



— CHICAGO. —

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JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

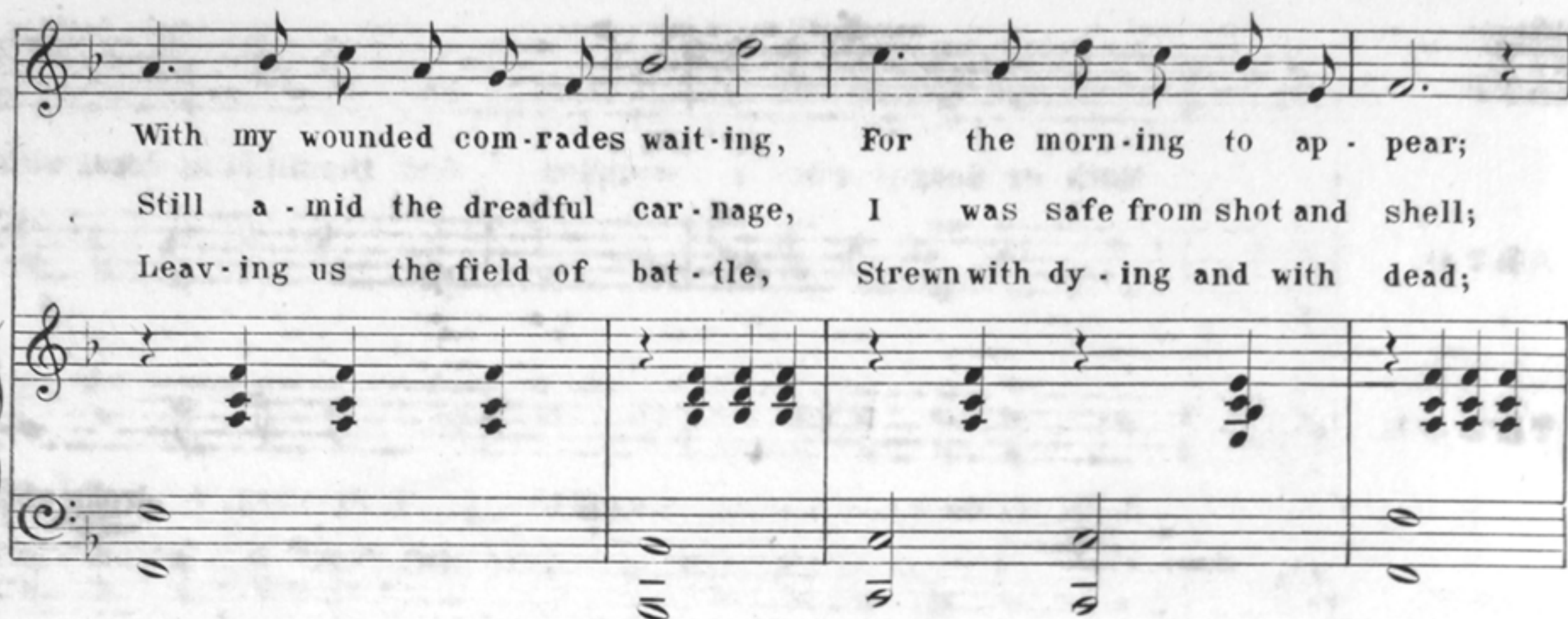


GEO. F. ROOT.

