My Soul Once Had Its Plenteous Years

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
My soul once had its plenteous years, And

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
throve, with peace and comfort filled, Like

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
the fat kine and ripened ears, Which

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

The other verses

2 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.

3 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.

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

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

6 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.

7 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.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by John Newton (1725–1807). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.