth. Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(4) Not the crushing of these idols, with its bitter void and smart; but the beaming of His beauty, the unveiling of His heart. Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(5) Who extinguishes their taper till they hail the rising sun? Who discards the garb of winter till the summer has begun? Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(6) 'Tis that look that melted Peter, 'Tis that face that Stephen saw, 'tis that heart that wept with Mary, can alone from idols draw. Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**

**(7) Draw and win and fill completely till the cup o'erflow the brim; what have we to do with idols who have companied with Him? Captivated by His beauty, worthy tribute haste to bring; let His peerless worth constrain thee, crown Him now unrivaled King.**