

# Yet Will I Praise You

Habakkuk 3

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1. I've heard of Your fame, Lord, I know of Your deeds,  
2. No fruit on the fig trees, no grapes on the vine,  
3. When life is a struggle and things all go wrong,

And I stand in awe of the things You have done;  
--- Har-vest has failed us in these trou-bled times;  
When friends here for-sake me and si-lence my song;

Re-new them a-gain, Lord, Oh, show us Your glo-ry,  
No sheep in the sheep pens, No cows in the stalls ---  
When tri-als and trou-bles are all that I see,

In wrath give us mer-cy, --- as Your judg-ment comes.  
Our bur-den is heav-y, in the grief of it all.  
Lord, I will re-mem-ber You are faith-ful to me.

Yet will I praise You, Lord God my Sav-ior,  
Still I will praise You, Lord God my Sav-ior,  
And I will praise You, Lord God my Sav-ior,

For You are my strength, my hope, and my joy;

I climb up the moun-tain, And I stand on the heights.

I joy in Your fa-vor, and in You I de-light. (And in You I de-light.)

G/A D G/A D/A F#m  
D9 G(add2) G G6 A7sus4  
A7 D G/A D/A F#m  
D9 G(add2) G G6 A7sus4  
A7 A#dim Bm D/A G D(add2) D  
D Bm Em D/F# G A7sus4  
A7 A#dim Bm D/A G D(add2)  
D G A G6/A G/A D G D

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