

Olives that have known no pressure

Stephen C. Foster

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?

Refrain
 Each blow I suffer
 Is true gain to me.
 In the place of what Thou takest
 Thou dost give Thyself to me.

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.

Refrain

I'm ashamed, my Lord, for seeking
 Self to guard away;
 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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

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.

Refrain

Watchman Nee