# How Rich Are Thy Provisions Lord

**Doh is C · 4/4** Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
How rich are thy pro- visions Lord! Thy

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
table furnish'd from above, The

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
fruits of life o'er- spread the board, The

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

## The other verses

2 Thine ancient family the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh,
But at the gospel call we came
And every want receiv'd supply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down
To bring us wanderers back to God?

6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune WINCHESTER NEW (From "Musikalisches Handbuch", Hamburg, 1690); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.