

1. You earth and you heavens, attend to me!
 I who have spoken can't be underrated.
 Those that I sired I've always recreated
 but they rebelled against what I decree.
 The creatures of hay know their master's crib,
 stork and the swallow, ready for migration.
 My people are smooth, their responses glib,
 weighed down with guilt, this sinful generation.

2. This breed that turned bad, this domain that fell,
 thought they were white as snow but needed curing,
 rose up against my will that they're obscuring,
 scorned me, the Holy One of Israel.
 How strike at this child that I've called my own
 as you continue heaping up betrayal?
 My vineyard with brambles is overgrown,
 as when you, fathers sacrificed to Baal.

3. Your liveliness hangs on a slender thread,
 life that a person cultivates and chooses,
 now only filled with open sores and bruises,
 not soothed with oil, the body nearly dead,
 your soil laid waste under dismal skies,
 grass of the field in ever growing danger,
 your cities on fire right before your eyes,
 streams of repose made muddy by the stranger.

4. This daughter of yours, by herself is left
 just like a shanty, bleak and undefended,
 just like a shed whose usefulness has ended,
 walls under siege, of elegance bereft.
 If you had not willed us survivors we'd
 be as expected, glowing like an aura,
 while you would be bored with our evil creed,
 all up in smoke like Sodom and Gomorrah.

1. A song for my friend I'd be singing:
A vineyard on a mountainside,
a press that showed care and some pride,
vines from the planting ever springing
that promised they'd grow even more,
but wild grapes were all they bore.

2. My vineyard and me, your decision,
the City that proposes peace,
and Judah whose wars never cease!
How could I prune them with a vision,
or do a thing yet to be done
to make my people number one?

Ps. 120:7

Ps. 60:7

3. So, this is my plan I'm augmenting:
I'll let the cattle graze its hedge
and trample on walls by the edge.
Then I'll no longer be preventing
the briar, that source of your pain,
and clouds that won't provide some rain.

4. This vineyard points out all the barrenness
of Israel, and Judah too.
That plant that I chose, yes, it's you!
Let them produce a yield of fairness!
I only heard cries of distress,
a plot instead of righteousness.

Isaiah 5 Chris Nelson 2014
Genevan 58 988.988 In P

1. In the year of my
 call I saw on high,
 seated, One who would
 reign with counsel good.
Seraphs, covered by
 wings that helped them fly,
with two for their faces,
 two for hidden places.
2. This is how did they
 cry without delay:
Holy Being dealt
 out to all der Welt!
At the sound of their
 chant beyond compare
events full of wonder
 shook the House with thunder.
3. Woe is me, for I've
 lost the way to thrive,
living close among
 those of common tongue!
Coals by hand were brought
 in, intensely hot,
with tongs they were holding,
 sinfulness enfolding.
4. With my offering
 I could hear the King:
"Look and see that your
 lips are clean and pure.
Now then, whom shall I
 send to clarify?"
'Your word full of healing
 here am I revealing.'

1. Since this city refused what I am sending:
 Pool of Shiloah, innocently wending
 right on through in tranquility,
 and to a foreign power bent the knee,
 so will the River's flood be commandeered
 up against the domain you cleared.

Jn. 9:7

Rv. 9:14
 Ps. 80:9

2. With such force, all these mighty crashing waters
 aimed to inundate Judah's sons and daughters,
 crest their banks and escape their bed,
 up to the neck so limitless to spread,
 wings to conceal and shade the 'infidel' -
 all of you, O Immanuel.

Ps. 80:10

Isaiah 8 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 133 11 11 8 10 10 8 Serial (ci), (ic) [Central Iraq, internal combustion]
 [spa meter cesspool, loops secrete maps]

1. For to us a child is born
on that glorious future morn.
 This, the name that they will laud:
 Wonder-Counselor, Mighty-God,
 peerless qualities, supernal.
Then authority shall grow,
Prince-of-Peace, the one to know,
 Father, Timeless and Eternal.
2. Wide horizons shall attend
in a realm that has no end,
 due to David's royal throne:
 freedom given those that groan,
 making sure and not deceiving.
Just one word shall underscore,
from this time and evermore,
 what the Lord of Host's achieving.

