

## **"Just Before the Battle, Mother."**

We publish below the parody on the grand old war song, "Just Before the Battle, Mother," which was sung by "Col." R. D. Stewart at the G. A. R. campfire last Friday night, and which caused so much merriment among the "boys."

Just before the battle, Mother,  
I was drinking "Mountain Dew."  
But when I saw the rebels coming,  
Unto the rear I quickly flew,  
Where all the strugglers were flying,  
Thinking of their homes and wives;  
'Twas not for the rebels they feared, Mother,  
But their own, dear, precious lives.

### **CHORUS.**

Farewell, Mother, you may never  
See my name among the slain,  
For if I only can skedaddle,  
Dear Mother, I'll come home again.

I have no taste for martial glory,  
Fame and honor's all in your eye.  
I'd rather be a homeguard private,  
Than a Brigadier come home to die.  
Salt horse and hard-tack, dearest Mother,  
Are not the things to make one brave;  
And, I'll confess, I've no ambition  
To fill an early, honored grave. [CHO.]

But, hark! I hear the bugle sounding,  
My soul is eager for the fray,  
I guess I'll hide beneath some cover,  
Oh then I will be all O. K.  
Discretion's the better part of valor,  
At least, so I have heard you say;  
And he that loves his life, dear Mother,  
Won't fight—when he can run away. [CHO.]