

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

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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 - glesound - ing, '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 stand - ard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.

CHORUS.

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

Oh, you'll not for - get me, Mother. *Rit.* *Repeat. pp.*
 you will not for - get me If I'm numbered with the slain.