

A Handful of Leaves

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1880. Music: John Sweney.

What! sitting at ease when there's work to be done!
The best of the day half its circuit has run;
Yon orb to its zenith rides forth in the sky;
What! sitting at ease and the harvest so nigh!

Refrain

Oh, look on the fields, that already are white;
The Lord hath commanded to work in the light;
Beware lest, instead of the bright, golden sheaves,
We bring to Him only a handful of leaves.

What! sitting at ease, leaving others the toil
Of training the vineyard and tilling the soil;
This truth in our mind let us constantly keep,
From seed what we scatter the fruit we shall reap.

Refrain

What! sitting at ease, when a burden of care
Our brother has borne we might help him to bear;
Oh, let us be earnest, and work while we may,
The Master is calling, arise and away.

Refrain

No longer at ease we are folding our hands,
But, willing to do what the Savior commands,
We'll work till the harvest, then gather the sheaves,
And bring to Him more than a handful of leaves.

Refrain