

Nothing But Leaves.

Spending life's precious moments, Gathering nothing but leaves.

No. 41 Behold What Love.

B. E. WARREN.

(I JOHN 3: 1.)

D. O. TEASLEY.

For male voices.

1. Behold what love, yes, love di-vine, The Father showed to thee,
2. He gave his life to make thee whole, He shed his blood for all,
3. Oh, depths of love to mor-tals lost, He suf-fered on the tree;
4. The love of Christ is warm and free, We live be-cause he died;

In that he gave his on - ly Son, Thy soul from sin to free.
To heal the bod - y, save the soul, Then come, for mer - cy call.
Our on - ly hope of heav - en cost His blood—'twas all for thee.
His drops of mer - cy fall on thee And all the world be - side.

CHORUS.

Such love can-not be fath-omed, 'Tis like the boundless sea;

His bro - ken heart so wound-ed, Is bleed - ing now for thee.