

Olives that have known no pressure

The Way of the Cross — Gain by Loss

626

1. O - lives that have known no pres - sure No oil can bes - tow;
 If the grapes es - cape the wine - press, Cheering wine can nev - er flow;
 Spike - nard on - ly through the crush - ing, Fra - grance can dif - fuse.
 Shall I then, Lord, shrink from suf - fring Which Thy love for me would choose?
Chorus
 (C) Each blow I suf - fer Is true gain to me.
 In the place of what Thou tak - est Thou dost give Thy-self 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.

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

4. 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.

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.