

Twenty-Seventh Sunday Year A

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

1. You brought a vine *out of* Egypt;
you drove out the nations and *plan-ted* it./
It stretched out its branches *to the* sea;
to the River it stretched *out its* shoots.
2. Then why have you broken *down its* walls?
It is plucked by all who pass *by the* way./
it is ravaged by the boar *of the* forest,
devoured by the beasts *of the* field.
3. God of hosts, turn again, *we im-*plore;
look down from *hea-ven and* see./
Visit this vine and protect it;+
the vine your right hand *has* planted,
the son of man you have claimed *for your-*self.
4. And we shall never forsake *you a-*gain;
give us life that we may call up-*on your* name./
O Lord God of hosts, *bring us* back;
let your face shine forth, and we *shall be* saved.