

# The Lord My Song

by Octavius Winslow

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*The sermon emphasizes the importance of praise and worship in the Christian life, highlighting its significance in glorifying God and bringing joy to believers.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 34:1, Psalm 100:4, Psalm 118:14, Romans 8:28, Ephesians 5:19, Colossians 3:16, 1 Thessalonians 5:16-18, Hebrews 13:15, 1 Peter 1:5, Revelation 5:9-10

**Topics:** "Gratitude", "Praise"

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## Description

Octavius Winslow emphasizes that the Lord is our song and our portion, encouraging believers to cultivate a joyful and praiseful spirit. He highlights that praise is a vital expression of faith, reflecting the joy and gratitude that should characterize the believer's life. Winslow reminds us to praise God for His providential mercies, sovereign grace, and the comfort He provides through trials and tribulations. He urges believers to recognize the blessings in both good and bad times, fostering a spirit of thankfulness that can uplift and encourage others. Ultimately, he points to the eternal praise that awaits in heaven, where the glorified saints will sing the new song of the Lamb.

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## Transcript

"The Lord is my portion, says my soul."

"The Lord is my song."--Psalm 118:14

A joyful spirit is a praiseful spirit; and He around whom our loftiest, sweetest praises gather, has, for the encouragement of this holy exercise said, "Whoever offers praise glorifies me." That there are, as we have remarked, so few joyful believers, will account for there being so few praiseful believers in the Church of God. Praise is one of the holiest graces, as it is one of the sweetest employments, of the believing soul. As far as the enjoyments of the glorified saints are revealed--and the door of heaven is only open ajar, in order that sight might not in any degree impair the simplicity of faith--we learn that, praise is the chief employment and recreation of the saints in glory. Read attentively the unveilings of heaven, dim though they are, in the Apocalypse, and this fact will come home to you with great power--that, the 'golden harps,' and the 'new songs,' and the loud 'hallelujahs' of heaven, all indicate that music, or praise, is the grand recreation of the glorified saints who stand upon Mount Zion, and upon the sea of glass, having the harps of God; their high, transporting anthem--the "Song of Moses, the servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb!"

My soul, pluck your harp from the willow, where too long it has hung in silence, and, waking its lower notes, praise your God for providential mercies--for the blessings of this life--food and clothing, home and friends, His daily care and thought of you.

Praise Him for sovereign, calling, converting grace. Oh, did we but fully realize what conversion is, and were more clearly assured that we were truly converted, would not the very thought kindle our soul with the deepest thanksgiving, and wake our harps to the loudest praise?

Praise Him for preserving grace. We need the same divine power that called us by grace, to keep us from falling from the profession of grace. From the possession of grace, the true believer can never fall. "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that has clean hands shall grow stronger and stronger." "They shall never perish." But the history of God's Church proves that no power can keep the best of saints from falling into the worst of sins, but the power of God. Have you been thus kept, O my soul, in many temptations, dangers, and stumblings? Then wake your harp to the high praise of Christ's power, faithfulness, and love. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

The Lord, too, is our song in view of the consolations and comforts of His grace. You have been brought through many deep sorrows, have traveled many dark stages, and cloudy days of your earthly pilgrimage; but your consolations have been neither few nor small. The God of all comfort has never deserted you, "the Consolation of Israel" has never failed you, and the Divine Paraclete, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, has ever stood by to soothe, soften, and heal your wounds with the wine and the oil of divine grace and human sympathy--both flowing from the heart of Jesus.

Then, uplift your praises with every morning's light and evening's shadow. Praise Him with a new song for every new blessing. Praise Him for everything; for the cloud that shades, for the beam that brightens, for the mercies given, for the mercies withheld; for all He removes, for all He bestows. Praise Him for every affliction He sends, for every cross He appoints, for every sorrow He mingles, for every temptation He permits. Praise Him for present sickness and suffering, bereavement and loss; for a blessing is in it all, and all demands our grateful praise. Oh, cultivate a thankful, praiseful spirit. It will cheer many a lonely path; sweeten many a bitter trial; lighten many a burden borne along life's weary, dusty road, home to God. Soon the praises of earth will be exchanged for the higher, holier, and more lasting praises of heaven. And then will come the "new song" of glory, honor, and thanksgiving unto Him who sits upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.

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