

Fifth Sunday of Easter

1. Will you come and follow me
if I but call your name?

Will you go where you don't know
and never be the same?

Will you let my love be shown?

Will you let my name be known,
will you let my life be grown
in you and you in me?

"I am the vine, you are the branches"

Fifth Sunday of Easter

2. Will you leave yourself behind if I but call your name?

Will you care for cruel and kind and never be the same?

Will you risk the hostile stare should your life attract or scare?

Will you let me answer prayer in you and you in me?

"I am the vine, you are the branches"

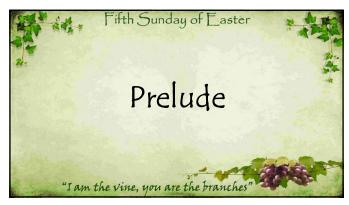
Fifth Sunday of Easter
3. Will you let the blinded see
if I but call your name?
Will you set the prisoners free
and never be the same?
Will you kiss the leper clean
and do such as this unseen,
and admit to what I mean
in you and you in me?
"I am the vine, you are the branches"

Fifth Sunday of Easter

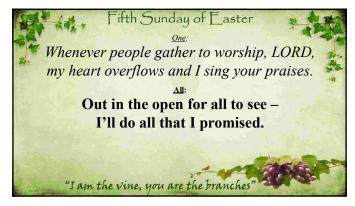
4. Lord your summons echoes true
when you but call my name.
Let me turn and follow you
and never be the same.
In Your company I'll go
where Your love and footsteps show.
Thus I'll move and live and grow
in you and you in me.

"I am the vine, you are the branches"

