

Just Before The Battle, Mother - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Just Before the Battle, Mother.

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

Chorus.
Farewell! mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again-
But, oh! you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered 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 honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know,
in every 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 ever does the right!
Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh! Yes we'll rally 'round our standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there!-Chorus.