PSALM 13 vs 1

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This Psalm does not refer to any special event or period in the history of David. All attempts to find its birthplace are guesses. It was doubtless more than once the language of that much tried man of God, and is intended to express the feelings of the people of God in those ever-returning trials which beset them. If the reader has not yet found occasion to use the language of this brief ode, he will do so very soon, if he is a man after the Lord's own heart.



We need to call this the **How Long Psalm**. We almost said the **Howling Psalm**, for the incessant repetition of the cry "how long?"

Divisions: This Psalm is ready to be divided into three parts; the question of anxiety (1-2); the cry of prayer (3-4); and the song of faith (5-6) – Charles Spurgeon.

To the Chief musician,

A Psalm of David

¹ How long O LORD, will You forget me? forever? how long will You hide Your face from me?

²How long will I take counsel in my soul, with sorrow in my heart daily? How long will My enemy rise up over me?

Think about it: God is never angry, but when there is a great reason, when we force Him to be so. What is that thing in our hearts, or our lives, for which God hides His face, and frowns upon us? A week within prison-walls is always longer than a month at liberty. "How long will You hide your face from me?" This is a reasonable question, for God may hide his face, yet remember still. A hidden face is no sign of a forgetful heart. Herein we often have been like David, reconsidering day after day, but not discovering the way to escape our trouble.

³ Consider and hear me, O LORD my God: enlighten My eyes, lest I sleep in death;

⁴ lest my enemy says, I prevailed over him; lest those who trouble me rejoice when I am shoved.

Think about it: Exercise helps our digestion. One who stirs little we see grows short-winded and pushy, choked up with phlegm, which exercise clears. While we live in this world, we live in an unwholesome climate, when the delights of it deaden our love of Christ; or when the trouble we meet dampens our faith in the promise. How often we find the prophet, when he first kneels to pray, full of fears and doubts before him, who grows into a sweet familiarity with God and finds rest. He begins his prayer as if God would never give him a kind look, "How long will You forget me Lord? forever?" But when he exercises himself in duty, his unsettled, contagious fear wears off, and his faith breaks out as the sun of its strength – William Gurnall, 1676.

⁵ But on Your mercy I will lean; my heart will rejoice in Your salvation.

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⁶ I sing to the LORD, because He has dealt generously with me.

Pause, and think about it: "Why do You hide Your face?" happily you will say, None can see Your face and live. Ah, Lord, then let me die, that I may see You; let me see You, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ. I despise life – Augustine, 430 A.D.

"How long do You hide Your face?" O, excellent hiding, which becomes my perfection! O My God, You hide Your treasure to kindle my desire! You hide your pearl, to inflame the seeker: You delay to give that You may teach me to pester You; and best of all, You seem not to hear, to make me persevere -- John Anselm, 1109.

We rejoice in afflictions, not that they are joyous, but because as faith rejoices, so it triumphs, for it sees not according to outward appearance, but keeps God in sight, who is our present help – John Ball, English Lollard priest, 1381 (follower of John Wycliffe).

"Our God is not as their God", so say even our enemies, "Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses" But no chariot has strength to oppose, nor horse swift enough to escape, when God pursues. It is our God who helps us, we rise up, not for a breathing space, but to stand upright forever – Thomas Adams, 1652.

None live so easily, so pleasantly, as those who live by faith – Matthew Henry, 1714.

Lastly, read the bio of Mr. John Philpot.

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