

Yes! Let Me Like a Soldier Fall

W. V. WALLACE

1. Yes! let me like a sol - dier fall, Up - on some o - pen
 2. I on - ly ask of that proud race, Which ends its blaze in

plain, me, This breast, ex - pand - ing for the ball, To
 To die the last, and not dis - grace Its

blot out ev - 'ry stain. Brave man - ly hearts con - fer my doom, That
 an - cient chi - val - ry. Tho' o'er my clay no ban - ner wave, Nor

gen - tler ones may tell, How - e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I
 trum - pet re - quiem swell, E - nough! they mur - mur o'er my grave, He

dim. *f*

dim.

like a sol - dier fell, How - e'er for - got, un -
 like a sol - dier fell, E - nough! they mur - mur

known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a sol - dier fell.
 o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, He like a sol - dier fell.

cres. *ff*

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

E. CASWALL

J. B. DYKES

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek!

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!