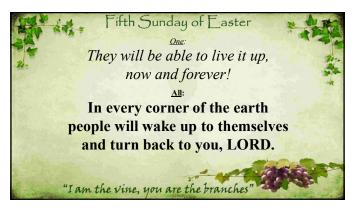


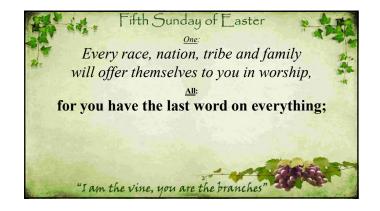


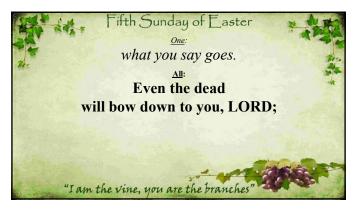


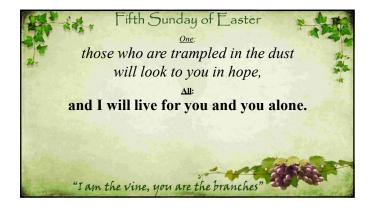




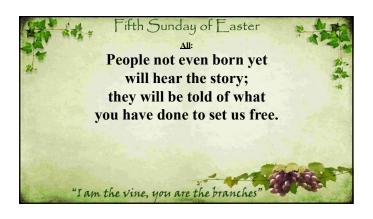


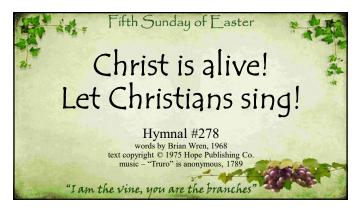


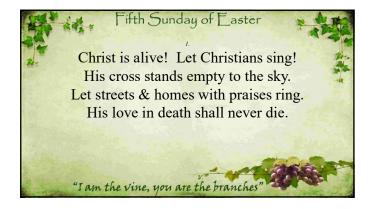


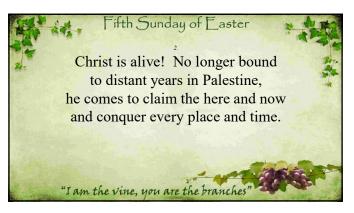


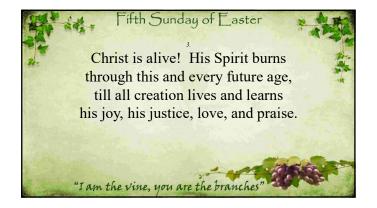




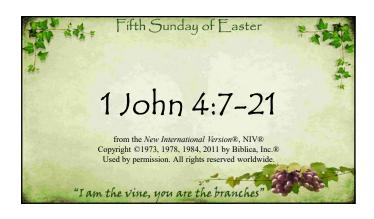




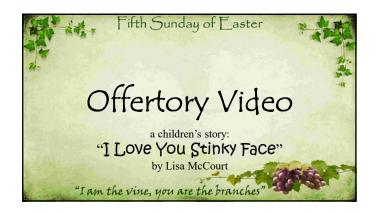


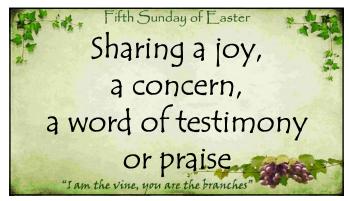


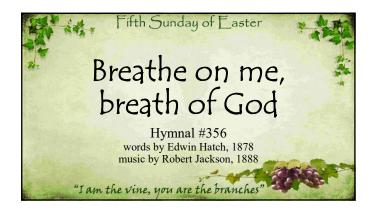


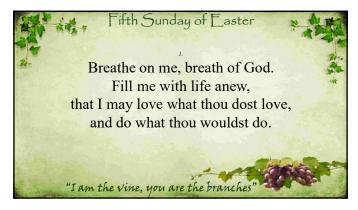


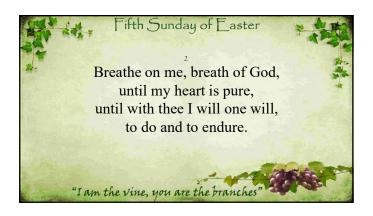




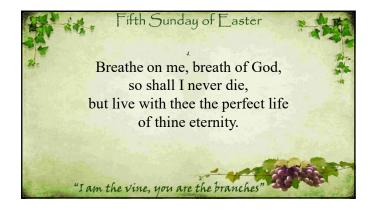


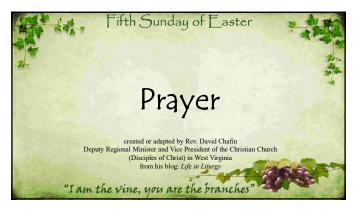




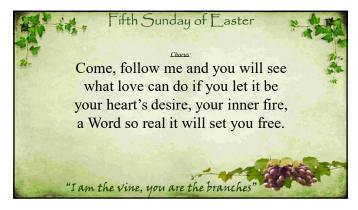


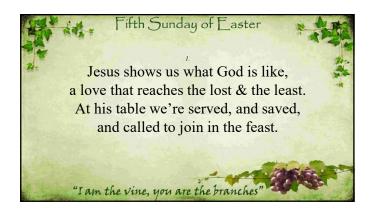


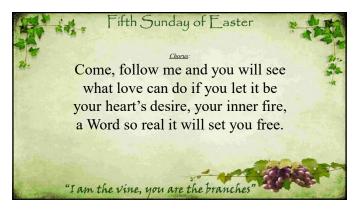


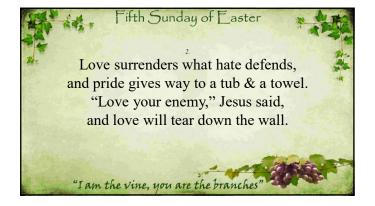


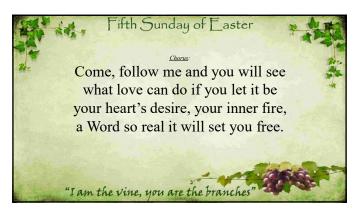


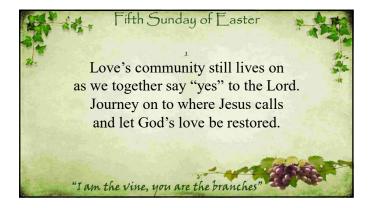


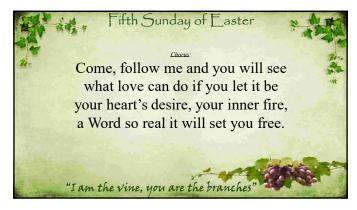


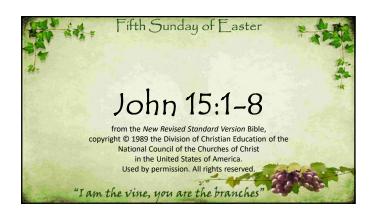


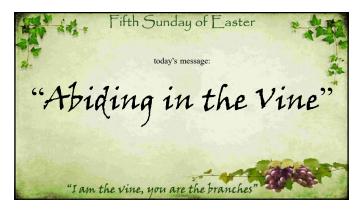




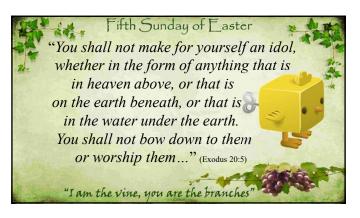


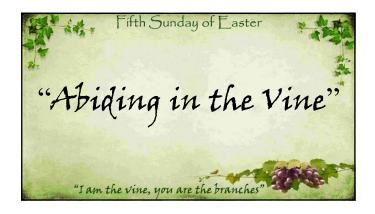


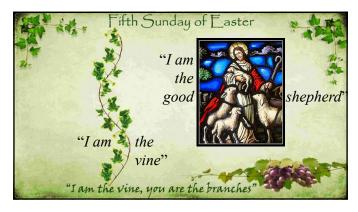












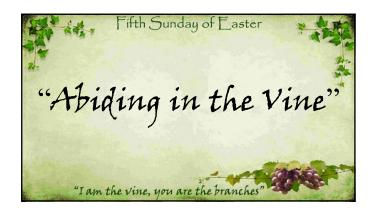
"You brought a vine out of Egypt;
you drove out the nations and planted it.
You cleared the ground for it; it took deep root
and filled the land. The mountains were covered
with its shade, the mighty cedars with its
