

1. "I knew from the beginning
you and your time of birth,
I knew that we'd be winning
struggles of greatest worth.
Stifle fears that a nation
might balk at my command,
for I'm your insulation,
food for your strength to stand.

1:17
Ezk. 3:1

2. "In you I'm redesigning
ways to surprise a crown,
its kingdoms undermining -
weed them or mow them down.
Watchful Trees are in flower
as surfaces are tilled.
I, also, from my tower,
see that my word's fulfilled."

Mt. 13:28

Is. 5:2

Jeremiah 1 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 130 7676.7676 Serial (sw), (ws) [spacewalk, world-shaking]
[womb aha, Ahab now]

1. By you, O Lord, am I deceived,
 you twisted my arm, I believed.
 You have made me a laughing-stock
 that all are delighted to mock.
 Each time I speak for you I'm shouting:
 'Destruction, dissonance and doubting!'

2. The Word of God has turned out wrong,
 the tempest won't ease me along. Mk. 4:37
 Once I thought that I'd swim ashore,
 not mention his name any more.
 But when I tried to ex persuasion,
 I eyed the effort of evasion.

3. "He says that Terror is our name!
 Denounce him with some of the same!" 20:3
 Master frauds who had called me friend
 now ask if I'd like to descend,
 so floods of vengeance I'd be feeling,
 to depths that double up the dealing.

4. But God is just the one I chose,
 a hero who wins over foes.
 Lord of hosts, who can probe with style
 the devious heart full of guile, 17:9
 accept my cause to save the falling
 from acts so awfully appalling.

5. I curse the day that I was born,
 bereft at high noon, all forlorn,
 cursed him who relayed the news
 a joyful salute to infuse!
 He'll hear those seers of revelation
 state next to nothing for the nation. Is. 21:12-13 [Dedanites]

6. To perish, silent, in the womb,
 my mother, my grave and my tomb!
 Why, O why did I come to birth
 to live in distress on the earth,
 to end in shame upon the morrow,
 no sun, no sight but only sorrow! Qo. 11:7

1. Says the Lord: they have mercy with their pardon,
those who survived the desert get a garden.
I, like a Father, saw them from afar,
moved by my pity, marching on a par.
Love is the way I'm giving you correction,
still I continue on with such affection,
no longer thought a virgin unfulfilled,
towns under way with timber you had milled.

2. Out you'll go, up to Ephraim, advancing,
once more adorned, with tambourines and dancing.
Those who can till will plant it by the shoot,
reap at the harvest, estimate the fruit.
Light like a dawn of eagerness is breaking,
up in the mountains watchmen are awaking.
Fair be the feet that exit with the news,
news that is good, to nourish and enthuse.

3. Shout with joy, you who launch the proclamation!
This is the remnant making its migrations!
See how the saved are all for setting forth,
leaving a place of bondage in the North,
throngs in procession, citizen and neighbor,
some bearing children, others in their labor,
brought to a land that captives will reclaim,
cheer for the blind, the crippled and the lame.

4. Through their tears they'll observe an operation,
how they resembled seed in germination.
There languished Jacob truly all alone,
rescued from hands much stronger than their own,
gathered by me to meadows green and humble,
with an approach more level should they stumble.
I am your father, Ephraim my son,
youthful and chosen, yes, the only one.

5. Hear my word, all you nations far and distant,
tell this to every island, be insistent:
I who have scattered Israel will walk
next to my people, shepherding a flock.
You who adore the neighborhood of Zion,
speed right along, be roaring like a lion,
New wine and oil with animals that plow
Enter another Eden, starting now.

