

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Performed by: Ellen Emma Power

Composed by: George Frederick Root

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the fields we're waiting,
With the enemy in view.

Comrades brave around me dying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well we know not on tomorrow,
Some would sleep beneath the sod.

Farewell Mother, you may never,
Press me to your heart again,
But, oh, you will not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
It's the signal for to fight;
But oh, you will not forget me, Mother,
If we ever does the right.

Hear the battle cries of freedom,
How it swells upon the earth;
Oh yes! We'll rally around the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

Farewell Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But, oh, you will not forget me, Mother
If I'm numbered with the slain.