

Oh, to Be Nothing

Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869

R. George Halls, arranged by Philip Paul Bliss

$\text{♩} = 100$



1. Oh, to be no-thing, no-thing, On - ly to lie at His feet, A brok-en and emp-tied
2. Oh, to be no-thing, no-thing, On - ly as led by His hand; A mes-sen-ger at His
3. Oh, to be no-thing, no-thing, Pain-ful the hum-bling may be, Yet low in the dust I'd



ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet. Emp-tied that He might fill me As
gate-way, On - ly wait - ing for His com - mand; On - ly an in-stru-ment rea-dy His
lay me That the world might my Sav - ior see. Ra - ther be no - thing, no-thing, To



forth to His ser - vice I go; Brok - en, that so un - hin - dered, His
prais - es to sound at His will, Will - ing should He not re - quire me, In
Him let our voic - es be raised, He is the fountain of bless - ing, He



life through me might show.
silence to wait on Him still. Oh, to be no-thing, no-thing, On-ly to lie at His feet, A
only is meet to be praised.



brok-en and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

