

A Handful of Leaves

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1880

John Robson Sweney

♩ = 130

1. What! sit - ting at ease when there's work to be done! The best of the day half its
2. What! sit - ting at ease, leav - ing o - thers the toil Of train - ing the vine - yard and
3. What! sit - ting at ease, when a bur - den of care Our bro - ther has borne we might
4. No long - er at ease we are fold - ing our hands, But, will - ing to do what the

cir - cuit has run; Yon orb to its ze - nith rides forth in the sky; What! sit - ting at
till - ing the soil; This truth in our mind let us con - stant - ly keep, From seed what we
help him to bear; Oh, let us be ear - nest, and work while we may, The Mas - ter is
Sav - ior com - mands, We'll work till the har - vest, then ga - ther the sheaves, And bring to Him

Refrain
ease and the har - vest so nigh!
scat - ter the fruit we shall reap. Oh, look on the fields, that al - read - y are white; The
call - ing, a - rise and a - way.
more than a hand - ful of leaves.

Lord hath com - mand - ed to work in the light; Be - ware lest, in - stead of the bright, gold - en sheaves, We

bring to Him on - ly a hand - ful of leaves.