



Singing with Habakkuk

(From Habakkuk 3:17-19)

Though our bushes may not blossom,
And there's nothing on our vines,
And the produce of our orchards may have failed.
Though our fields may yield no harvest,
And our wealth has disappeared,
And the luxuries of life have been curtailed--

Yet we're trusting in our Savior,
We're rejoicing in the Lord,
For the God our salvation is our hope.
He's the strength of those who trust him
For each step that they must take
On the narrow path across the slippery slope.

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