

- 1 ¶ <<A Song or Psalm of David.>> O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give  
praise, even with my glory.  
2 Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early.  
3 I will praise thee, O LORD, among the people: and I will sing praises unto thee  
among the nations.

This is a most marvelous and significant confession, declaration of faith, and adoration. It literally glows and scintillates with energy, having a quality of defiance that startles us with resolve. Let us consider its various parts.

The New King James reads, “*my heart is steadfast.*” The AV reads “fixed,” which seems to express the thought more firmly. It is not going to be moved . . . ever. Set in concrete. My faith in You is not up for reconsideration, or open to the slightest waver. Storms may rage, and towering billows threaten, famines starve and droughts wither; come what may, here I am, looking expectantly to You and none other.

But I am not going to just sit here silent and immobile. I am going to be busy praising You, audibly admiring You, singing praises to You in public. Not only in the presence of the saints, but before those peoples who have no great God to admire, and nothing to sing about. I will sing praise to You “*with my glory.*” This is a rare phrase, and would be thought by some as bordering on pride and conceit. Man, with glory? Does not all glory belong to God? But here it is, “*with my glory.*” Man is made in the image of God for the express purpose of mirroring His glory. There is indeed an imparted glory to every person, even though that glory has been marred with sin. His glory is constituted of his excellencies, those particular gifts, the enablements, resources and possessions that are his and at his disposal. A good voice, a good mind, a healthy body, a pleasing countenance, a warm heart, the best of his raiment, and the finest of his possessions. So he turns to the musical instruments and commands them to wake up! Tune your strings, set the pipes and reeds in array, and ready yourself to make a pleasant and voluminous melody to the King! Mouth, open up! Lungs, push that air through the vocal cords! Tongue, loosen with praises to our worthy God! Too often, the singing of the saints sounds like the feeble mewling of kittens, when it ought to closer resemble the robust bellowing of a herd of bulls.

“*I myself will awake early.*” Far from lying in the darkness, lazily wallowing in the bed, dreading the dawn, this psalmist has had more than enough of darkness and dawdling. Wake up, morning! Out with this gloomy darkness! Arise, sunlight, and banish the shadows! Enough of this doubt and uncertainty! Let us get on with the reality of living in the Light of the Living God.

Up, Saints of the Living God! Off your ash heap and away with your sackcloth! Wash your face, anoint your head and cover your body with your “Sunday Best.” Our God reigns! Let us join the saints in the place of gathering, shout our faith and His glories. Drive back the darkness of unbelief and discouragement, and wake up the dawn of joy and assurance in our worthy Lord Jesus.

-C.M.