Isaiah 9 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 150 77778.778 Serial (fw), (wf) [free will, wild flower]
[slatepray, yarpetals]

1. Lo, a scion shoots
 up from Jesse's roots,
 sprouts with knowledge and
 breath we understand,
judges peoples by
 seeing eye to eye,
done in righteousness,
 so the poor to bless,
on brutality
 speaks to them that be,
belt of power per-
 suading those that were.
2. Fox and jackal lie
 down with mutton nigh.
Leopards really give
 way so kids may live,
fatlings happy to
 hear the panther mew,
cow and bear to make
 friends they won't forsake,
those up in the tree
 yearning to be free,
lions feeding on
 hay before it's gone.
3. Infant children may
 have a chance to play
with the viper no
 longer just a foe.
Nothing hither to
 harm, that could subdue
any creature, will
 grieve my holy hill,
as the earth delights
 all upon the heights,
waterways agree,
 covering the sea.

1. See how God makes the earth a desolation,
leaves on its surface meager vegetation,
justly disperses lecturer and liar,
slave and employer, seller and supplier,
the scribe and lawyer, every maid and wife,
a final breaking up of human strife.
2. Filing past the inhabitants in mourning,
pining away, as prophecy was warning,
wasting the good of every institution
drowned neath a rising current of pollution.
Consuming curses render plagues their fee
and few are left to pay the penalty.
3. No more vines that their liquor would requi-re,
no more the likes of tambourine and ly-re.
There sits the law unmoved and unrelenting,
there lies the city empty and lamenting,
its gates all down and all its folk dispatched,
the screens and doors of every building latched.
4. Just as stalks of the wheat are left for gleaning,
those who survive say, 'thanks for intervening'.
'Woe to the traitor, ace of double-dealing',
prompting the prospect, dreadful but appealing:
The pit all ready to receive its prey,
the snare for anyone who runs away.
5. Sluiceways open, relieving satiation,
twisting about, the earth on its foundation,
broken and shaken, crumbling and decaying,
just as a drunkard to and fro is swaying,
misfortune heavy on its shoulders when
it falls on down a sorry specimen.
6. God will strike at the heavens in derision,
sun, moon and planets hiding in the vision,
locked in a house, as oracles are worded,
kings of the world all huddled up and herded.
The Lord of Hosts will be the only king,
a dawn of glory that is hastening.

Mt. 5:18

Qo. 12:4

Ps. 2:4

1. This mountain's the place for preparing
 all of the family lines
 a banquet of food where they're sharing
 fine and perfected wines.
 Right here the Lord will be deleting
 what covered like a veil,
 shrouds that enveloped, by defeating
 our Foe that had to fail.

I Co. 15:26

2. To wipe away tears we were weeping,
 put our disgrace and shame
 far off as a reason for keeping
 praises and thanks the same,
 this is the God of our salvation,
 the Lord we've always sought,
 whom we'd present a proclamation
 of plaudits as we ought.

3. The victory of God will be resting
 on this exalted land,
 with Moab, all drained, now suggesting
 vats where the workers stand.
 Though they're vivacious as a swimmer,
 the Lord will curb their pride.
 Lots of verbosity will simmer,
 while vanities subside.

63:3

Isaiah 25 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 65 9696.9696 Serial (fpv) [feet per verse]

1. Let the dry-lands blossom and sing
while the deluge of every spring
fills up the wadis that were barren.
On carpets of roses untrod
behold a splendor born of God
strewn on the wilderness by Sharon. 35:7
35:6-7
Sg. 2:1
2. On to Carmel, steady your child,
walk on a highway undefiled,
strengthen your courage in the mazes!
The blind shall take in, the deaf hear,
the invalid cavort like deer,
cured, while the dumb recite their praises. 35:8
3. No ferocious beast will be there,
nor any lion in its lair,
reeds and papyrus, many traces!
A thirsty dry earth becomes lake 35:7
while those whom he redeemed shall make
tracks, with delight on happy faces!

Isaiah 35 Chris Nelson @ 2014
Genvan 95 889.889 Serial (sct) [secret]

1. Who turned a pool into an ocean,
a circle into one round earth?
Who used a shovel for commotion
to bring the verdant hills to birth?
Could it be surprising
finding one advising
God in what to do,
one who thought of learning
calculus concerning
hints of the right clue?
2. Just like a faucet when it's dripping,
the dust from off of sealing-clay,
nations that set the sca-les tipping,
their idols that cannot say yea.
You who make a duty
out of youth and beauty
fail to have success,
yet the sculptor clever
thinks his god will ever
yield up a firm yes.
3. High up above the azure wor-ld,
the heavens, our subsistence-tent,
stretch with their awning out-un-fur-led,
o'er kings and every coin they spent.
Aren't they scarcely planted,
taken quite for granted,
than they dry like straw,
barely started growing
than the wind is blowing
storms that provoke awe?
4. So were you told from the beginning,
when nothing you could say was heard.
God who could set the planets spinning
now keeps on going undeterred,
naming constellations,
comets at their stations,
nebulae that glow.
With this show of power,
strength to make them cower,
not one will say no.

