

“When He came to it, He found nothing but leaves.”—MARK xi. 13.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spi - rit grieves O'er years of wast - ed life; ... O'er

sins in-dulged while con-scienceslept, O'er vows and pro - mi - ses un-kept, And

reaps from years of st life— Nothing but leaves! no-thing but leaves!

2.

Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening 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!

3.

Nothing but leaves! Sad memory 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!

4.

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