



- 2 How long, O Lord, wilt Thou disdain our prayer?
For Thou hast fed us with the bread of tears,
And bitter sorrow Thou hast made us share;
The nations round us mock with scornful jeers.
O God of Hosts, Thy people now restore;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.
- 3 A vine Thou broughtest forth from Egypt's land;
The nations were thrust out to give it room;
It took deep root, it spread on every hand,
The hills were covered with its shade and bloom;
Its boughs were like great cedars spreading wide;
They reached the sea, its roots the riverside.
- 4 Why hast Thou broken down its circling wall
That they may pluck who pass along the way?
Wild beasts from out the wood destroy it all
And feed upon Thy vine by night and day.
O God of Hosts, we pray Thee now, restore;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.
- 5 Look down, behold and visit this Thy vine
Which Thou hast planted with Thy own right hand,
The branch Thou madest strong and owned it Thine,
For it is burned with fire, no more to stand;
Thy people perish in Thy anger sore
Because Thy face now shines on them no more.
- 6 O let Thy hand Thy chosen one sustain,
The son of man Thou madest strong to be;
So we shall faithful to Thy cause remain;
Revive Thou us, and we will call on Thee.
Jehovah, God of Hosts, again restore;
We shall be saved when shines Thy face once more.