

## Haftara for Shabbat Chazon

setting by Hazzan Jack Kessler

*Traditionally sung in Eicha trop*

These are the visions that Yeshayahu son of Amoz saw

About Yehuda and Yerushalayim. He saw these visions

During the years when Uzziyahu, Yotam, Ahaz

Chizkiyahu and Netanyahu

Were rulers of Yehuda ♫

Listen heavens! Pay attention, earth!

The children I raised and cared for

Have rebelled against me. ♫

Even an ox knows its owner

A donkey recognizes its master's care

But Yisrael does not know its master

My people don't recognize my care for them ♫

OY -what a sinful nation!

Loaded down with a burden of guilt

Evil people, corrupt children

Who have despised the holy one of yisrael

And turned their backs on the One. ♫

See how Yerushalayim, the city of faith, has become a whore

Once the home of justice and righteousness

Now filled with murderers. ♦

Once like pure silver, you have become like worthless dross

Once so pure you are now like watered-down wine

Your leaders are rebels

The companions of thieves

All of them love bribes and demand payoffs.

They refuse to defend the cause of orphans

Or fight for the rights of widows

They don't care about the suffering of children. ♦

Must you rebel forever?

You know your hearts are sick

Your souls are battered, covered with bruises

Without any soothing ointments or bandages. ♦

This can't be what you want!

You could lose it all—

Your country could end up in ruins,

Your towns burned

Foreigners plundering your fields before your eyes

Destroying everything you built up

Beautiful Yerushalayim standing abandoned

Like a watchman's shelter in a vineyard

Like a sukkah in a cucumber field after the harvest

Like a helpless city under siege.♦

Listen to the Holy One of Yisrael!

Listen to the law of our God

“what makes you think I want your sacrifices?”

says the One

I am sick of your offerings

I get no pleasure when you come to worship me

Who asked you to parade through my courts

With all your ceremony?

Stop bringing me your meaningless gifts

Your fancy buildings are disgusting

Your rituals are all sinful and phony

I hate your holidays!

They are a burden to me, I can't stand them

When you lift up your hands in prayer

I will not look

When you belt out many prayers

I will not listen

On your hands I see the blood of the innocent ♫

*Switch to regular haftara trop:*

Come now, let's settle this, says the One

Though your sins are like scarlet

I will make them white as snow

Though they are red like crimson

I will make them white like pure wool. ♫

Wash yourselves, and be clean!

Get your sins out of my sight-- give up your evil ways

Learn to do good, seek justice--help the oppressed

Defend the cause of orphans-

Fight for the rights of widows. ♫

If you will only obey me

You will have plenty to eat

But if you turn away and refuse to listen

You will be devoured by the sword of your enemies.

I the One have spoken! ♫

Yes: I will raise my fist against you

I will clean your clock

And then you will clean up your act

I will melt you down and skim off the dross

I will burn away your impurities ♫

Then I will give you good judges again

And wise counselors like you used to have

Then Yerushalayim will again be called

The home of justice and the city of faith.

Tsiyon will be restored by justice

*Finale:* Those who return to Me

Will be revived by righteousness!