

**Articles and Sermons :: Still I press on - Watchman Nee**

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Let me love and not be respected;  
Let me serve and not be rewarded;  
Let me labor and not be remembered;  
Let me suffer and not be regarded.

It is the pouring, not the drinking;  
It is the breaking, not the keeping  
A life suffring to seek others' blessing,  
A life loving and true comfort giving.

Not expecting pity or concern,  
Not accepting solace or praise;  
Even lonely, even forgotten;  
Even wordless, even forsaken.

Tears and blood for the righteous crown  
My price shall be; losing all,  
My cost for a faithful pilgrim's life.  
It was the life, O Lord, that You chose to live  
In those days when on earth You walked,  
Gladly suffering all injuries and loss  
So that all might draw near and repose.  
I cannot see how much farther I shall go;

Still I press on, knowing there is no return.  
Let me follow Your pattern, so perfect and true,  
Bearing all gratefully without complaint.

In this time of trial, O my Lord,  
I pray that You would wipe my hidden tears away;  
Let me learn, O Lord, You are my reward;  
Let me be others' blessing all my days.