

# Spurgeon on Praise

Charles Spurgeon

“Come, ye children of God, and bless his dear name; for doth not all nature around you sing? If you were silent, you would be an exception to the universe. Doth not the thunder praise him as it rolls like drums in the march of the God of armies? Doth not the ocean praise him as it claps its thousand hands? Doth not the sea roar, and the fullness thereof? Do not the mountains praise him when the shaggy woods upon their summits wave in adoration? Do not the lightnings write his name in letters of fire upon the midnight darkness? Doth not this world, in its unceasing revolutions, perpetually roll forth his praise? Hath not the whole earth a voice, and shall we be silent? Shall man, for whom the world was made, and suns and stars were created—shall he be dumb? No, let him lead the strain.”<sup>1</sup>

“Many of our doubts and fears would fly away if we praised God more. And many of our trials and troubles would altogether vanish if we began to sing of our mercies. Oftentimes, depression of spirit that will not yield to a whole night of wrestling, would yield to ten minutes of thanksgiving before God!”<sup>2</sup>

“We don’t sing enough, my Brothers and Sisters! How often do I stir you up about the matter of prayer, but perhaps I might be just as earnest about the matter of praise! Do we sing as much as the birds do? Yet what have birds to sing about, compared with us? Do you think we sing as much as the angels do? Yet they were never redeemed by the blood of Christ!”<sup>3</sup>

“It would create an almost miraculous change in some people’s lives if they made a point of speaking most of the precious things and least of the worries and ills! Why always the poverty? Why always the pains? Why always the dying child? Why always the husband’s small wages? Why always the unkindness of a friend? Why not sometimes—yes, why not always—the mercies of the Lord? That is praise and it is to be our everyday garment ...!”<sup>4</sup>

“It is a great thing to praise Jesus Christ by day; but there is no music sweeter than the nightingale's, and she praises God by night. It is well to praise the Lord for his mercy when you are in health, but make sure that you do it when you are sick, for then your praise is more likely to be genuine. When you are deep down in sorrow, do not rob God of the gratitude that is due to him; never stint him of his revenue of praise whatever else goes short. Praise him sometimes on the high-sounding cymbals,—crash, crash,—with all your heart and being; but when you cannot do that, just sit, and mean his praise in solemn silence in the deep quiet of your spirit.”<sup>5</sup>

“Surely, goodness and mercy have brightened all the days of our lives. Each day has been so wonderful, that if we had only lived that one day, we should have had cause to praise the Lord for ever and ever.”<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>“Magnificat.” Sermon #340, published Oct. 14, 1860.

<sup>2</sup>“Christ’s Indwelling Word.” Sermon #2679, published June 17, 1900.

<sup>3</sup>“Holy song from Happy Saints.” Sermon #3476, published Sept. 16, 1915.

<sup>4</sup>“The Garment of Praise.” Sermon #3349, published April 10, 1913.

<sup>5</sup>“The Object of Christ’s Death.” Sermon #2483, published Sept. 20, 1896.

<sup>6</sup>“Love at Its Utmost.” Sermon #1982, published Sept. 11, 1887.