

# Thou hast said Thou art the vine

Robert Roberts

Thou hast said Thou art the Vine, Lord,  
And that I'm a branch in Thee,  
But I do not know the reason  
Thy I should so barren be.

Bearing fruit is my deep longing,  
More Thy life to manifest,  
To Thy throne to bring more glory,  
That Thy will may be expressed.

But I fail to understand, Lord,  
What it means—"abide in me  
For the more I seek "abiding,"  
More I feel I'm not in Thee.

How I feel I'm not abiding;  
Though I pray and strongly will,  
Yet from me Thou seemest distant  
And my life is barren still.

Yet Thou art the Vine, Thou saidst it.  
And I am a branch in Thee;  
When I take Thee as my Savior.  
Then this fact is wrought in me.

Now I'm in Thee and I need not  
Seek into Thyself to come,  
For I'm joined to Thee already,  
With Thy flesh and bones I'm one.

Not to "go in" is the secret.  
But that I'm "already in"!  
That I ne'er may leave I'd ask Thee.  
Not how I may get within.

I am in, already in Thee!  
What a place to which I'm brought!  
There's no need for prayer or struggling,  
God Himself the work has wrought.

Since I'm in, why ask to enter;  
O how ignorant I've been!  
Now with praise and much rejoicing  
For Thy Word, I dwell therein.

Now in Thee I rest completely,  
With myself I gladly part;  
Thou art life and Thou art power,  
All in all to me Thou art.

Watchman Nee