

- Feeding on the husks around me,
 Till my strength was almost gone,
 Longed my soul for something better,
 Only still to hunger on.
- 3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would satisfy, But the dust I gathered round me Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
- 4. Well of water, ever springing,
 Bread of life, so rich and free,
 Untold wealth that never faileth,
 My Redeemer is to me.