

# Nothing but Leaves

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1. Noth-ing but leaves I've gath-ered, Yes, noth-ing but worth - less leaves,  
2. Noth-ing but leaves I've gath-ered, So sad, but, a - las, 'tis true,  
3. Noth-ing but leaves I've gath-ered, Dear sin - ner, oh, hear the cry;

When from the field of la - bor Oth - ers bring gold - en sheaves;  
What I have done I nev - er, Nev - er - more can un - do;  
Swift - ly your days are pass-ing, Soon you'll be called to die;  
gold - en sheaves;  
can un - do;  
called to die;

Then in the day of judgment Shall I be found with tares,  
Past is the har - vest sea - son, The sum - mer has come and gone,  
What are the seeds you're sow - ing? What will you reap at last?

When God re - wards the faith - ful With crowns of shin - ing stars.  
Reap - ing for fu - ture burn-ing The thorns and briars I've cast.  
Some-time you'll sure - ly gath - er Sheaves from the seeds you've sown.  
shin - ing stars.  
briars I've cast.  
seeds you've sown.

Gath-er-ing noth-ing but leaves,  
yes, nothing but leaves,  
Gath-er-ing noth-ing but leaves;  
yes, noth-ing but leaves;

Spend-ing life's pre-cious mo-ments  
Gath-er-ing noth-ing but leaves.