

No. 3.

Nothing but Leaves.

Voice.

Andante.

Piano.

p dolce.

1. Nothing but leaves! The
 2. Nothing but leaves! No
 3. Nothing but leaves! Sad
 4. Ah, who shall thus the

Spi - rit grieves O - ver a was - ted life; . . . O'er sins in - dulged while con - science slept, O'er
 gathered sheaves Of life's fair rip - ening grain: . . . We sow our seeds; lo tares and weeds, Words,
 memory weaves No veil to hide the past: . . . And as we trace our wea - ry way, Count -
 Master meet, Bear - ing but with - ered leaves? . . . Ah, who shall at the Sa - viour's feet, Be -

vows and pro - mi - ses un - kept, And reaps from years of strife - Nothing but leaves!
 i - die words for ear - nest deeds, We reap with toil and pain - Nothing but leaves!
 - ting each lost and mis - spent day, Sad - ly we find at last - Nothing but leaves!
 - fore the aw - ful judg - ment - seat Lay down, for gol - den sheaves, Nothing but leaves!

rit.

Nothing but leaves.