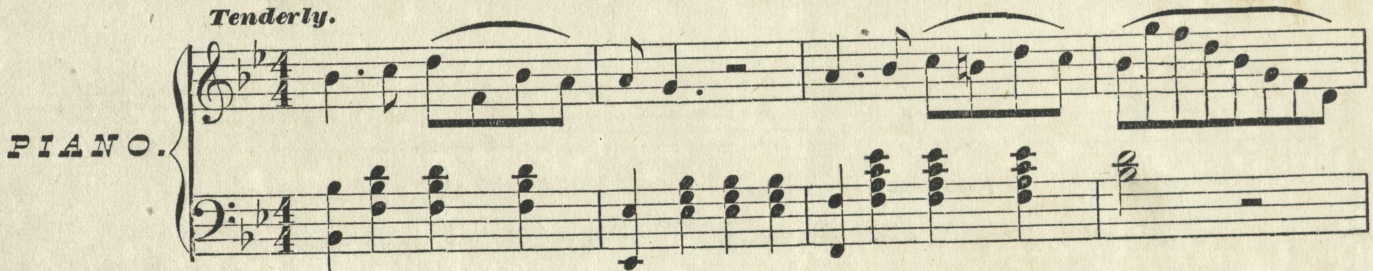


Just Before The Battle, Mother.


Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Tenderly.

PIANO.




The piano introduction consists of two staves in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with a long note on the first beat of each measure, followed by eighth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

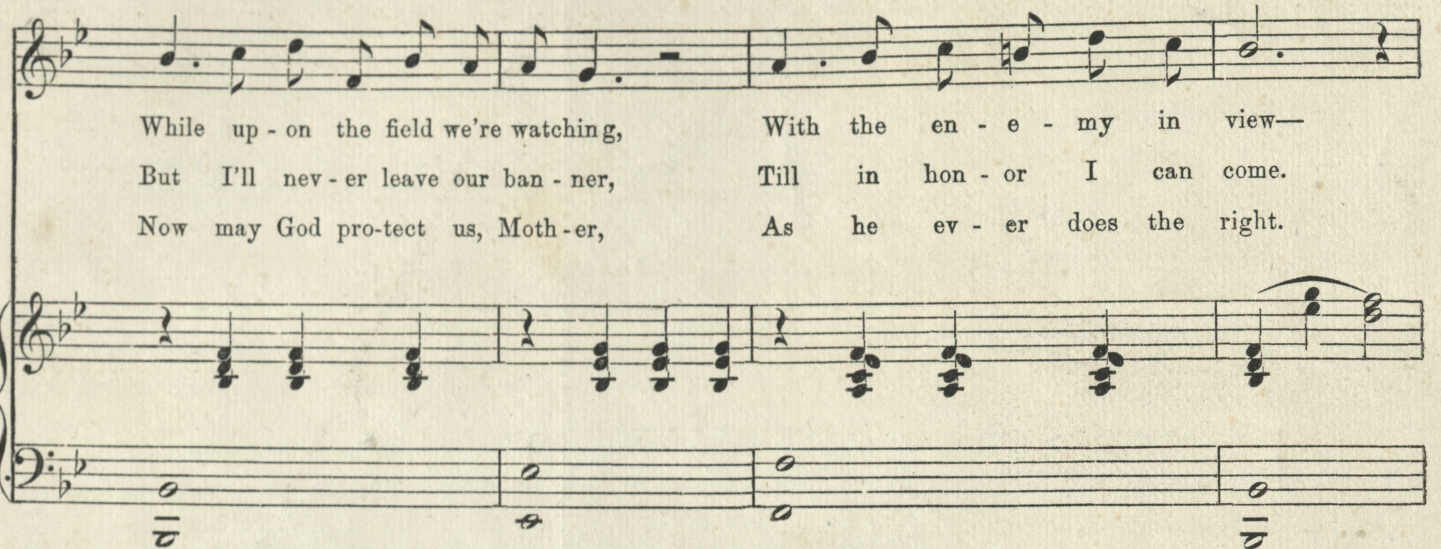


A second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the harmonic support for the vocal lines.

