1. Just before the battle, Mother, I am thinking most of you,
   While upon the field we're watching, With the enemy in view.
   Comrades brave are round me lying, Filled with thoughts of home and God; For
   Farewell, Mother, you may never

2. Hark! I hear the bugles sounding, 'Tis the signal for the fight;
   Now may God protect us, Mother, As he ever does the right.
   Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom," How it swells upon the air; Oh,
   you may never, Mother,

   well they know that on the morrow, Some will sleep beneath the sod.
   yes, we'll rally round the standard, Or we'll perish nobly there.
   Oh, you'll not forget me, Mother.

   Chorus.
   Press me to your heart again; But

   Oh, you'll not forget me, Mother.
   you will not forget me If I'm numbered with the slain.