Nothing but leaves The Spirit grieves

Nothing but leaves!
The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged
while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap, from years of strife
Nothing but leaves!
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves!
No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair rip'ning grain:
We sow our seeds;
lo! tares and weeds,
Words, idle words,
for earnest deeds
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves!
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves!
Sad mem'ry weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost
and misspent day,
We sadly find at last
Nothing but leaves!
Nothing but leaves!

Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall, at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves!
Nothing but leaves!

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