

# Nothing but Leaves

Lucy Elvina Metcalf Akerman, ca. 1858

Silas Jones Vail

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. No-thing but leaves! The Spir-it grieves O'er years of wast-ed life; O'er  
2. No-thing but leaves! No ga-thered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning grain: We  
3. No-thing but leaves! Sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the past; And  
4. Ah, who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, And bring but wi-thered leaves? Ah,



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



- es un-kept, And reap, from years of strife— No-thing but leaves!  
ear-nest deeds— Then reap, with toil and pain, No-thing but leaves!  
mis-spent day, We sad-ly find at last— No-thing but leaves!  
judg-ment seat, Lay down, for gold-en sheaves, No-thing but leaves!



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