6. Women, young, take their pleasure in the dancing,
 men, young and old, their happiness enhancing.
 Grief into gladness, passiveness to change,
 gifts to receive I'll hurry to arrange,
 sheep munching grass, with everything delighted,
 those I redeemed filled up and reunited,
 food for my people greatest and the least,
 fare to provide some feasting for the priest.
7. Ramah hears this atonal bitter weeping,
 yes, it is Rachel such a vigil keeping.
 Leave her in mourning, nothing can restore
 sounds of her children, hearing them no more.
 Stop your lamenting, suffering ejected,
 pain fully paid, your misery corrected,
 saved from the foe your sons, for whom you cried,
 hope after all in homes where they'll abide.
8. Discipline was a therapy I've taken,
 you are my Shepherd-God whom I'd forsaken.
 Just like a calf I couldn't help but moan.
 Please bring me back, my readiness has grown.
 Yes, had I turned away, but since repented,
 beat on my thighs for evils unprevented,
 stamped with disgrace I carried from my youth,
 shamed and confused by semblances of truth.
9. Ephraim is a child so highly favored,
 son very dear for whom I nearly wavered.
 Each time I spoke a warning or a threat,
 would I recall, with copious regret,
 still deeply moved, to tenderness inclining,
 how my reflection never ceases shining.
 How could I ever think to give you up,
 threaten and let you tolerate my cup?
10. How much more would you hesitate, my daughter?
 Tracks lead you on to streams of living water!
 Mark well the road, that highway for our God,
 ways which you took to leave and go abroad.
 Come home, O Virgin Israel, returning,
 come to your senses, show us what you're learning:
 New on the earth, this Woman makes a start,
 sets out to find a Spouse to calm the heart.

1. From out of the top, the leader
of a cedar,
will I take and plant a sprig
on a lofty elevation
in the nation,
locales where I like to dig.
2. The finest of fruit it's bearing,
no comparing
this to any other tree,
in its branches gladly nesting,
used to resting
in shade, where my birds would be.
3. The trees of the field, discerning,
will be learning
I'm the Lord who speaks and does.
In their drama intervening,
some I'm greening,
and some I'd make dry what was.

Ezekiel 17 Chris Nelson 2014
Genevan 61 847.847 Serial (lbd) [limbed]

1. Tyre, say it out: My country is a ship,
cool in her beauty, territory seaside,
planks from a cypress, cedar for her lee side,
oars in the locks and eager for a trip.
2. Used for your mast, of Lebanon, a tree,
up went your sail, with Egypt to be serving,
deck laid with ivory, delicate and curving,
hues singled out to blend in unity.
3. Round you were troops for manning every niche,
then came your wise men boarding as the sailors,
even the elders registered as nailers,
out on the sea, by all considered rich.
4. Numbed by your fortune, Tarshish had to swerve.
Next came the east wind, blustering and storming,
crew muddled up and passengers a-swarming,
all at their stations stretching every nerve.
5. Bolts of your fabric destined for a sink,
ships now deserted, islands duly trembling,
folk on the shore, all bitterly assembling,
dazed that your wreck had hovered on the brink.
6. Ash on their heads, in dolorous despair,
sound of the dirges added to the mourning,
then from the ones who hadn't given warning,
cries of distress, such babble in the air.
7. Could it be said, you didn't hear 'Avast!'
Though you unloaded cargo for the nations,
wealth far beyond your wildest expectations,
now are you shattered, on the beaches cast.
8. Knocked by the fates, by destiny that swings,
yes, you were once of merchandise the master.
Strained by the knowledge, dreading your disaster,
at your destruction whistled have the kings.

1. You were the model copy of perfection, Hb. 1:3
poised in your wisdom, full of intellection,
in Eden, in the garden of the Lord,
gems in your mantle, thousands in your hoard,
gold to increase your flutes' reverberation,
capas I conceived and crafted at creation.
2. There I'd provided sentinels to guard you,
there you behaved till evil-doing marred you.
You ruled upon the mountain God controls,
walked on a bed of glowing red-hot coals.
Though you revered those cherubs of destruction,
sin was your source of splendor and seduction.
3. Great were your crimes, so busy was your trading, 28:28
puffed up with pride, your pageantry parading.
Consuming fi-res ringed you all around,
turned every goal to ashes on the ground.
Gone are your dreams, your fantasies amazing,
brief, in the blue, your beauty grandly blazing. Is. 14:12

1. Throne-derived and ever streaming,
 from a well and flowing east,
 like a rain on turf a-gleaming,
 springs of life for man and beast,
right beside our Temple gate,
so surprised at every spate,
 I could see an angel measure,
 part by part, a living treasure.
2. Height and depth were shown by wading
 through the stream at each divide:
fit for feet, my own invading,
 round my waist, a rising tide,
much too deep for one to cross,
swells severe on which I'd toss,
 splendid yield of this provider,
 such a flood becoming wider,
3. down the slope serenely flowing
 to a dead and salty sea,
men with nets, to where they're going
 all the way to Galilee.
For our health these waters give
wholesome stuff to make us live,
 species more than any notion,
 like the fish of Middle Ocean.
4. By the banks, along and thither,
 stand the trees of every kind,
some with leaves that never wither,
 fruit for peoples non-aligned,
month by month a new repeat
of this sound nutritious treat,
 for the soul, a sip appealing,
 from the sanctuary, healing.

