

Just Before the Battle, Mother

G. F. Root

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1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Hark! I hear the bu - gles sounding, 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight;

While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the en - e - my in view.
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 standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there. .

CHORUS

Fare - well, moth - er, you may nev - er, you may never, mother, Press me to your heart a - gain; .. But

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rit.

Repeat pp.

oh, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.

Juanita

mf Andante

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the mountain,
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thy ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p slower *mf a tempo*

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

p tenderly. rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!