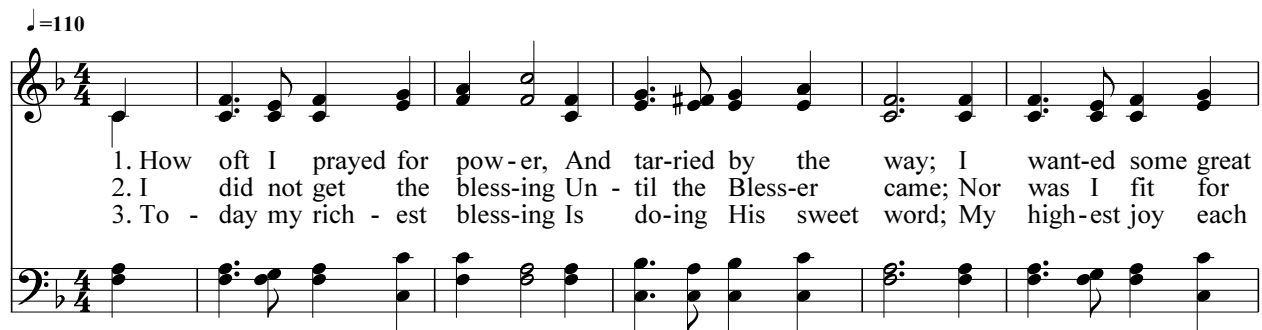


Now He Uses Me

Civilla Durfee Holden Martin, 1909

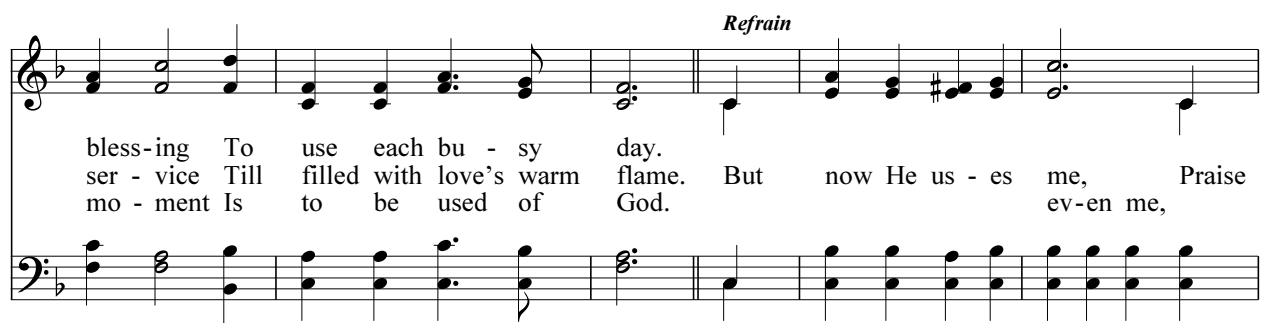
Walter Stillman Martin

♩=110

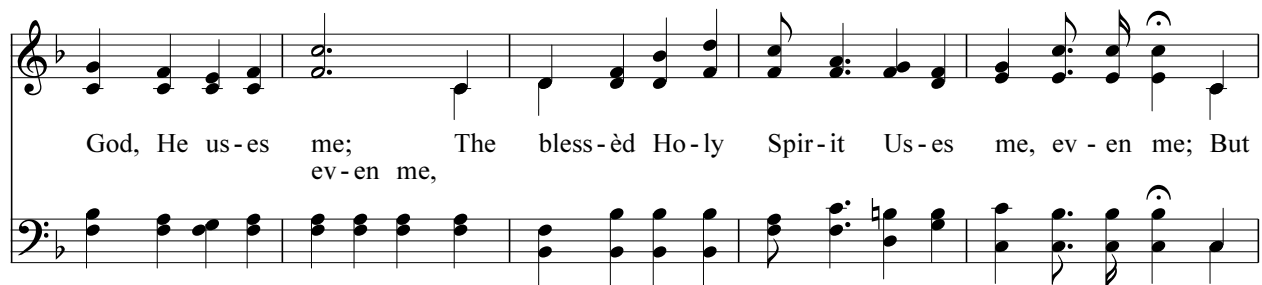


1. How oft I prayed for pow-er, And tar-ried by the way; I want-ed some great
2. I did not get the bless-ing Un - til the Bless-er came; Nor was I fit for
3. To - day my rich - est bless-ing Is do-ing His sweet word; My high-est joy each

Refrain



bless-ing To use each bu - sy day.
ser - vice Till filled with love's warm flame. But now He us - es me, Praise
mo - ment Is to be used of God. ev-en me,



God, He us-es me; The bless-èd Ho-ly Spir-it Us-es me, ev - en me; But
ev-en me,



now He us - es me, Praise God, He us-es me; The bless-èd Ho-ly Spir-it us-es me.
ev-en me,