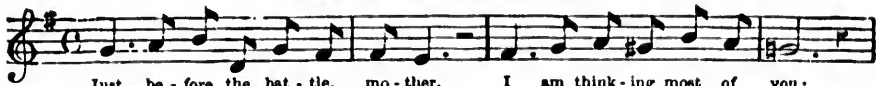
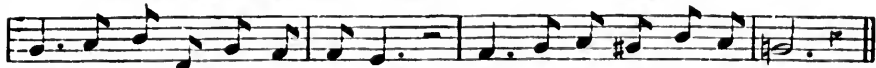


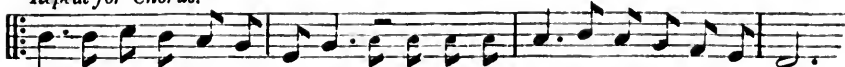
Just before the Battle.



Just be - fore the bat - tle, mo - ther, I am think - ing most of you;



While up - on the field we're watch - ing, With the e - ne - my in view,
Repeat for Chorus.



Comrades brave are round me ly - ing, Fill'd with thoughts of home and thee,
Fare - well! mo - ther, you may ne - ver, ne - ver, mo - ther, Press me to your heart a - gain;

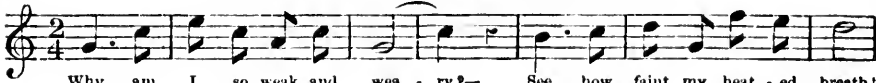


well they know that on the mor - row, Some will sleep be - neath the tree,
Oh, you'll not for - get me, mo - ther, not for - get me, If I'm number'd with the slain!

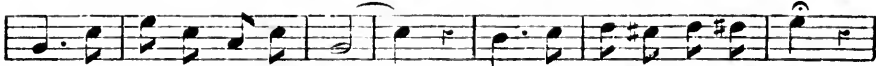
Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave our banner,
Till in honour I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe. — *Chorus.*

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,—
'Tis the signal for the fight:
Now may God protect us, mother,—
As he always does the right!
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there! — *Chorus.*

Who will care for Mother now?



Why am I so weak and wea - ry?— See, how faint my heat - ed breath!



All a - round to me seems dark - ness, Tell me, com - rades, is this death?

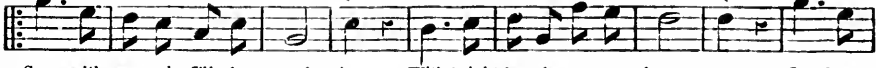


Ah! how well I know your an - swer, To my fate I meek - ly bow,.....



If you'll on - ly tell me tru - ly, Who will care for mo - ther now?.....

2nd line as Chorus.



Soon with an - gels I'll be march - ing, With bright laurels on my brow,..... I have



for my coun - try fall - en,— Who will care for mo - ther now?.....

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling, praying for me; how
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?
Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle;
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow
I have for my country fall'n,
Who will care for mother now
Soon with angels, &c.