"My Barns Are Full, My Stores Increase

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
"My barns are full, my stores increase, And

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
now, for many years, Soul,

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
eat and drink, and take thine ease, Se-

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
cure from wants and fears."

The other verses

2 Thus while a worldling boasted once,
As many now presume;
He heard the Lord himself pronounce
His sudden, aweful doom.

3 "This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass
Into a world unknown;
And who shall then the stores possess
Which thou hast called thine own."

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below;
Till death disturb the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind;
When torn, by death's strong hand, away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God;
Their dying hour is full of stings,
And hell their dark abode.

7 Dear Savior, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When this poor life shall end.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); 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.