

Just Before The Battle Mother

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George F. Root 1862

A D
Just before the battle, mother,
E A E
I am thinking most of you
A D
While upon the field we're watching,
E A
with the enemy in view.
D
Comrades brave are 'round me lying,
E A E
filled with thoughts of home and God
A D
For well they know that on the morrow,
E A
some will sleep beneath the sod.

A D
Farewell, mother, you may never,
E A E
press me to your breast again
A D
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
E A
if I'm numbered with the slain.

A D
Oh, I long to see you, mother,
E A E
and the loving ones at home
A D
But I'll never leave our banner,
E A
till in honor I can come.

D
Tell the traitors all around you,
E A E
that their cruel words we know
A D
In every battle kill our soldiers,
E A
by the help they give the foe.

A D
Farewell, mother, you may never,
E A E
press me to your breast again
A D
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
E A
if I'm numbered with the slain.

A D
Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
E A
'Tis the signal for the fight,
D
Now, may God protect us, mother,
E A E
as He ever does the right.
A D
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom,"
E A
how it swells upon the air
D
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,
E A
or we'll perish nobly there.

A D
Farewell, mother, you may never,
E A E

