

## NOTHING BUT LEAVES

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1. Noth - ing but leaves! The Spir - it grieves O'er years of wast - ed life;  
 2. Noth - ing but leaves! No gath - ered sheaves Of life's fair ripen - ing grain;  
 3. Noth - ing but leaves! Sad mem - 'ry weaves No vail to hide the past;  
 4. Ah, who shall thus The Mas - ter meet, And bring but with - ered leaves?

O'er sins in - dulged while con - science slept, O'er vows and prom - is -  
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds, — Words, *i - dle* words, for  
 And as we trace our wea - ry way, And count each lost and  
 Ah, who shall at the Sav - iour's feet, Be - fore each the aw - ful

es un - kept, And reap from years of strife —  
 earn - est deeds, — Then reap, with toil and pain,  
 mis - spent day, We sad - ly find at last —  
 judg - ment seat Lay down for gold - en sheaves,

Noth - ing but leaves! Noth - ing but leaves!