

# 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 life through me might  
prais-es to sound at His will, Will-ing should He not re - quire me, In silence to wait on Him  
Him let our voic - es be raised, He is the fountain of bless-ing, He only is meet to be



show.  
still. Oh, to be no-thing, no-thing, On-ly to lie at His feet, A brok-en and emp-tied ves-sel, For the  
praised.



Mas-ter's use made meet.

