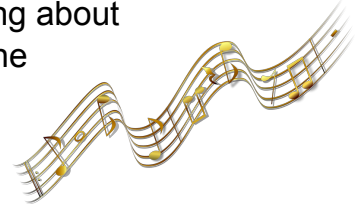


## SONGS IN THE NIGHT

**TEXT:      *Job 35:10: But none saith, Where is God my Maker, Who giveth songs in the night;***

Night is the time when we need a good melody within. Anybody can sing when the sun is shining bright, but not everyone can sing when being tempted and tried and when it seems like all our work is in vain. There is something about singing that surges through the soul and lifts the hearts of the heavy and sad. It is the characteristic of Heaven, for frequently the Holy Ghost records the songs that are sung in the City of Joy.



We love to think of the Holy City, where we are told that “there shall be no night there”.

***Revelation 22:5: And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.***

There, where all is joy and peace, is a wonderful future outlook for all toiling pilgrims who are seeking the city to come. But so long as we are down here in this body of captivity, we are told faithfully by Jesus, *In this world ye shall have sorrow, tribulation:*

***John 16:33: These things I [Jesus] have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.***

. . . and they shall hate you for My name’s sake and shall seek to kill you, thinking they do God service, but he that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved.”

***Mark 13:13: And ye shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake: but he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved.***

With all this gloomy picture, our text fits in: ***“God, our Maker, giveth songs in the night.”***

There are two kinds of birds which are beautiful pictures of song. One is the lark that rises early in the morning and pours out its



whole being in song. The other is the nightingale – that little, dull, brown bird that hides away in the brush and does not sing much in the day time, but rises with its beautiful notes at eventide when all is dark and gloomy, and sometimes as dark as midnight.



Now I would like to be the nightingale, singing songs and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in my heart to the Lord Who is worthy of all praise. To sing to the hearts of the discouraged – to those in pain or sickness – to the sorrowful and the sighing! To sing to them songs from my Maker! In their night, so long and tormenting, to sing them songs not set to music upon the written page; but out of my very heart and soul.

Much is taught us in music school, about chest and throat tones, but the songs that are going to help must go deeper down — they must be heart tones. They must be God-given.

This song suggests the music director — in our text — is God, my Maker, Who giveth songs in the night.

You cannot sing the Lord's songs in a strange land, as the Israelites found out in:

***Psalms 137:1: By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.***

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that waited us required of us mirth, saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion". How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

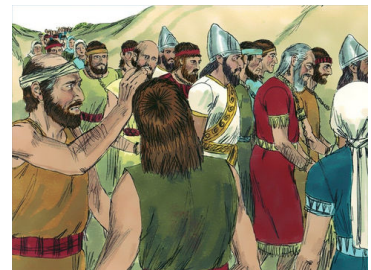
**Psalms 137:1-6:**

***<sup>1</sup> By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.***

***<sup>2</sup> We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.***

***<sup>3</sup> For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.***

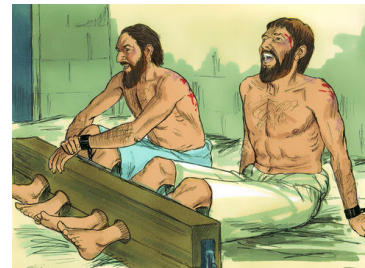
***<sup>4</sup> How shall we sing the LORD'S song in a strange land?***



Brother, sister, you cannot sing the Lord's songs just as you are. You must first come into a vital and close contact with the Song Director and the Song Giver, Who is God, our Maker. He alone giveth songs in the night. The song that lives, blesses, and comforts must be divine.

When people are out of touch with God, they cannot sing songs of Zion.

How different is the experience of Paul and Silas who were singing praises unto God in their jail cell at Midnight, even though their backs were ripples of bleeding flesh from having been beaten. Glory! This is the song that comes from God, for no one can sing in that condition without God. It is nighttime when the angels of God sing until their lungs nearly burst out. No wonder. Look who they are singing about!



Now the scene changes rapidly. Jesus is the Choir Leader as they sing another hymn in the night after the Last Supper, before they go out to the Garden of Gethsemane, and before Jesus went on to Calvary. That was the darkest night in the world's history, but it was given a song by our Maker – a song prophetic of the glorious songs that will be sung by millions, because He went all the way to Calvary for our salvation.

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross,**

**On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.  
Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me.  
Love so amazing, so divine.  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.**

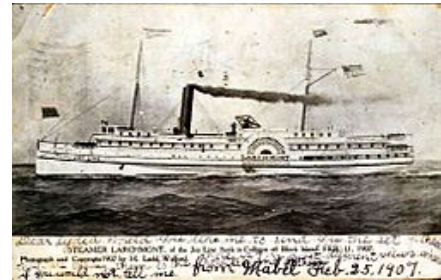


Where is the school in which Jesus teaches us these songs? The school is in suffering for His Name's sake. The song comes into a broken heart. No other song is of any use. It must come from the heart in order to go into other hearts. It has been said that the only songs that have lived and still live on are those with blood and tears in them.

The best violins are not whole violins, but broken ones glued together. The flaw gives a pathos and sweetness to the tone which cannot be produced any other way.

When Jehosophat went to battle by divine orders at the break of day, he told the king to appoint singers to go before them. When the singers began to sing, God began to work – and the victory was won.

During that ill-fated night of February 12, 1907 when the Larchmont ship went to its watery grave, among the passengers were ten Salvation Army officers, seven men and three women. They were singing while standing amidst the terrified crowd and pointing to Heaven. “*We’re not going down, we’re going up to a mansion in the Skies. Praise the Lord.*”



The victor’s song!

When the last battle of life has been fought and the victory is won — and the devil has been bound and put into the Lake of Fire — then our lasting song shall be: “Worthy art Thou.”

#### **Revelation 5:**

***1 And I saw in the right Hand of Him that sat on the Throne a Book written within and on the backside, sealed with Seven Seals.***

***2 And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, Who is worthy to open the Book, and to loose the Seals thereof?***

***3 And no man in heaven, nor in earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the Book, neither to look thereon.***

***4 And I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the Book, neither to look thereon.***

***5 And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book, and to loose the Seven Seals thereof.***

***6 And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the Throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the Seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth.***

***7 And He came and took the Book out of the right Hand of Him that sat upon the Throne.***

***8 And when He had taken the Book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of Saints.***

***9 And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and***

**nation;**

***10 And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.***

***11 And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the Throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;***

***12 Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.***

***13 And every creature which is in Heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him Who sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.***

***14 And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him Who liveth forever and ever.***

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