1. Just be - fore the bat - tle, Moth - er, I am think - ing most of you,
2. Oh I long to see you, Moth - er, And the lov - ing ones at home,
3. Hark! I hear the bu - gles soundin', 'Tis the sig - nal for the fight,



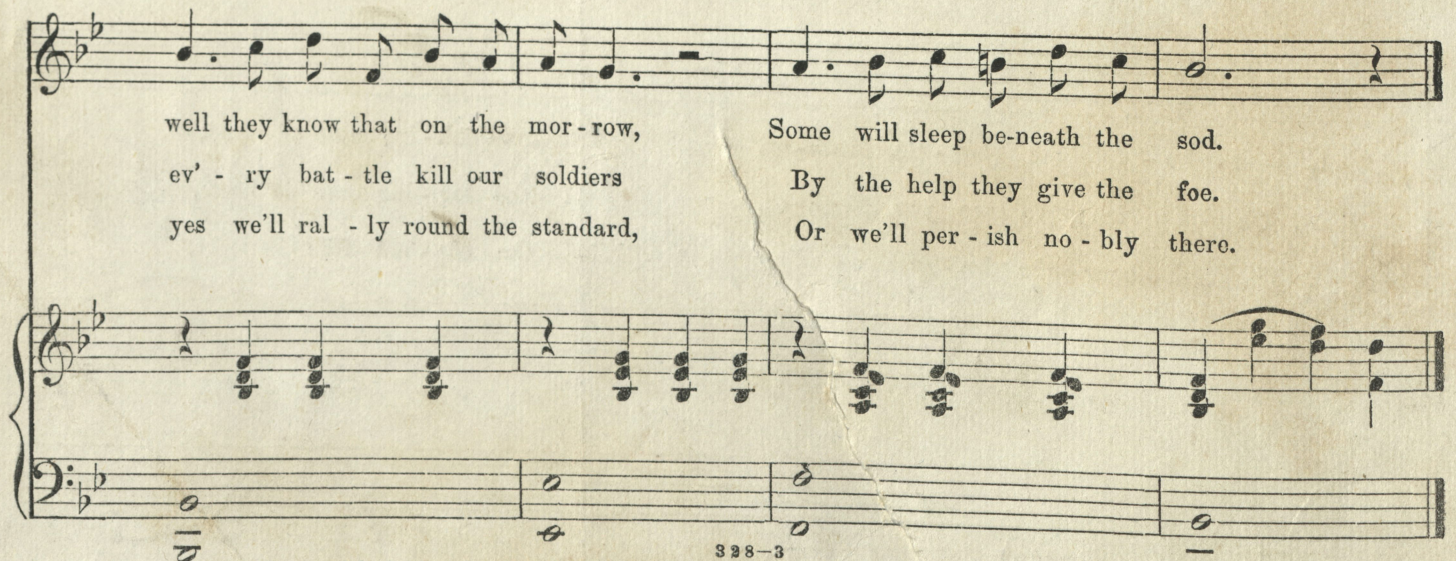
The bottom system shows the vocal melody for the three verses and the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a double bar line and the number '12' at the end of the line.



While up - on the field we're watching, With the en - e - my in view—
 But I'll nev - er leave our ban - ner, Till in hon - or I can come.
 Now may God pro-TECT us, Moth - er, As he ev - er does the right.



Comrades brave are round me ly - ing, Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
 Tell the trai - tors, all a-round you, That their cru - el words, we know, In
 Hear the "Bat - tle - Cry of Free - dom,"* How it swells up - on the air, Oh,



well they know that on the mor - row, Some will sleep be - neath the sod.
 ev' - ry bat - tle kill our soldiers By the help they give the foe.
 yes we'll ral - ly round the standard, Or we'll per - ish no - bly there.

328-3
 * In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle-Cry" is sung, when going into action, by order of commanding officers.

CHORUS.

Air.
 Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er Press me to your heart a-gain; But

Alto.
 Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a-gain; But

Tenor.
 Fare-well, Moth-er, you may nev-er, you may nev-er, Moth-er, Press me to your heart a-gain; But

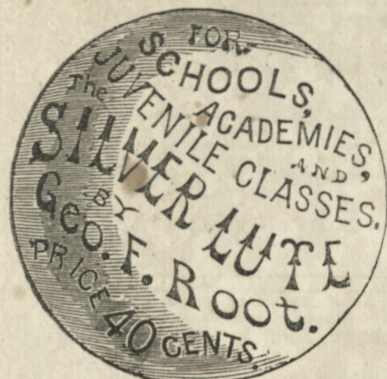
Repeat pp.
 O, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, If I'm number'd with the slain.
ritard.

O, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, you will not for-get me, If I'm number'd with the slain.

O, you'll not for-get me, Moth-er, you will not for-get me If I'm number'd with the slain.
ritard.

NEW MUSIC!

PUBLISHED BY
ROOT & CADY,
95 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.



Uncle Sam's Funeral.

Song and chorus, by Silex; price 25 cents. Key of A minor. Ranges to E above; sterling loyalty under a serio-comic guise. We can give the first verse, but can give no idea of the ludicrous effects produced by the whistling which follows each.

'Twas but little while ago, that the copperheads were found,
 With their great Vallandighammer, a hammering around,
 And they tried to scare us with their doleful sound,
 H'm, Ha, &c.

I'm Dying far from those I Love.

Song and chorus, by J. R. Thomas; price 30 cents. Key of E flat. Goes as high as F. Not difficult, but requiring good taste and pure sympathetic voices.

I'm dying far from those I love!
 No gentle voice my way to cheer;
 How calmly would my breath depart,
 If loving ones were only near.
 No Mother's lips are on my brow,
 But strangers watch my lonely bed;
 And no one here will shed a tear,
 When I am lying cold and dead.

Just After the Battle.

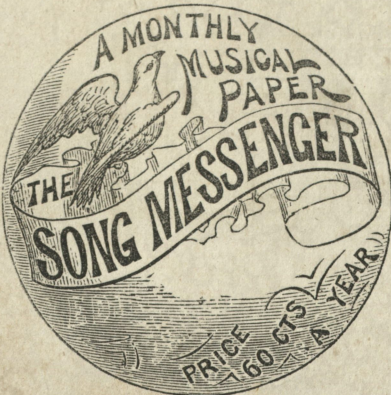
Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of F. Ranges to E above. This song is a continuation of "Just Before the Battle, Mother," by the same author, and is of somewhat similar character.

Still upon the field of battle I am lying Mother dear
 With my wounded comrades waiting for the morning to appear;
 Oh the first great charge was fearful, and a thousand brave men fell,
 Still amid the dreadful carnage, I was safe from shot and shell;
 Oh the glorious cheer of triumph, when the foe-men turned and fled,
 Leaving us the field of battle, strewn with dying and with dead.

I'se on De Way.

Two choruses with solo intermediate, by Wurzel; price 25 cents. Key of G minor. Goes up to F in chorus, but only to B flat in the solo, which may be taken by a low or alto voice. We would caution all pro-slavery people against singing this song, for we don't think they would like it.

Hail! all hail! I'se a'gwine to de Union army;
 Hail! all hail! I'se on de way.



Brother Tell Me of the Battle.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of D. Goes up to E.

Brother, tell me of the battle,
 How the soldiers fought and fell;
 Tell me of the weary marches,
 She who loves will listen well.
 Brother, draw thee close beside me,
 Lay your head upon my breast;
 While you're telling of the battle,
 Let your fevered forehead rest.

Columbia's Guardian Angels.

Song, refrain and chorus, and full chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Some one says "you may always be sure of something new when you get a song by Mr. Work." This will be found no exception to that rule. Key of G; Very effective and interesting. Goes to G above, and requires five voices in one place to produce its full effects.

The glorious trio, behold they are coming!
 Their heralds are standing e'en now at your door:
 Go tell the lone watchers of earth, they are coming
 To bless us—be with us—forsake us no more.

I stand on Memory's golden shore.

Song and quartette, by J. P. Webster; price 30 cents. Key of A flat. Ranges to E flat above. Requires pure and sympathetic tones.

Now in the Ascendant!

Wm. B. Brabury, with a world-wide reputation, abundance of capital, years of experience in the business, and commanding the most skillful workmen, commenced about two years ago the manufacture of pianos by himself. Such facilities, united with his well known ambition to excel, gave promise of success, which his lately perfected New Scale Piano has already more than realized. The numerous

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We are Exclusive Agents for Chicago and vicinity,

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and furnish them to Dealers at Factory Wholesale Prices, adding only the freight from New York to Chicago. Price Lists sent to any Address Free of Charge.

