To Miss Charles Howard
Baltimore, Md.

A Mother's Prayer,
composed by
Otto Sutro.

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A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Music by OTTO SUTRO.
Baltimore Md.

Slow and with Fervor.

I. Father! in the battle fray, Shelter his dear head, I
II. Where the foe rush swift and strong, Madly striking for the
III. Father! if my woman's heart Frail and weak in every

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pray! Nerve his young arm with the might of Justice.
wrong: Where the clash of angry steel Rings a
part— Wanders from Thy Mercy Seat After

Lib - er - ty and Right. Where the red hail dead - liest
bove the bat - tle - field; Where the stifling air is
those dear ro - ving feet; Let Thy ten - der, pity - ing

falls, Where stern du - ty loud - ly calls, Where the
hot With bursting shell and whist - ling shot, Fa - ther!
grace Ev'ry self - ish thought e - rase! If this
strife is fierce and wild—Father! guard, oh! guard my

to my boy's brave breast Let no treach'rous blade be

moth er-love be wrong—Pardon, bless and make me

child. Father! guard, oh! guard my

press'd! Let no treach'rous blade be

strong! Pardon, bless and make me

child. press'd!

strong!
I.
Father! in the battle fray,
Shelter his dear head, I pray!
Nerve his young arm with the might
Of Justice, Liberty and Right.
Where the reed hail deadliest falls,
Where stern duty loudly calls,
Where the strife is fierce and wild,—
Father! guard, oh! guard my child.

II.
Where the foe rush swift and strong,
Madly striking for the wrong;
Where the cash of angry steel
Rings above the battle-field;
Where the stifling air is hot
With bursting shell and whistling shot,
Father! to my boy's brave breast
Let no treacherous blade be pressed!

III.
Father! if my woman's heart—
Frail and weak in every part—
Wanders from Thy Mercy Seat,
After those dear roving feet;
Let Thy tender, pitying grace
Every selfish thought erase!
If this mother-love be wrong—
Pardon, bless and make me strong!

IV.
For when silent shades of night
Shut the bright world from my sight;
When around the cheerful fire
Gather Brothers, Sister, Sire,
Then I miss my boy's bright face
From the old familiar place,
And my sad heart wanders back
To tented field and bivouac!

V.
Often in my troubled sleep
Waking,—wearily to weep—
Often dreaming he is near,
Calming every anxious fear,—
Often startled by the flash
Of hostile swords that meet and clash,
Till the cannon's smoke and roar
Hide him from my eyes once more!

VI.
Thus I dream—and hope—and pray,
All the weary hours away;
But I know his cause is just,
And I centre all my trust
In Thy promise,—"As thy day
So shall thy strength be"—alway!
Yet I need Thy guidance still!
Father! let me do Thy will!

VII.
If new sorrow should befall,
If my noble boy should fall,
If the bright head I have blessed
On the cold earth find its rest—
Still, with all the mother-heart,
Torn, and quivering with the smart,
I yield him, 'neath Thy chastening rod,
To his country, and to his God! To his country, and to his God.