

詩歌選集第 553 首

553 【禰若不壓橄欖成渣】

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(一) 禰若不壓橄欖成渣，它就不能成油；禰若不投葡萄入醪，它就不能變成酒；禰若不煉哪噠成膏，它就不流芬芳；主，我這人是否也要受禰許可的創傷？每次的打擊，都是真利益，如果禰收去的東西，禰以自己來代替。

(二) 禰是否要鼓我心弦，發出禰的音樂？是否要使音樂甘甜，須有禰愛來苦虐？是否當我下倒之時，才能識 “ 愛 ” 的心？我是不怕任何損失，若禰讓我來相親。每次的打擊，都是真利益，如果禰收去的東西，禰以自己來代替。

(三) 主，我慚愧，因我感覺，總是保留自己，雖我也曾受禰雕削，我却感覺受強逼！主，禰能否照禰喜樂，沒有顧忌去行，不顧我的感覺如何，只是要求禰歡欣？每次的打擊，都是真利益，如果禰收去的東西，禰以自己來代替。

(四) 如果禰我所有苦、樂，不能完全相同，要禰喜樂，須我負軛，我就願意多苦痛；主，我全心要禰所要，不惜任何代價；禰若喜悅，并得榮耀，我背任何十字架。每次的打擊，都是真利益，如果禰收去的東西，禰以自己來代替。

(五) 我要贊美，再要贊美，贊美何等甘甜；雖我邊贊美邊流淚，甘甜比前更加添；能有什麼比禰更好？比禰喜悅可寶？主，我只有一個禱告：禰能加增，我減少。每次的打擊，都是真利益，如果禰收去的東西，禰以自己來代替。

(1)Olives that have known no pressure No oil can bestow; If the grapes escape the winepress,Cheering wine can never flowSpikenard 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 truegain to me.In the placeof 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 truegain to me.In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

(4)If Thy mind and mine should differ,Still purse 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 truegain to me.In the place of what Thou takest Thou dost give Thyself to me.

Watchman Nee