

With expression— Not too slow.

1 On the field of battle, mother, All the night a-lone I lay, Angels
 2 He to whom you taught me, mother, On my infant knee to pray, Kept my
 3 I must soon be going, mother, Going to the home of rest: Kiss me

watch-ing o'er me, mother, Till the break-ing of the day. I lay
 heart from fainting, mother, When the vision passed a-way. In the
 as of old, my mother, Press me near-er to your breast. Would I

think-ing of you, mother, And the lov-ing ones at home, Till to
 gray of morn-ing, mother, Comrades bore me to the town: From my
 could re-pay you, mother, For your faithful love and care: God up-