

SHABBAT 29TH MAY 2021

Habbakuk – Chapter 3

A prayer of the prophet Habakkuk. In the mode of Shigionoth.

O Lord! I have learned of Your renown; I am awed, O LORD, by Your deeds. Renew them in these years, Oh, make them known in these years! Though angry, may You remember compassion.

God is coming from Teman, The Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His majesty covers the skies, His splendor fills the earth:

It is a brilliant light Which gives off rays on every side— And therein His glory is enveloped.

Pestilence marches before Him, And plague comes forth at His heels.

When He stands, He makes the earth shake; When He glances, He makes nations tremble. The age-old mountains are shattered, The primeval hills sink low. His are the ancient routes:

As a scene of havoc I behold The tents of Cushan; Shaken are the pavilions Of the land of Midian!

Are You wroth, O LORD, with Neharim? Is Your anger against Neharim, Your rage against Yam— That You are driving Your steeds, Your victorious chariot?

All bared and ready is Your bow. Sworn are the rods of the word. Selah. You make the earth burst into streams,

The mountains rock at the sight of You, A torrent of rain comes down; Loud roars the deep, The sky returns the echo.

Sun [and] moon stand still on high As Your arrows fly in brightness, Your flashing spear in brilliance.

You tread the earth in rage, You trample nations in fury.

You have come forth to deliver Your people, To deliver Your anointed. You will smash the roof of the villain's house, Raze it from foundation to top. Selah.

You will crack [his] skull with Your bludgeon; Blown away shall be his warriors, Whose delight is to crush me suddenly, To devour a poor man in an ambush.

-You will make Your steeds tread the sea, Stirring the mighty waters.

I heard and my bowels quaked, My lips quivered at the sound; Rot entered into my bone, I trembled where I stood. Yet I wait calmly for the day of distress, For a people to come to attack us.

Though the fig tree does not bud And no yield is on the vine, Though the olive crop has failed And the fields produce no grain, Though sheep have vanished from the fold And no cattle are in the pen,-

Yet will I rejoice in the LORD, Exult in the God who delivers me.