Ezekiel 47 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Psalm 42 8787.7788 In S, Serial (town)

1. Though Persians had laws clearly stating
that lions one's fall were awaiting,
still Daniel continued embracing
the City of Peace with salaams
and carried right on chanting psalms,
such labors of love not disgracing.
2. "This order you gave is denying
your people their chance when they're trying
to worship a god or its creature,
while Daniel without a delay
refuses you rules to obey
but kneels to say prayers, a beseecher."
3. To limit their hopes of deceiving,
the king was intent on retrieving
a sense of fair play that defaulted,
the setting sun down on the flaw.
"Be mindful, O king, by your law
no lessons we planned can be halted."
4. 'Exceptional faith you're displaying.
This God of renown is relaying
you promise of life everlasting.'
Not wanting more pleasures be sent,
not wanting to miss this event
the monarch preferred to be fasting.
5. Next morning, on edge and still worried,
to Daniel's deep pit had so hurried
the king who could live on forever!
'An angel was told to reseal
the jaws that were set for a meal
and muddle those plans of the clever.'
6. Immense was that joy of replacing
their prey with those rascals, erasing.
The den was just right for accusers,
with lions ingesting the bones
of those for whom justice intones,
so they and their kin were the losers.
7. "To counsel my whole population,
I'm making one new proclamation,
where citizens me are resembling.
The God whose right place is renewed
is Daniel's and this you'll conclude:
that rivals should fear and be trembling.'

1. Visions for those who serve by night
could I behold with keen delight,
clouds that could keep a secret plan
bringing one like a son of man.
2. Knowledge and glory underscore
One who would reign forevermore
over us all with every word
God the King we adore conferred.

Daniel 7 Chris Nelson @ 2021
Genevan 134 8888 In K

1. I will block her way, devising
 walls of thorn, her heart surprising.
 To my gifts was she unkind,
 to my lavishness so blind.
 Kowtowed she before her lovers
 used to pleasure neath the covers.
 'Now to whom am I returning,
 kiss of happiness discerning?'

2. That is why my love unending
 to the wilderness I'm sending.
 Then I'm going to give her back
 vines, of tilling them the knack.
 In the valley, gently sloping,
 gateway open, meant for hoping,
 there I'll kindle understanding
 as I did on Egypt's landing.

3. On that day - the Lord is speaking -
 she will utter 'Husband' seeking
 me as when she once was young,
 'Baals' no longer on her tongue,
 urgently a proper treaty,
 key to taming creatures meaty,
 birds of heaven, others creeping,
 for her good, that they'll be keeping.

4. Bow and arrows I'll be breaking,
 make her not so prone to waking,
 failures to myself remove,
 signs of usefulness improve,
 with my kingly benediction,
 patient foresight and prediction,
 on my faithless wife bestowing
 upright love, her master knowing.

Ps. 45:11

5. On that day of celebration
 I'll undo her situation.
 When the heavens have my word,
 earth will hear of it, conferred.
 God will sow and be prolific,
 kernels, wine and oil terrific.
 I will love Unloved so sweetly,
 tie the knot indeed, completely!

1. When my son had learned to play,
I called them with all my heart,
from those times they went astray,
urged by me to make a start.
2. But the more I lent supports,
the more they would try to flee
out of Egypt, out of sorts,
choosing not my son to be.
3. When I sang a lullaby,
content in my arms were they,
did not know that it was I
kept them on the narrow way.
4. Thus I wielded my technique,
my reins that direct with love,
hugged them tight against my cheek,
stooping down from up above.
5. Back to Egypt must they go,
be crushed by a foreign king,
since they wandered to and fro,
left the shelter of my wing.
6. When their healing was in doubt,
consumed at the fortress gate,
wrecks were lying all about,
traders whistling at their fate.
7. For my people are diseased,
no sense for the way I lure,
forming idols as they pleased,
gods too feeble for a cure.
8. Could I part with Ephraim,
my own giving up for dead,
like a dreamer in a dream,
faint of heart and sick of head?
9. I'm recoiling at the thought,
concern is the mood I feel.
Be so angry will I not,
but would limit their ordeal.
10. Great am I and not a man,
among you, the Holy One,
never changing from my plan
lest your training be undone.

