

Respectfully Dedicated to
THE MOTHERS OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

THE
Soldier to his Mother.

"Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them I died for my country."

On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again I seem'd to come.

POETRY BY.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

MUSIC BY

WILLIAM U. BUTCHER.

Arranged for the Piano or Melodeon.

Guitar,  2½

OPUS 94.

Piano,  2½

Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut Street.