

Wild Grapes

Isaiah 5:1-10

June 12, 2010

Wild grapes! Wild grapes you bear me, says the Lord.
Did I not tend - did I not fitly tend
the vines, clear stones, hew vats for wine, and wend
a watchtow'r in the midst? And This afford?
This worthless vintage much have I deplored,
and it shall be the last; with wall to rend,
and hedge to wreck, a waste shall be its end,
for waste it bore, and thorns its future hoard.

O Judah! O Jerusalem! My prize
of plantings, blest with every boon, at best
but barren - watch, and I shall quickly make
homes desolate and cities full of sighs,
for justice grew to bloodshed, vicious zest
that I in holiness must now forsake.