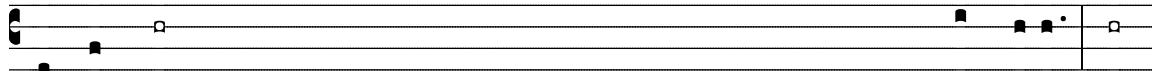
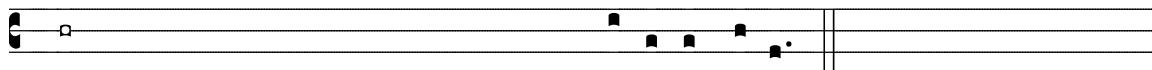


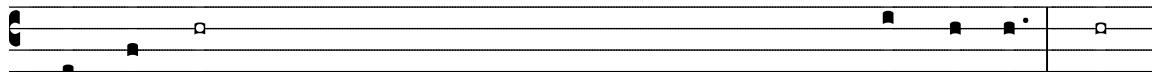
The vine-yard of the Lord is the house of Is-ra-el



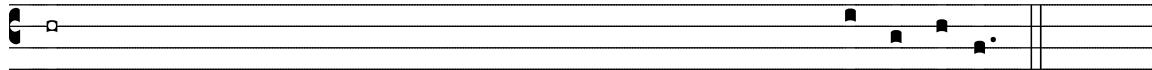
A vine from Egypt you transplanted; you drove away the nations and plant-ed it, It



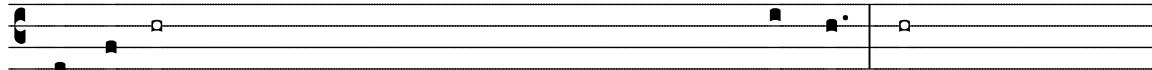
put forth its foliage to the Sea; its shoots as far as the Riv-er.



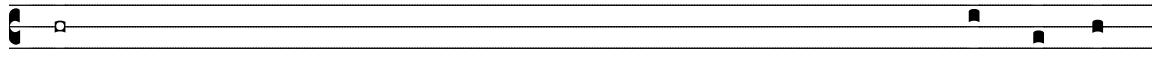
Why have you broken down its walls, so that every passer-by plucks its fruit, The



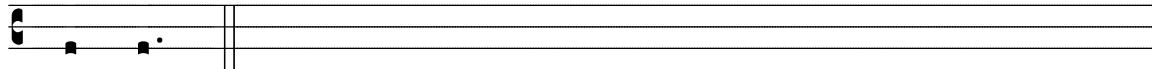
boar from the forest lays it waste, and the beasts of the field feed up-on it?



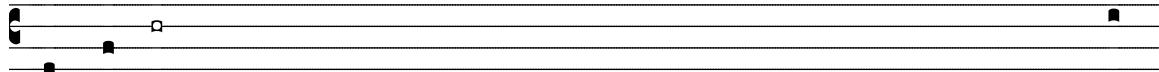
Once a-gain, O LORD of hosts, look down from heaven and see; take care of this vine



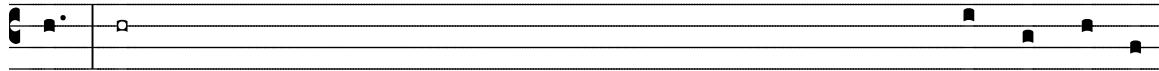
and protect what your right hand has planted: the son of man whom you your-self



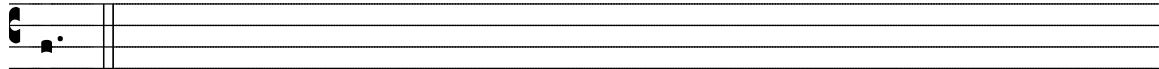
made strong.



Then we will no more withdraw from you; give us new life, and we will call upon your



name. O LORD, God of hosts, restore us; if your face shine upon us, then we shall be



saved.