1. You're my witnesses I chose,
events will I now disclose. 43:17
It is I who have proclaimed
I'm the Exit whom you've named.
Eyes for me, you rightly see
I'm God from eternity.
2. Thus says God, the Holy One,
I'll do what I've just begun.
For your sake I'll send my might
out to Babylon to fight,
breaking down the prison wall
to make the Chaldeans bawl.
3. Waters destined to obey
observe how I made a way.
Using chariot and the horse
Pharaoh chose a faulty course,
one can see them all about,
expired like a wick, snuffed out.
4. Needless, dredging up the past,
what's done has to be recast.
Look, I'll amplify your sight,
even now it comes to light.
Notice panoramic views,
ordeals that become good news. 52:7
5. Jackals let me through the field,
the beasts for their Maker yield.
Yes, I'm watering the wild,
for my chosen one, my child.
Years of Sabbath will be through,
my praise will be sung by you. II Ch. 36:21

1. You who review what's grand
will seek to understand
 how Sarah's your relation.
Look back upon your birth
and Abraham whose girth
 puts rock in your foundation.

2. So will your ru-ins know
of sympathies that flow
 like rivers in the garden,
where gladness can be found,
of melody the sound
 and gratitude for pardon.

Gen. 2:10

Jr. 31:2

Isaiah 51 Chris Nelson @ 2014
Genevan Nunc Dimittis 667.667

Serial (rg), (gr) [rock garden, great room]
[no welt sacred root, to order castle won]

1. How beautifully fair are the feet
of one who makes our joy complete
by publishing upon the mount
a flash of good news like a fount.
Our watchmen will lift up their voice,
perceiving your face, and rejoice
to welcome the peace that's returning
with freedom for which we were yearning.
2. Our people the Lord would protect,
their purgatory disconnect.
Get out of her, forget that place,
touch nothing unclean, not a trace,
not fugitives, you who would bear
the vessels of praise and of prayer,
since Israel's God is advancing,
a pillar of fire, enhancing.

Isaiah 52 Chris Nelson @ 2022
Genevan 108 8888.8899 Serial (fp), (pf)
 [front-page, purify]
 [e-life lines, senile file]

1. As regal servant will you soar, esteemed,
be lifted up high over those who schemed,
so unattractive that your likeness seemed
all that you feel.
Read how the crowds were baffled at ordeal
caused by the monarchs deafened by appeal
to something that the suffering could reveal
that prophets heard.
2. You helped God rule when you became the Word
in arid dry ground as a root interred,
so lacking beauty, to our eyes absurd,
one of our 'cases',
hope for release from all of our disgraces,
one who our grief and agony embraces,
a man to make the people hide their faces,
of no regard.
3. 'Twas you who took a stand with no holds barred,
no thought of who struck or rebuffed so hard,
brought down so low, by every struggle scarred,
for restoration,
yet deeply pierced for our miscalculation,
yoked for our peace and reconciliation,
and through those wounds we gain the retardation
of our disease.
4. Like token sheep we're seen as refugees,
each reaching our goal any way we please.
So would you realize, upon your knees,
rites of salvation,
took down a road of humble moderation
just like a sheep you see by illustration,
which underwent a shearer's transformation
without a sound.
5. By human strategies your cause was found
to weaken our rights though it did astound
those who entombed you with the most renowned,
too rich to mention.
How would the Servant bring to our attention
God, who approved of willing intervention
by taking what was healed for suspension
of sin and shame?

6. Through many sufferings a radiance came:
the joys of long life, that the righteous claim,
waves of contentment, of the greatest fame,
without objection.
More am I granting: homage and affection,
for always facing death with my protection,
while praying all the time for redirection
of lives redeemed.

1. Come to the waters, listen, you who thirsted,
that poverty and lack have ever worsted.
Buy, at no cost, be feasting at your leisure
on milk and honey given for your pleasure.
Why lend and lease for fodder unfulfilling,
bread that can not some substance be instilling?
2. Good things to eat will be in your possession,
cuisine so rich, your energy to freshen,
stocked in my larder, all who pay attention
to how your soul would see a new dimension,
views I'd arrange with covenantal favors,
add to my promise one that never wavers.
3. See, you can draw on careful observations
that David's still a leader of the nations.
One will you summon, skillfully devising
a way to deal with services surprising.
All that I do gives splendor to your story,
this Holy One of Israel, your glory.

