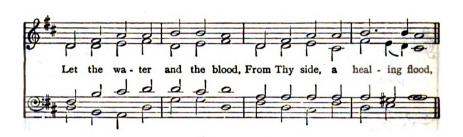
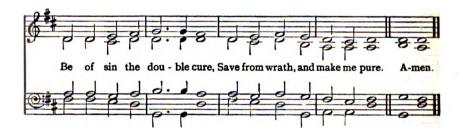
Sundays after Trinity.

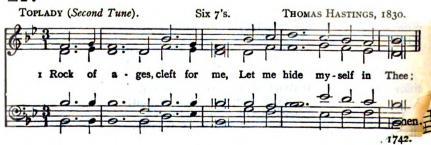




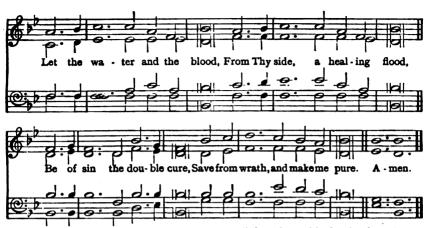






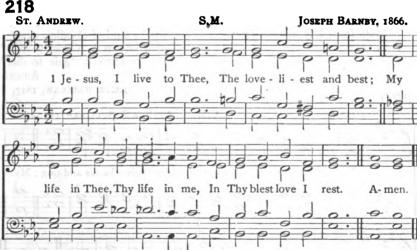


Sundays after Trinity.



- 2 Should my tears for ever flow, Should my zeal no languor know, All for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and Thou alone; In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- or ever flow, a While I draw this fleeting breath, when mine eyelids close in death, when I rise to worlds unknown, and behold Thee on Thy throne, ce I bring, ss I cling.

 AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776; alt. THOMAS COTTERILL, 1819.



- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
 Whenever death shall come;
 To die in Thee is life to me,
 In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die, I know not which is best;

To live in Thee is bliss to me, To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.
HENRY HARBAUGH, 1850, Amen.

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