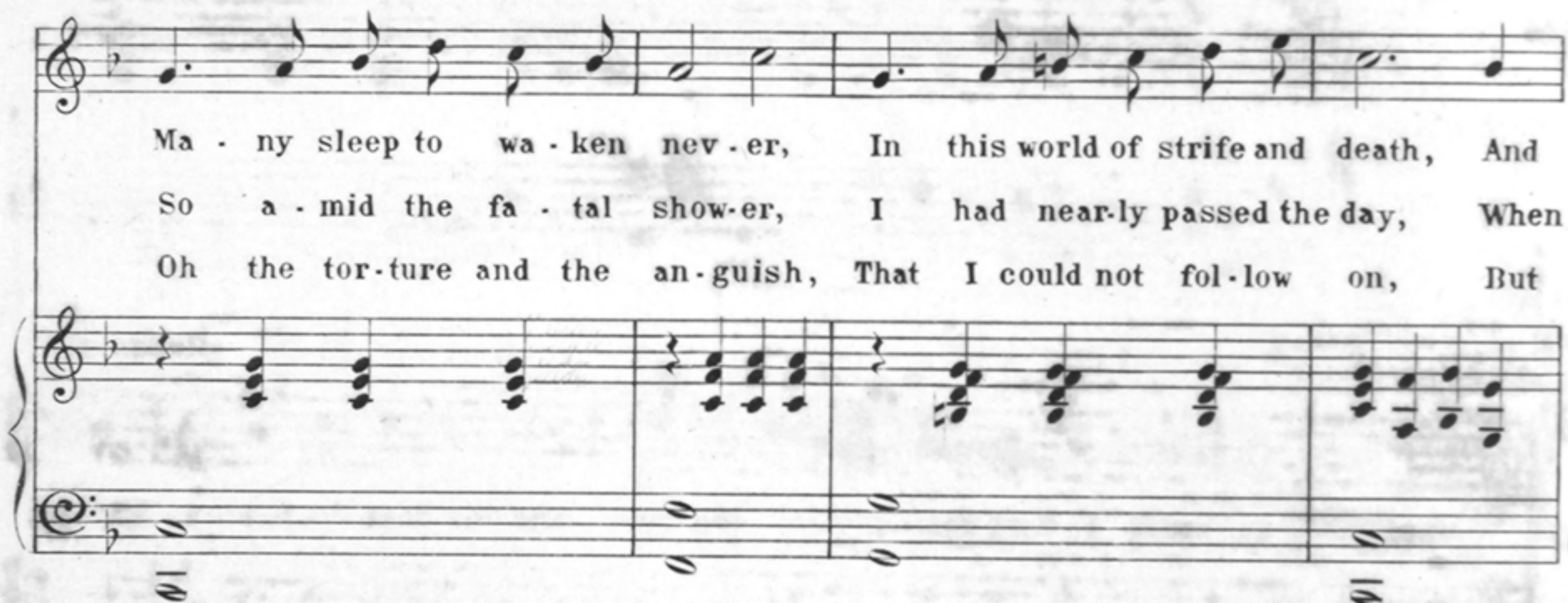
With expression.

PIANO.

1 Still up - on the field of bat - tle I am ly - ing Moth - er dear,
 2 Oh the first great charge was fear - ful, And a thou - sand brave men fell,
 3 Oh the glo - rious cheer of tri - umph, When the foe - men turned and fled,



With my wounded com-rades wait-ing, For the morn-ing to ap-pear;
 Still a-mid the dreadful car-nage, I was safe from shot and shell;
 Leav-ing us the field of bat-tle, Strewn with dy-ing and with dead;



Ma-ny sleep to wa-ken nev-er, In this world of strife and death, And
 So a-mid the fa-tal show-er, I had near-ly passed the day, When
 Oh the tor-ture and the an-guish, That I could not fol-low on, But



ma-ny more are faint-ly call-ing, With their fee-ble dy-ing breath.
 here the dreaded Min-nie struck me, And I sunk a-mid the fray.
 here a-mid my fall-en com-rades, I must wait till morn-ing's dawn.

CHORUS.

A I R .

Moth - er dear your boy is wounded And the night is drear with

A L T O .

T E N O R .

Moth - er dear your boy is wounded And the night is drear with

B A S E .

P I A N O .

Repeat *pp*

pain But still I feel that I shall see you And the dear old home a - gain.

with pain

pain But still I feel that I shall see you And the dear old home a - gain.