branches; it sent out its branches to the sea, and
its shoots to the River." (Psalm 80:8-11)

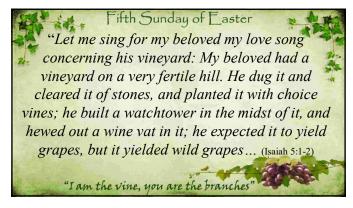
"I am the vine, you are the branches"

Fifth Sunday of Easter

"Why then have you broken down its walls, so that all who pass along the way pluck its fruit? The boar from the forest ravages it, and all that move in the field feed on it. Turn again, O God of hosts; look down from heaven, and see; have regard for this vine, the stock that your right hand planted." (Psalm 80:12-15)

"I am the vine, you are the branches"





Fifth Sunday of Easter

"And now, inhabitants of Jerusalem and people of Judah, judge between me and my vineyard.

What more was there to do for my vineyard that I have not done in it?

When I expected it to yield grapes, why did it yield wild grapes?... (Isaiah 5:3-4)

"I am the vine, you are the branches"

"And now I will tell you what I will do
to my vineyard. I will remove its hedge, and it
shall be devoured; I will break down its wall, and
it shall be trampled down. I will make it a waste;
it shall not be pruned or hoed, and it shall be
overgrown with briers and thorns; I will also
command the clouds that they rain no rain
upon it... (Isaiah 5:5-6)
"I am the vine, you are the branches"

Fifth Sunday of Easter

"For the vineyard

of the LORD of hosts

is the house of Israel,

and the people of Judah are his pleasant planting;

he expected justice, but saw bloodshed;

righteousness, but heard a cry!"

(Isaiah 5:7)

