





1 The oracle that Habakkuk the prophet saw. 2 O Lord, how long shall I cry for help, and you will not hear? Or cry to you "Violence!" and you will

not save? 3 Why do you make me see iniquity, and why do you idly look at wrong? Destruction and violence are before me; strife and

contention arise. 4 So the law is paralyzed, and justice never goes forth. For the wicked surround the righteous; so justice goes forth perverted.



12 Are you not from everlasting, O Lord my God, my Holy One? We shall not die. O Lord, See you have ordained them as a judgment, and you, O Rock,

have established them for reproof. 13 You who are of purer eyes than to see evil and cannot look at wrong, why do you idly look at traitors and

remain silent when the wicked swallows up the man more righteous than he?



17 Though the fig tree should not blossom, nor fruit be on the vines, the produce of the olive fail and the fields yield no food, the flock be cut off from

the fold and there be no herd in the stalls, 18 yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will take joy in the God of my salvation. 19 God, the Lord, is my strength; he

makes my feet like the deer's; He makes me tread on my high places.

