

To Mr. C. HENRY.

# Who will care for Mother now?

Song with Chorus.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
With bright laurels on my brow;  
I have for my country fallen,  
Who will care for mother now?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

**CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER**

ARRANGED BY

**C. F. THOMPSON.**

GUITAR.



PIANO

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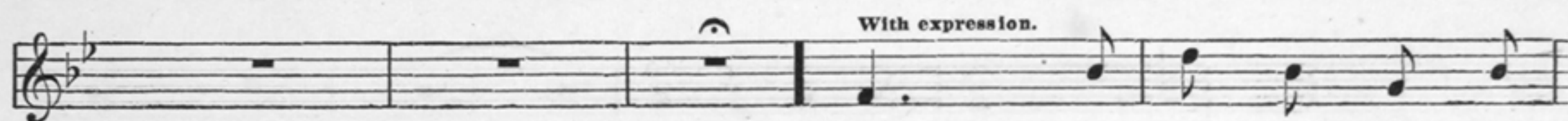
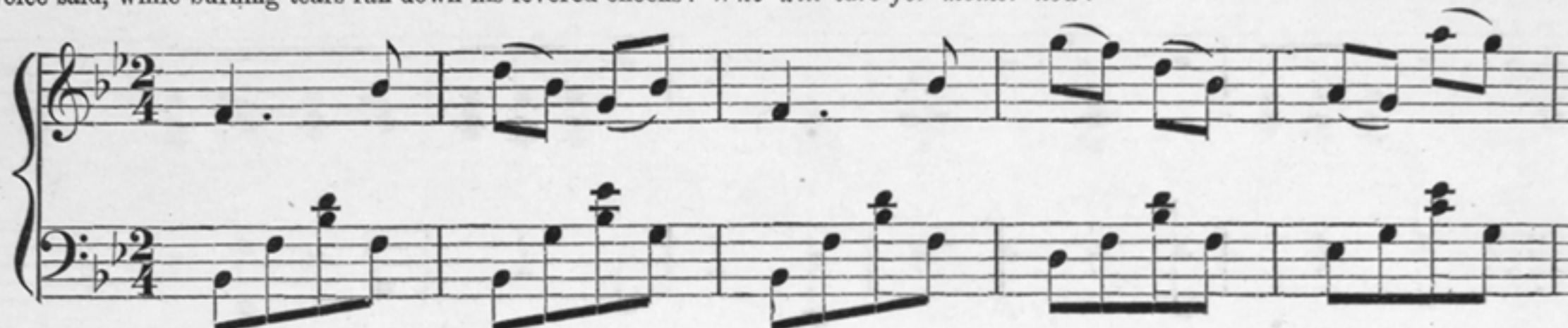


# Who will Care for Mother Now?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHARLES CARROLL SAWYER.

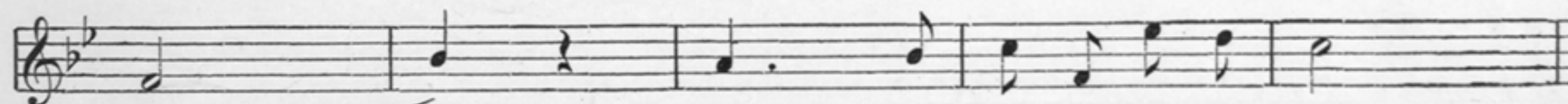
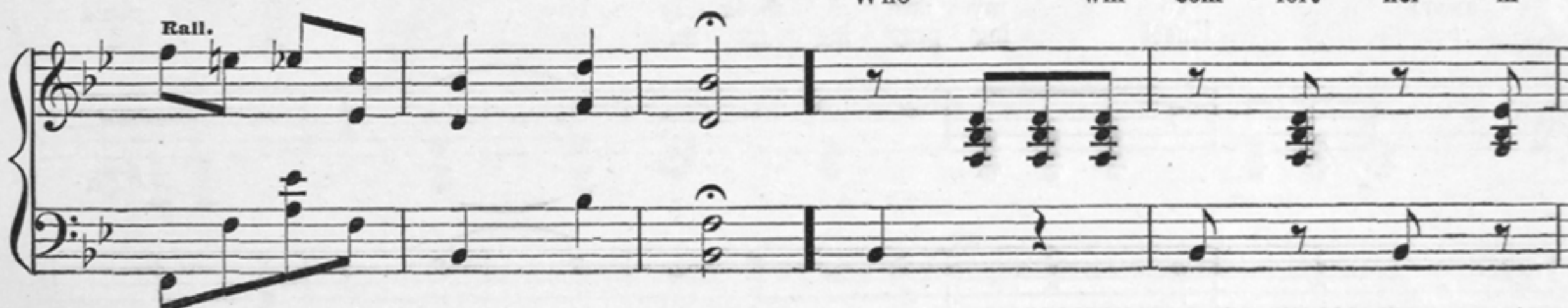
Arranged by C. F. THOMPSON.

