

G. F. R.

Geo F Root

1. { Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you, }
 { While up - on the fields we're marching, With the en - e - my in view. }
 2. { Hark! I hear the bu - gles sound - ing, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight; }
 { Now may God pro - tect us, Moth - er, As He ev - er does the right. }

Com - rades brave are round me ly - ing, Filled with tho'ts of home and God; For
 Hear the "Bat - tle - Cry of Free - dom," How it swells up - on the air; Oh,

well they know that on the mor - row Some will sleep be - neath the sod
 yes, we'll ral - ly round the stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.

CHORUS.

Farewell, Mother, you may never (you may never, Mother,) Press me to your heart a - gain,

But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother, (you will not forget me) If I'm numbered with the slain.