

Is That Mother Bending O'er Me - song lyrics

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Is that Mother Bending o'er Me?

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Words by Harry Clyde. Music by H. C. Verner.

A dread alarm has sounded the battle's harsh command-
"To arms!" the martial rod of fife and drum,
For while daylight's breaking, a skirmish is at hand-
The enemy upon the camp has come.
Amid the flying bullets a soldier-boy falls low;
When battle's o'er they bear him to the rear.
He dimly sees his comrades, who hover to and fro,
And feebly utters, "Is that mother dear?"

Refrain

"Is that mother bending o'er me? my cheek feels the kiss of her breath;
Oh, say that she stands here before me to soften the parting at death."

That brave lad's wound is mortal, he'll never fight again,
And ev'ry moment brings him to the last:
But the vision of his mother has eased the awful pain
And gladdened eyes that show death's solemn cast.
He thinks his mother's near him-he fees her soothing hand-
His lips move now to kiss, her tears away.
"Don't weep for me, dear mother, I've died for native land-
Just kiss me once, a sweet good-bye for aye." - Refrain