Both Mr. Brabury and ourselves warrant these pianos for five years, and guarantee satisfaction.

GEO. F. ROOT,
 E. T. ROOT,
 C. M. CADY.

ROOT & CADY,
CHICAGO,

"Come Home, Father."

Words and music by Henry C. Work. Price 25 cents. A plaintive song, complete and effective for one voice, altho' there is an unusually fine chorus accompanying it, to please those who prefer it in that shape.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
 The clock in the steeple strikes one;
 You said you were coming right home from the shop,

As soon as your day's work was done.
 Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
 And mother's been watching since tea,
 With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
 And no one to help her but me.

Bury the Brave where They Fall.

Song and quartette, by Lieut. H. L. FRISBIE; price 30 cents. Key of A flat (four flats). Ranges to E \sharp above, and, in the chorus, to A flat below, and requires impressive tones and enunciation.

Then sleep on, soft be thy repose,
 And green be the turf on thy breast;
 The glorious stars of our banner shall watch
 O'er the graves where our heroes rest.

She Sleeps beneath the Elms.

Song and chorus, by J. P. WEBSTER; price 30 cents. Key of A (three sharps). ranges to E above; movement *andante sostenuto*, and requires pure and sympathetic tones. The accompaniment occasionally touches the relative minor.

My darling sleeps beneath the lofty elms,
 Where song-birds warble in their leafy homes.

Washington and Lincoln.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Key of E \sharp . Medium range. An excellent piece of for the coming campaign, as well as for concert room or parlor.

"Come all ye people, O come let us tell
 The story of Washington and Lincoln!
 History's pages can never excel,
 The story of Washington and Lincoln."

Vicksburg is Taken, Boys.

Song and chorus, by E. W. Hicks; price 25 cents. Key of C. Song goes to E above; chorus to G. Very spirited—a first rate song for all patriotic occasions. It was printed in the "Song Messenger" soon after the capture of Vicksburg, and has been so much called for that we have been obliged to issue it in sheet form.

Hurrah! boys, hurrah! shout glory and sing,
 For the traitors look sadly forsaken;
 Our glorious old Eagle is yet on the wing,
 And Vicksburg is taken, boys, taken.

Little Alice.

A ballad, by J. M. Hubbard; price 25 cents. Key of F. Going only to D above. Sweet and elegant.

Happy loving little Alice,
 With her soft and sunny curls,
 In the cottage or the palace,
 She is still the queen of girls.



Corporal Schnapps.

Song and chorus, by HENRY C. WORK; price 30 cents. Key of D (two sharps). Ranges to E above. Serio-comic, and requires good descriptive powers, in voice, pronunciation, and manner.

Mine heart ish proken into little pits,
 I tells you, friend, what for:
 Mine schweet-heart, von coot patriotic kirl,
 She strives me off mit der war.
 I fights for her der pattles of te flag—
 I schtrikes so prave as I can;
 Put now long time she nix remempers me,
 And coes mit another man.

Chorus.—Ah! mine franlein!
 You ish so ferry unkind!
 You coes mit Hans to Zhermany to live,
 And leaves poor Schnapps behind.

All Hail to Ulysses.

Song and chorus in honor of General Grant, by Chas. Haynes; price 30 cents. With lithograph portrait title, 50 cents. Key of B, flat. Ranges to F above. Bold movement, and requires trumpet tones.

All hail to Ulysses, the patriot's friend—
 The hero of battles renowned;
 He has won the bright laurel,
 Its garland he wears;
 And his name thro' the world we will sound.

Just before the Battle, Mother.

Song and chorus, by Geo. F. Root; price 30 cents. Key of B \sharp . Tender and beautiful.

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

Sleeping for the Flag.

Song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; price 25 cents. Touching and tender, of deep interest to those whose brothers are resting on the battle field.

When our boys come home in triumph, brother,
 With the laurels they shall gain;
 When we go to give them welcome, brother,
 We shall look for you in vain.
 We shall wait for your returning, brother,
 Though we know it cannot be;
 For your comrades left you sleeping, brother,
 Underneath a southern tree.

Music sent to any address, post-paid, upon receipt of the marked price.

