

MOTHER.

Mother, dear mother, I see you tonight;
Your dear face is with me all through the fight;
I see your sweet smiles as in days of yore,
You are with me tonight as the dread cannon
 roar.

Mother, dear Mother, is my solitary cry,
As here on the battle field I with my comrades
 lie;
My wounds would not give me nearly so much
 pain
Could I but kiss your dear lips once again.

Oh, mother, my dear Mother, if you were but
 here,
To bring a draught of water from a shell hole
 L. 5,
And sprinkle some so gently on my fevered brow,
Mother, my dear Mother, I sorely need you
 now.

Mother, dear Mother, the end is drawing near
The angels now are calling, their voices sweet I
 hear;
My battle's nearly ended, my worries all but
 through,
Mother, dear Mother, I'm coming home to you.