

Sundays after Trinity.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A - men.

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.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

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

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ST. ANDREW.

S. M.

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1866.

I Je - sus, I live to Thee, The love - li - est and best; My

life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A - men.

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 HARBOUR, 1850. Amen.