

詩歌選集第 555 首

555 【我們現在都來默思】

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(一) 我們現在都來默思葡萄樹 一生的事：它的道路并不容易，它境遇也不安逸；生長不像野地野花，隨地隨意自由吐華；也不生成曲徑迷堂，或生成款式百樣。

(二) 反之，當葡萄樹開花，是非常渺小、無華；人們幾乎不能辨省，它竟然也曾有英；花尚未曾開得一日，即已迅速結為果實，它們不得成為驕葩，能自感丰姿可誇。

(三) 葡萄藤是栓在樁上，它不能隨意生長；它如果想伸枝、展臂，也仍是架上被擊；它就如此從了礫土，吸取它的養生食物；它并不能自由揀選，也不能遇難思遷。

(四) 是的，綠衣何等秀美，給春地披上明媚；因著它生命的豐裕，能自然生長有餘；直至滿身嫩枝細苗，開始四向飄浮盤繞；伸展在于青藍空中，品嚐其甘美無窮。

(五) 但是葡萄園主、園工，對它并不會放鬆；他們帶來刈剪、修刀，要剝除它的驕傲；毫不顧惜它的細嫩，將它割得又深、又准，它所有多餘的美穗，盡都被斷折、破碎。

(六) 在它被虐、損失期間，它絲毫不敢自憐，乃是反而更將自己，更為完全徹底地交付給那剝奪所有，使它成為虛空的手：它并不浪費其生活，一切都是為結果。

(七) 它的那些流血的枝，漸變成堅硬木質；那些存留下來的穗，也漸漸給果纍纍，太

陽又來迫它枯乾，它葉開始敗落四散，使它的果子變盛紫，直至收成的日子。

(八) 它因果實負重過甚，以致幾無枝不沉；這是它的長期努力，受盡琢磨換來的；現今果實已經全美，自然它可欣喜自慰；但是轉眼收成就到，欣慰的日子何少！

(九) 有手要來把果摘下，還有腳要來踐踏，葡萄所有豐富寶藏，乃在于酒醉之上，直到豐富、血紅的酒，浩蕩有如長江大流，終日涌流、溢注不息，將喜樂充滿大地。

(十) 但是現在葡萄形狀，却變成剝光淒涼；因它已經給了一切，今又將進入黑夜，却無誰人向它償還它所給人酣醉之歡，反而還要將它再砍，使成無枝的禿幹。

(十一) 然而整個寒冬期間，它的酒却賜甘甜，給那些在寒冷之中，憂鬱并愁苦之衆；但是葡萄却在外面，孤獨經歷雪地冰天，堅定地忍受著一切，一切的可疑、難解！

(十二) 如此直到寒冬已過，它又要預備結果，重新萌芽并且生枝，再次來放綠成姿；不因已往所受磨難，心中有了埋怨、不甘；不因所受損失無限，而想要減少奉獻。

(十三) 它的枝葉所有呼吸，盡都是高天清氣，從來不曾半點沾染，不潔的屬地情感；面向犧牲，依然含笑，再來接受愛的剝削，有如它從來未遇過損失、痛苦和折磨。

(十四) 葡萄樹從它的枝枝，流酒、流血、并流汁，是否因為已經舍盡，它就變得更是貧？世上醉人，人間浪者，從它暢飲，因它作樂，是否因著這樣享福，他們就變為更富？

(十五) 我們估量生命原則，以失，并不是以得；并非視你酒飲幾多，乃視你酒傾幾何；因為愛的最大能力，乃是在于愛的捨棄，誰的苦難受得最深，就最有，可以給人。

(十六) 誰對待自己最嚴苛，就最易為神選擇；誰傷害自己最凶狠，就最能擦人泪痕；誰不熟練損失、剝奪，誰就僅是響鈸、鳴鑼；誰若是能拯救自己，誰也就不能樂極。

(1) Let us contemplate the grape vine, From its life now let us learn, How its growth is fraught with suffering, Midst environment so stern; How unlike the untamed flowers Growing in the wilderness In a maze of wild confusion, Making patterns numberless.

(2) But the blossoms of the grape vine Without glory are and small; Though they do have some expression, They are hardly seen withal. But a day since they have flowered Into fruit the blooms have grown; Never may they wave corollas With luxuriant beauty shown.

(3) To a post the vine is fastened: Thus it cannot freely grow; When its branches are extended, To the trellis tied they go. To the stony soil committed, Drawing thence its food supply; It can never choose its own way, Or from difficulty fly.

(4) Oh, how beautiful its verdure, Which in spring spreads o'er the field. From life's energy and fulness Growth abundant doth it yield. Till it's full of tender branches Twining freely everywhere, Stretching 'gainst the sky's deep azure Tasting sweetly of the air.

(5) But the master of the vineyard Not in lenience doth abide, But with knife and pruning scissors Then would strip it of its pride. Caring not the vine is tender, But with deep, precision stroke All the pretty, excess branches From the vine are neatly broke.

(6) In this time of loss and ruin, Dare the vine self-pity show? Nay, it gives itself more fully To the one who wounds it so, To the hand that strips its branches, Till of beauty destitute, That its life may not be wasted, But preserved for bearing fruit.

(7) Into hard wood slowly hardens Every stump of bleeding shoot, Each remaining branch becoming Clusters of abundant fruit. Then, beneath the scorching sunshine, Leaves are dried and from it drop; Thus the fruit more richly ripens Till the harvest of the crop,

(8) Bowed beneath its fruitful burden, Loaded branches are brought low - Labor of its growth thru suffering Many a purposed, cutting blow. Now its fruit is fully ripened, Comforted the vine would be; But the harvest soon is coming, And its days of comfort flee.

(9) Hands will pick and feet will trample All the riches of the vine, Till from out the reddened wine-press Flows a river full of wine. All the day its flow continues, Bloody-red, without alloy, Gushing freely, richly, sweetly, Filling all the earth with joy.

(10) In appearance now the grape vine Barren is and pitiful; Having given all, it enters Into night inscrutable. No one offers to repay it For the cheering wine that's drunk, But 'tis stripped and cut e'en further To a bare and branchless trunk.

(11) Yet its wine throughout the winter Warmth and sweetness ever bears Unto those in coldness shiv' ring, Pressed with sorrow, pain, and cares. Yet without, alone, the grape vine Midst the ice and snow doth stand, Steadfastly its lot enduring, Though, tis hard to understand.

(12) Winter o'er, the vine prepareth Fruit again itself to bear; Budding forth and growing branches, Beauteous green again to wear; Never murmuring or complaining For the winter's sore abuse, Or for all its loss desiring It's fresh off' ring to reduce.

(13) Breathing air, untainted, heavenly, As it lifts its arms on high, Earth's impure, defiled affections Ne'er the vine may occupy. Facing sacrifice, yet smiling, And while love doth prune once more, Strokes it bears as if it never Suffered loss and pain before.

(14) From the branches of the grape vine Sap and blood and wine doth flow, Does the vine, for all it suffered, Lost, and yielded, poorer grow? Drunkards of the earth and wanderers, From it drink and merry make. From their pleasure and enjoyment Do they richer thereby wake?

(15) Not by gain our life is measured, But by what we've lost 'tis scored; 'Tis not how much wine is drunken, But how much has been outpoured. For the strength of love e'er standeth In the sacrifice we bear; He who has the greatest suff'ring Ever has the most to share.

(16) He who treats himself severely Is the best for God to gain; He who hurts himself most dearly Most can comfort those in pain. He who suffering never beareth Is but empty "sounding brass"; He who self-life never spareth Has the joys which all surpass.

Watchman Nee

