

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 cōuntry could end up in rūins,
 Your towns burned
 Fōreigners plundering your fīlds before your ēyes
 Destroying eyerything 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 Ōne of Yisrael!
 Listen to the lāw of our Gōd
 "what makes you think I want your sacrifices?"
 says the Ōne
 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 cēremony?
 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!