

My Soul Once Had Its Plenteous Years

John Newton, 1779.

Grenoble Antiphoner, 1753.

My soul once had its plenteous years,  
And throve, with peace and comfort filled,  
Like the fat kine and ripened ears,  
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

With pleasing frames and grace received,  
With means and ordinances fed;  
How happy for a while I lived,  
And little feared the want of bread.

But famine came and left no sign  
Of all the plenty I had seen;  
Like the dry ears and half-starved kine,  
I then looked withered, faint and lean.

To Joseph the Egyptians went,  
To Jesus I made known my case;  
He, when my little stock was spent,  
Opened His magazine of grace.

For He the time of dearth foresaw,  
And made provision long before;  
That famished souls, like me, might draw  
Supplies from His unbounded store.

Now on His bounty I depend,  
And live from fear of dearth secure,  
Maintained by such a mighty Friend,  
I cannot want till He is poor.

O sinners, hear His gracious call!  
His mercy's door stands open wide,  
He has enough to feed you all,  
And none who come shall be denied.