

Habakkuk 3

Alte englische Darby-Übersetzung



1 A Prayer of Habakkuk the prophet upon Shigionoth. **2** Jehovah, I heard the report of thee, and I feared. Jehovah, revive thy work in the midst of the years, In the midst of the years make it known: In wrath remember mercy!

3 +God came from Teman, And the Holy One from mount Paran. Selah. His glory covereth the heavens, And the earth is full of his praise. **4** And his brightness was as the light; Rays came forth from his hand; And there was the hiding of his power. **5** Before him went the pestilence, And a burning flame went forth at his feet. **6** He stood, and measured the earth; He beheld, and discomfited the nations; And the eternal mountains were scattered, The everlasting hills gave way: His ways are everlasting. **7** I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction; The curtains of the land of Midian did tremble. **8** Was Jehovah wrathful with the rivers? Was thine anger against the rivers? Was thy rage against the sea, That thou didst ride upon thy horses, Thy chariots of salvation? **9** Thy bow was made naked, The rods of discipline sworn according to thy word. Selah. Thou didst cleave the earth with rivers. **10** The mountains saw thee, they were in travail: Torrents of waters passed by; The deep uttered its voice, Lifted up its hands on high. **11** The sun and moon stood still in their habitation, At the light of thine arrows which shot forth, --At the shining of thy glittering spear. **12** Thou didst march through the land in indignation, Thou didst thresh the nations in anger. **13** Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people, For the salvation of thine anointed; Thou didst smite off the head from the house of the wicked, Laying bare the foundation even to the neck. Selah. **14** Thou didst strike through with his own spears the head of his leaders: They came out as a whirlwind to scatter me, Whose exulting was as to devour the afflicted secretly. **15** Thou didst walk through the sea with thy horses, The heap of great waters.

16 I heard, and my belly trembled; My lips quivered at the voice; Rottenness entered into my bones, and I trembled in my place, That I might rest in the day of distress, When their invader shall come up against the people. **17** For though the fig-tree shall not blossom, Neither shall fruit be in the vines; The labour of the olive-tree shall fail, And the fields shall yield no food; The flock shall be cut off from the fold, And there shall be no herd in the stalls: **18** Yet I will rejoice in Jehovah, I will joy in the God of my salvation. **19** Jehovah, the Lord, is my strength, And he maketh my feet like hinds' feet, And he will make me to walk upon my high places. To the chief Musician. On my stringed instruments.