60:10, Ps. 18:43

1. This is a fast I'd welcome for reviewing -
the Being who spoke is the Lord of might -
when you can break their chains and be undoing
the thongs of their yoke that have bound them tight.
2. Eat with the poor who count on your discretion,
whose shelter is gone when eviction's real,
side with the exiles groping in oppression
by sharing your bread after each ordeal,
3. clothing the one who lacks a decent cover,
not turning away from your next of kin.
Then will your light blaze out and lightly hover,
be healed from wounds and be loosed from sin!
4. Then with your own integrity progressing,
with glory behind like a breath of air,
out on a trek your God will be confessing,
'I'm going in front and I'll take you there!'

Isaiah 58 Chris Nelson @ 2021

Genevan 12 11 10 11 10 Serial (belt)

1. Arise, shine out! His glory persevered!
 The Lord's light and warmth have at last appeared!
 Though people, at night, their repose are prizing,
 they'll rally to the brightness of your rising.
 Watch and observe while looking all around,
 chiefs of the nations wending outward-bound,
 your daughters being woken up and carried,
 sons from the grave whose future can't be buried.

2. This radiant sight will instigate a thrill
 of all wealth that is, that can overspill,
 and kings that bring gifts of ingratiation
 on camels their idyllic transportation.
 In come the magi happy to confer
 gold of the mine with frankincense and myrrh,
 their creatures going up to grace my altar,
 read and intoned my praises of the psalter.
 Ps. 72:11
 Mt. 2:11

3. Like doves increasing quantity and speed,
 for me, who are these which can take the lead,
 from far away, ships of my coastal places,
 to bring your children, joy upon their faces?
 Tools and machines for reconstructing walls
 work while your servants catch whatever falls.
 When once I vented anger and frustration,
 now I'll be firm for promised restoration.
 35:11

4. Forevermore your gates will open wide
 so by day and night those may go inside
 who allocate goods from the island nations,
 their kings in charge of new communications.
 Nutmeg and cypress beautify the site,
 there on the hill, for witnessing my might.
 The ones who weighed you down, before you bending,
 name you the Holy City, not contending.

5. Although they've shunned you, I am still the Lord,
 and your shame I'll end, with your pride restored.
 On ramparts of stone will there be embedded
 those epithets like Beulahland, 'The Wedded'.
 Eat, dearest friends, I'm calling My Delight,
 trothed to a virgin happy to unite,
 who'll come to know that I the Lord esteem her -
 Princely, Eternal, Mighty One, Redeemer.
 Rev. 21:19
 Sg. 5:1
 62:4-5
 9:5

6. For bronze and wood there's silver and there's gold
 and there's gems from stone that the workders mold.
 I'll make of my Peace your administration,
 with Righteousness up high above your station.
 Siege never heard of, foes that come to raze,
 walls called 'Salvation', gates they christen 'Praise',
 your people more than glad to do their duty,
 shoots that the Lord has planted for their beauty.

60:21

7. The greater orb won't usher in the day
 nor the lesser shine by reflected ray.
 The Lord as your light of unending splendor,
 dejection over, worship will you render.
 Since it is him, your Sun will set no more,
 nor will your moonlight wane as heretofore.
 My covenant, my Law will not be broken.
 Now is the time to keep it when I've spoken.

Gn. 1:16

Rv. 21:23

Jr. 31:32-33

Isaiah 60 The Restoration of Jerusalem Chris Nelson @ 2014
 Genevan 104 10 10 11 11.10 10 11 11 Serial (witness)

1. Who's rousing up the nations
with red discolorations
from pressing out the wine?
"I'm ready for salvation,
their juice an indication
rout and revenge are mine!

2. "Grapes all alone I'm treading,
not one of mine is heading
where I am set to go.
In wrath I'll have to trample,
this spattering is a sample,
skulls of the status quo.

3. "None of them were intending
my cause to be defending,
no loyalty remained.
I crushed them in my anger
with decibels and clangor,
crimson my clothing stained.

Isaiah 63 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 6 776.776 Serial (rsc) [rustic]

1. Rejoice, and all be glad for her,
that City you loved and prefer.
All who mourned her, receive your rest,
be radiantly soothed at her breast.

Ps. 87:2

2. I send to you a flow of peace,
a river of calm and release,
rivulets of my righteousness,
the signs of my warmth and caress.

Isaiah 66 Chris Nelson @ 2014
Genevan 131 8888 In R