

Oh, To Be Nothing

Georgiana M. Taylor, 1869
(May be keyed in the key of D.)

R. George Halls
SATB Arr. by P.P. Bliss

8 mel. 1.) Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet.
2.) Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly as led by His hand;
3.) Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, Pain-ful the hum-b'ling may be,

Oh, to be noth-ing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet, Fine

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.
A mes-sen-ger at His gate-way, On-ly wait-ing for His com-mand.
Yet low in the dust I'd lay me That the world might my Sav-iour see.

A bro-ken and emp-tied ves-sel For the Mas-ter's use made meet.

Emp-tied that He might fill me As forth to His ser-vice I go,
On-ly an in-stru-ment read-y His prais-es to sound at His will,
Rath-er be noth-ing, noth-ing, To Him let our voic-es be raised,

Bro-ken, that so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.
Will-ing, should He not re-quire me, In si-lence to wait on Him still.
He is the Fount-ain of bless-ing, He on-ly is meet to be praised.

D.C. al Fine