

HABAKKUK'S SONG (Hab. 3:17-19)

KATAN B

Sherry Shirah Wendling

Oh, no! My fig trees will not bloom
My olive trees are dropping their fruit
The vines are growing only leaves
My fields are bare—no barley or wheat

What did I do to get in all this trouble?
Does Yahweh want to pop my bubble? <**Pop!**>
I need to hear what He will say, so I'll stop <**Stop!**>
And praise Him anyway! 'Cuz—

Chorus: You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You make me walk in a higher place____
You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You lift me to a higher place!

Now, look! I have no grapes for wine
No olive oil to make-my-face shine
My sheep are scattered on every hill
I sold my cow to pay the bills____

What did I do to get in all this trouble?
Does Yahweh want to pop my bubble? <**Pop!**>
I need to hear what He will say, so I'll stop <**Stop!**>
And praise Him anyway! 'Cuz—

Chorus: You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You make me walk in a higher place____
You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You lift me to a higher place!

Bridge: When we follow His commands
With blameless heart and good, clean hands
Trouble sometimes comes along
He wants to make our faith
Even more strong! Cuz—

You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You'll make me walk in a higher place
You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
You'll lift me to a higher – **Higher, higher!**

Coda: You're my Deliverer, You're my strength
I'm walkin' in a higher place!
I'm walkin' in a higher place!
I'm walkin' in a higher _____ **place!**