

HABAKUK.

Habakuk's Ministry was about 626 B.C.

1 THE burden that Habakuk, the Preacher, saw.

His Appeal to God.

2 How long, LORD, shall I shout,—
And You not attend to my cry?
To You I shriek out when oppressed
But You listen not!

3 Why do I see passion and sin?
With bribery and wrong in my presence —
And contention, and strife rising up?
4 For the law is relaxed, and the right never wins,
But the wicked encircle the good,
So the criminal gains the decree!

5 Nations! look and reflect, and observe
For a work I will do in your days,
You will not believe it if told!
6 I will raise up the Kasdim, a nation ferocious
Who will march from a country afar,
To seize dwellings that are not their own

7 And with them are Terror and Fear,
They make law and rules for themselves;
8 Their horses are swifter than leopards,
And fiercer than ravening wolves!
Their proud cavalry rich from afar,—
They come,—they fly on like an Eagle
That rushes along to devour!

9 All of them came on for plunder!—
Greedy faced as the wind of the east,
And they gather up slaves like the sand!
10 They scoff at Kings, laugh at the Princes,
And they jeer at all fortifications,
For they take them by heaping up dust!
11 As the tempest sweeps by, and it passes,
So he sees by his trust on his God.

12 But are YOU not LORD from of old?—
My HOLY GOD! we shall not die,—
You appointed him LORD by Decree,
And, My Rock, You empowered him to punish!

13 Your pure eyes never sanction the wrong,
And oppression You will not endure,—
Then why do You look on the traitors,—
And are dumb when the bad rob the good?
14 And make men like the fish of the sea,

And like reptiles with no one to rule ?
 He pulls them all out with his hook,
 Sweeps his net or collects in his drag,— 15
 He therefore can laugh and rejoice,
 So worships his net, burns sweets to his drag, 16
 For he prospers by them on good food.
 Should he not therefore spread out his net,
 And continually Nations destroy ? 17

The Prophet Watches.

I stationed myself on my watch,
 And I stood on the tower and looked, 2
 To see what He might say to me,
 And what would return to my prayer.
 And the LORD gave an answer and said, 2
 " Write the vision quite plain on a board,
 So that to it the reader may run,
 For quickly the vision will come, 3
 And pants to its aim, nor deceives ;
 If it lingers, yet wait, for it comes,
 It advances—it will not delay !

" Look ! Inflated his soul is not true ; 4
 Though the righteous should live by his faith,
 And as treacherous wine elates man, 5
 And lets him not rest in content,
 But stretches his greed like the Grave,
 And like death he can never be filled,
 And collects to himself all the nations,
 And heaps up all peoples to him ;
 Will not they all make a satires on him ? 6
 And enigmas to turn to contempt,
 And say, ' Woe to him, who is great upon loans !—
 How long can he carry his debts ? '—
 Will they not suddenly rise for their interest ? 7
 And awake with their terrors for you ?
 And you will become like their prey ?
 Because you have spoiled many nations, 8
 All the remnants of Peoples shall spoil ;—
 For the murder of man and oppressing the land,
 And the City, and all who dwell there !

" Woe ! He brought wicked gains to his house ; 9
 To build up his nest on the height !
 But can he escape Sorrow's hand ?—
 You prepare only shame for your House, 10
 Cutting off many Peoples, with loss to your soul ;
 For the stone from the wall has cried out, 11
 And the beam of the timbers replied ;—
 ' Woe ! He has built up his City by blood, 12
 And constructed its bulwarks by crime ! ' "

It is not from the LORD of Sabaoth, 13
 That the Peoples are worn by the fire,
 And the Nations exhausted in smoke,—
 But so that the earth may be filled 14
 With the knowledge and glory of GOD,
 As the waters spread over the Sea !

Denunciation of Tempters.

Woe ! to you who give drink to your friends ! 15
 You who pour out your poison to them,

16 With the purpose that when they are drunk,
Then you may look down on their shame!
You gorge on disgrace more than honour!—
Drink also yourself, and discover your shame,
The LORD's right hand cup will come also to you,—
And bring deep disgrace on your glory,—
17 Then Lebanon's horror will clothe,
And the fear of its beasts will affright,
For men murdered, and wrongs to the land,
To the City, and all who dwelt there.

A Denunciation of Idols.

18 How profits the Idol you made?
The cast Form, with its teaching a lie?
That the maker trusts what he has formed,—
The dumb Idol he shapes for himself?
19 Why! he says to the timber, "Awake!"
"Arise" to the dumb block of stone!
Can silver and gold lacquer teach,
When no Spirit exists in its breast?—
20 But the LORD is in His HOLY HOME;
Let the earth in His presence be still!

A Psalm of Habakuk in his Sorrows.

3 LORD, I have heard of your fame—and I fear;
2 Revive LORD your work in the midst of the years,
In the midst of the years You revealed,—
And in anger Your mercy remember.

A Psalm on the Power of God.

3 The LORD advanced from Theman,
And the HOLY from Mount Paran;
His glory clothed the Skies,
And his grandeur filled the Earth,
4 And bright rays of light were the darts in His hand;
And in them was hidden His might!
5 Command before Him marched,
And flame beneath His feet.
6 He stood, and He spanned the earth,
He looked,—and the Nations rose!
And the lofty Peaks were shattered,
And the ancient Hills laid low!
His Paths are everlasting,
Eternal paths are HIS!
7 I saw Kushan's tents in sorrow,—
Midian's land in terror shook!—
8 LORD, with Rivers were You angry?
Was Your fury against the Streams?
Were You wroth against the Sea?
That Your horsemen rode on it?
With Your Chariots of Salvation,
9 And Your bow exposed to the light?
At Your promise made the Tribesmen,
The rivers burst from earth!
10 The Mountains saw and quivered,
The raging Sea ran back,
The Deep raised up its voice;
The Height raised up its hands.

- Sun and Moon stood still in their circuit,
As Your arrows flew like the light,
And Your spear with lightning flash! 11
- You marched through the land in fury,
The Heathen thrashed in rage! 12
You came to save Your People;
With Your Messiah to win;— 13
Crushed the Chief of the House of Rebellion,
Trod on the base of his neck!— 14
Stabbed with their darts his squadrons,
Who to scatter rushed like a storm,
Who loved to devour the poor in secret!
- Your horsemen marched on the Sea,
On the foaming watery waves! 15
I heard and my bowels shivered,
My lips were convulsed at the sound! 16
And weakness subdued my vigour,
And disturbance succeeded rest!
At the day the Tyrant advanced
To assail our Race with troops!
- Yet, though the Fig-tree bloom not,—
And the Vine give no increase,— 17
Though the Olives' product ceases,—
And the Fields produce no food,—
And the flock be cut off from the fold,—
And no bullock is seen in the stall,—
Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah,
Rejoice in my Saviour, GOD! 18
- The MIGHTY LORD will support me,
And make my feet like a stag's, 19
And I will march on the Mountains

A Psalm.

To the Leader of My Singers.

END OF THE BOOK OF THE PROPHET HABAKUK.