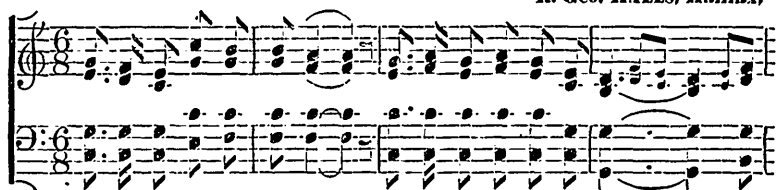
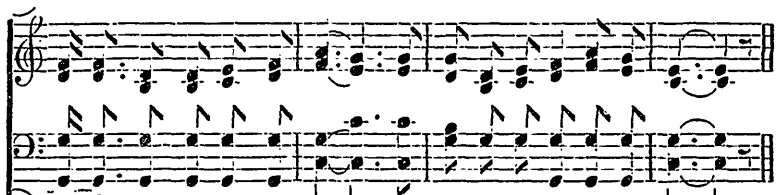


## Oh, to be Nothing, Nothing.

R. Geo. HALLS, Halifax,



Fino,



Da Capo,



1.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Only to lie at His feet,  
 A broken and emptied vessel,  
 For the Master's use made meet.  
 Emptied that He might fill me,  
 As to His service I go,  
 Broken, that so unhindered,  
 His life through me might flow.

2.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 An arrow hid in His hand—  
 A messenger at His gateway  
 Only waiting His command.  
 Only an instrument ready,  
 For Him to use at His will,  
 And should He not require me,  
 To wait there willing still.

3.

Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Though painful the humbling be,  
 So low in the sight of others,  
 Who may now be praising me ;  
 Rather be nothing, nothing,  
 To Him their voices be raised,  
 Who is the fountain of blessing,  
 Who only is meet to be praised.

4.

Thine may I be, Thine only,  
 Till called by Thee to share  
 The glorious heavenly mansions  
 Thou art gone on before to prepare.  
 My heart and spirit are yearning,  
 My Jesus to see face to face.  
 Unloosened tongue to praise Him,  
 For heights and depths of grace.