

HYMN 14
The Prayer of Habakkuk
Habakkuk 3

Formerly Hymn 10

Llangloffan

Hymnal à Thonau, 1865

1. LORD, I have heard the ti - dings
of You and of Your might.
Your deeds re-veal Your great - ness;
I trem-ble at their sight.
LORD, in our time re-new them;
in our day make them known.
In wrath re - mem-ber mer - cy;
Do not for-get Your own!

2. From Teman and Mount Paran
came God, the Holy One,
and all throughout the heavens
His radiant splendour shone;
the brightness of His glory
filled all the earth with praise,
and from His hand the lightning
flashed forth in blinding rays.

3. He came with plagues before Him,
with fevers in His wake.
He stood, the earth surveying,
and made the nations quake.
The everlasting mountains
did crack and split and fold;
the ancient hills He levelled.
His ways were as of old.

4. I saw the tents of Cushan
by squalls to tatters torn;
the curtains of all Midian
were fluttering in the storm.
O LORD, were You then angry
with rivers and with sea,
when You rode with Your horses
and drove to victory?

5. When with Your mighty rivers
You all the earth had cleaved,
the mountain ranges saw You;
with fear they writhed and heaved.
Then were the rushing waters
in raging streams outpoured.
The waves their hands uplifted;
the voice of oceans roared.

6. Your glittering spear and arrows
made sun and moon stand still.
You, marching on in fury,
made earth in terror kneel.
You, trampling down the nations,
came with Your dreadful wrath
to rescue Your own people,
to clear for them a path.

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7. To save Your own a-noint - ed
You crushed the might-y foe.
By their own weap - ons wound - ed,
their chief-tains were brought low.
Ad - vanc - ing like a whirl-wind,
they came to van- quish me.
You with Your hors - es tram - pled
the surg - ing of the sea.

8. I hear Your steps approaching
and at their sound I quake.
Lips quiver, bones are trembling;
I totter and I shake.
In quiet expectation
I shall await the day
when those who now invade us
will all be swept away.

9. Though fig trees may not blossom
and vines no fruit may yield,
though olives be a failure
and barren be the field,
though in the fold and stables
there be no flock or herd,
yet I will sing and worship,
rejoicing in the LORD.
10. The LORD, my God and Saviour,
in Him I will rejoice,
and, in His power exulting,
I will lift up my voice.
He makes my feet as nimble
as feet of graceful roes;
He lets me walk on mountains,
beyond the reach of woes.