

Sinead O'connor

"If You Had A Vineyard (London Sessions)"

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If you had a vineyard on a fruitful hill
And you fenced it and cleared it of all stones until

You planted it with the choicest of vine
And you even built a tower and a press to make wine
And you looked that it would bring forth sweet grapes
And it gave only wild grapes

What would you say, Jerusalem and Judah?
You be the judges I pray
Between me and my vineyard
This is what God says

What more could I have done in it
That I did not do in it?
Why, when I ask it for sweetness
It brings only bitterness?

For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts
Is the house of Israel
And the men of Judah
His pleasant plant

And He looks for justice but beholds oppression
And He hopes for equality but hears a cry
Jerusalem and Judah
This is God's reply

Sadness will come to those who build house to house
And lay field to field 'til there's room
For none but you to dwell in the land, oh, in the land

And sadness will come to those who call evil good
And good evil, who present darkness as light
And light as darkness who present as sweetness
Only the things which are bitterness

For the vineyard of the Lord of hosts
Is the house of Israel
And the men of Judah
His pleasant plant, oh, His pleasant plant

Oh, that my eyes were a fountain of tears
That I might weep for my poor people

For every boot stamped with fierceness
For every cloak rolled in blood
Jerusalem and Judah
I'd cry if I could

Oh, that my eyes were a fountain of tears
I might weep for my poor people

Oh, that my eyes were a fountain of tears
I might weep for my poor people

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I might weep for my poor people

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