11. They will follow right behind
their God when the lions roar,
willing, free and not confined,
from the west, and furthermore,
12. headlong, speedy as a bird,
from nets of the snare and cord,
to their homeland, by the word
from my mouth - it is the Lord.

1. How would two take a thoroughfare together
 if their plans didn't show where they were bound?
 Do lions roar their summons in the heather
 if they have captured nothing truly found?
 If no one sets a trap, the prey deceiving,
 do pigeons fall down from the sky aground
 when prophets speak for God without believing?

3:7

2. Trumpets sounding to warn them in the city,
 people filled with foreboding and alarm,
 their armies bring misfortune minus pity,
 God so allowing painfulness and harm.
 The Lion has a roar that folks are fearing,
 the Lord, a right hand and a holy arm
 with power for the ones who are appearing.

Ho. 11:10

Ps. 98:1

Amos 3 Chris Nelson @ 2019

Genevan 11 11 10 11 10 11 10 11 In P

1. Lord, what visions are you showing?
Locusts gnawing at the stalk,
when the second crop was growing,
just when Jacob couldn't walk.
'Must we pay when we're so small?'
"This will not take place at all."
2. Lord, what visions are you showing?
Drought I summon and command,
even oceans overflowing,
fire, eating up the land.
'We're so pygmy-like, alas!'
"This will never come to pass."
3. Lord, what visions are you showing?
Builders standing by a wall.
"Amos, what is here ongoing?"
'Plumbs in hand about to fall.'
"I will measure Israel,
in their punishment excel."
4. Lord, what visions are you showing?
Fruit in summer, very ripe,
filling baskets, after hoeing,
of your terminus a type.
"All their practices offend,
of my people comes the end."

1. O Lord, do not become a stranger.
 Show what you are today,
 unseen but on display,
with animals under a manger
 so urgently appearing,
 to show your mercy nearing.
2. The Lord is riding on from Edom,
 praised for majestic worth,
 with rays that fill the earth.
The Holy One fights for your freedom,
 its righteousness out-shining
 whatever you were mining.
3. The genesis of rugged mountains,
 hills that began to fold,
 so ancient, from of old,
deciphers your threats to the fountains,
 your anger to Apollo,
 your fieriness to follow.
4. Your fury is against the rivers,
 as you approach their course
 so nimble on a horse.
The delta in flood always shivers,
 for never misbehaving,
 its waters nobly waving.
5. The sun and moon inside their houses
 of your parade keep clear,
 the incandescent spear.
Foreboding your trample arouses,
 but in the time appointed
 you'll march for your anointed.
6. Your voice will bend the mighty cedar,
 bring the abode your shock
 constructed not on rock
while Bethlehem bears us a leader
 whose cradle's inner motion
 is surging like the ocean.

1. I'm filled with disdain and concern,
with jealousy easy to learn.
 How I'll be roaring like a lion,
 straight to Jerusalem, to Zion,
in the middle to deploy
those who christened her their joy,
 Faithful City of the fountain,
 joining all, the Holy Mountain,
than the nations lifted higher,
justice as in eras prior!

2. Old women, old men will convene
on benches, with walks in between.
 Each being honored for their ages,
 each with a staff of many stages,
boys and girls, family heirs,
jubilation in the squares,
 to the remnant of the nation
 quite a wondrous transformation.
"Quite a miracle, I'm thinking,"
says Lord Sabaoth, unblinking.

3. I'm bringing my own to their rest,
from countries far off, east and west,
 out of the hinterlands, returning,
 end of my anger that was burning.
As I keep them on the track,
milk and honey give them back,
 deep in hearts will I have planted
 Law that barons take for granted,
God and people in relation
built on honest integration.