

Marty Robbins, Just Before The Battle, Mother

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you
While upon the fields 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

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

Hark, I hear the bugels 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 up in the air
Yes, we'll rally round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there

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