

me, Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

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*Colla voce.*

## 2.

Hark! Mother, 'tis the village bell,  
 I can no longer with thee stay:  
 My Country calls to Arms, to Arms!  
 The foe advance in fierce array!  
 The vision's past—I feel that now  
 For Country I can only sigh,  
 Oh, Mother dear, draw near to me,  
 Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

## 3.

Dear Mother, Sister, Brother, all  
 One parting kiss,—to all good bye:  
 Weep not, but clasp your hand in mine,  
 And let me like a soldier die!  
 I've met the foe upon the field  
 Where kindred fiercely did defy,  
 I fought for Right—God bless the Flag!  
 Dear Mother, I've come home to die.