

FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

Aaron Ferguson

“My flesh and my heart may fail, but God
is my strength and my portion forever.”

Psalm 73:26



‘Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old
When harvest had waned, and Pilgrims were told
That ration they must. Yes, ration or die.
But no one complained. No one asked why.

‘Twas a difficult blow to hear Bradford proclaim.
Their hopes all but dashed, their prospects the same.
Yet no one spoke ill, no riot, no scorn,
When he uttered the words, “Five kernels of corn.”

Five kernels of corn? Five kernels of corn?
Their hearts were discouraged. Their faces, forlorn.
“What can sustain us but God and His grace,”
The Gov’nor replied, as he knelt in that place.

With all heads bowed low, they raised a new song.
“Your grace is enough. We are weak. You are strong.
Your mercies give hope. They are new every morn!
Thank you, dear Lord, for these kernels of corn.”

The Pilgrims, they lived. Not one of them passed.
That winter was long, but God’s grace did outlast.
Their hunger subsided, and their hopes were reborn
With faith in their God and five kernels of corn.

So often we worry, we fear, and we fret.
Our future’s uncertain, unnerving, and yet
The Lord is our portion, with strength every morn.
Our famines, they lead to His kernels of corn.

Adapted from “Five Kernels of Corn” by Hezekiah Butterworth