JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words & Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Tenderly

PIANO FORTE

1. Just before the battle, Mother,
   I am thinking most of you;

2. Oh, I long to see you, Mother;
   And the loving ones at home;

3. Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
   Tis the signal for the fight,

Chicago: Root & Cady, 1863
While up on the field we're watching, With the enemy in view.
But, I'll never leave our banner, Till in honor I can come.
Now may God protect us, Moth-er, As He ever does the right.

Com-rades brave are round me lying, Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
Tell the traitors, all around you, That their cruel words, we know, In
*Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom," How it swells up on the air; Oh,

well they know, that on the mor-row, Some will sleep beneath the sod.
ev'-ry battle kill our soldiers By the help they give the foe.
yes we'll rally round the stand-ard, Or we'll perish nobly there.

*In the Army of the Cumberland, the Soldiers sing the Battle-Cry when going into action, by order of the Commanding General.
CHORUS

Fare well Moth er, you may nev er
Press me to your heart a gain; But

O, you'll not for get me, Moth er, you will not for get me, If I'm num ber'd with the slan.

rit.

O, you'll not for get me, Moth er, you will not for get me, If I'm num ber'd with the slan.

rit.

O, you'll not for get me, Moth er, you will not for get me, If I'm num ber'd with the slan.

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