

Habakkuk 3

Chapter 3

¹ **A** prayer of Habakkuk the prophet upon Shigionoth.

² O LORD, I have heard thy speech, *and* was afraid: O LORD, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

³ God came from Teman, and the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise.

⁴ And *his* brightness was as the light; he had horns *coming* out of his hand: and there *was* the hiding of his power.

⁵ Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet.

⁶ He stood, and measured the earth: he beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways *are* everlasting.

⁷ I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction: *and* the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.

⁸ Was the LORD displeased against the rivers? *was* thine anger against the rivers? *was* thy wrath against the sea, that thou didst ride upon thine horses *and* thy chariots of salvation?

⁹ Thy bow was made quite naked, *according* to the oaths of

the tribes, *even thy* word. Selah. Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers.

¹⁰ The mountains saw thee, *and* they trembled: the overflowing of the water passed by: the deep uttered his voice, *and* lifted up his hands on high.

¹¹ The sun *and* moon stood still in their habitation: at the light of thine arrows they went, *and* at the shining of thy glittering spear.

¹² Thou didst march through the land in indignation, thou didst thresh the heathen in anger.

¹³ Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, *even* for salvation with thine anointed; thou woundedst the head out of the house of the wicked, by discovering the foundation unto the neck. Selah.

¹⁴ Thou didst strike through with his staves the head of his villages: they came out as a whirlwind to scatter me: their rejoicing *was* as to devour the poor secretly.

¹⁵ Thou didst walk through the sea with thine horses, *through* the heap of great waters.

¹⁶ When I heard, my belly trembled; my lips quivered at the voice: rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in myself, that I might rest in the day of trouble: when he cometh up unto the people, he will invade them with his troops.

¹⁷ ¶ Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither *shall*

fruit *be* in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and *there shall be* no herd in the stalls:

¹⁸ Yet I will rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

¹⁹ The LORD God *is* my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' *feet*, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places. To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.