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he *could not live*, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: *Who will care for mother now?*



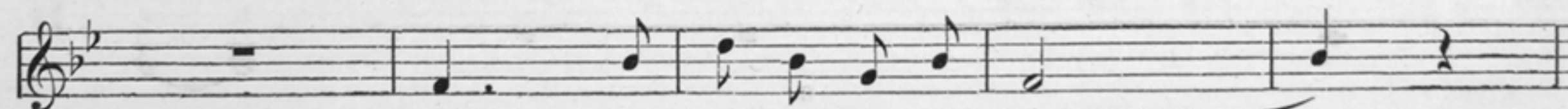
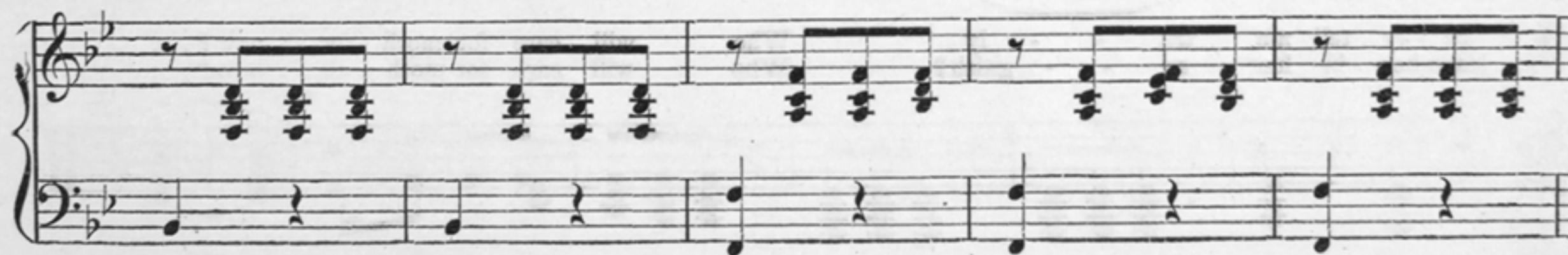
With expression.

Why am I so weak and  
Who will com - fort her in

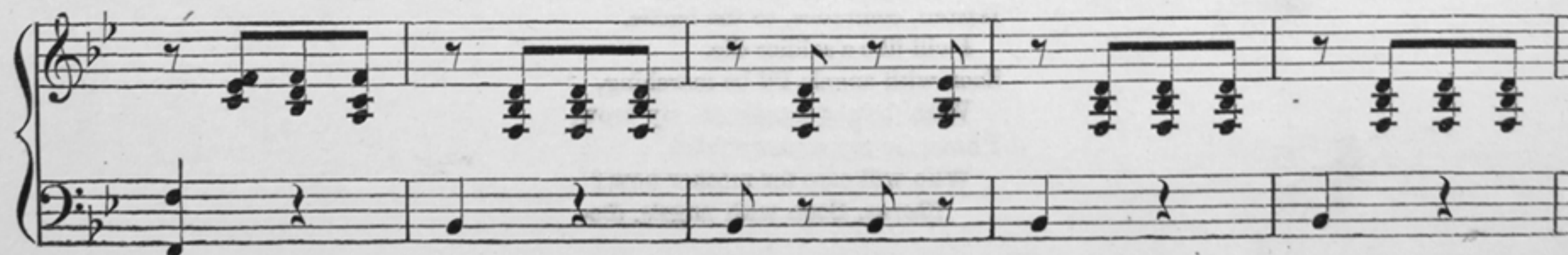


wea - - - - - ry,  
sor - - - - - row?

See how faint my heat - ed breath,  
Who will dry the fall - ing tear,



All a - round to me seems dark - - - - - ness,  
Gen - - - tly smooth her wrink - led fore - - - - - head?





Tell me, com - rades, is this death? Ah! how well I know your an  
Who will whis - per words of cheer? E - - ven now I think I see

- swer;  
her To my fate I meek - ly bow ..... If you'll  
Kneel ing pray - ing for me! how ..... Can I

on - ly tell me tru - - ly Who will care for moth - er now? ...  
leave her in her an - - guish? Who will care for moth - er now? ...

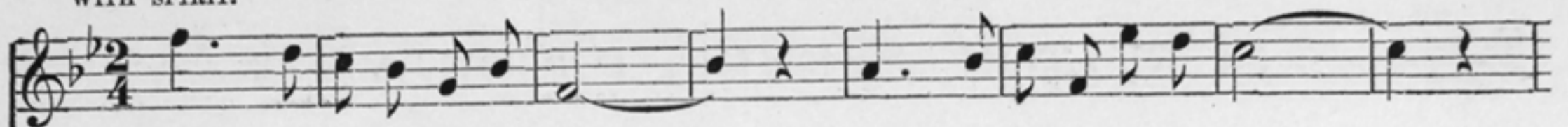
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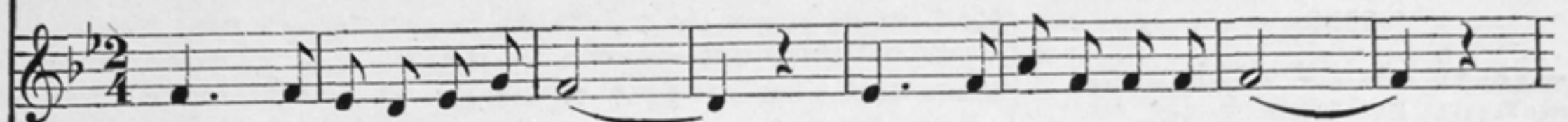
Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
And my mantle be the sky;  
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,  
I will like a soldier die.  
Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
With bright laurels on my brow,  
I have for my country fallen,  
Who will care for mother now?  
Chorus. Soon with angels, &c.

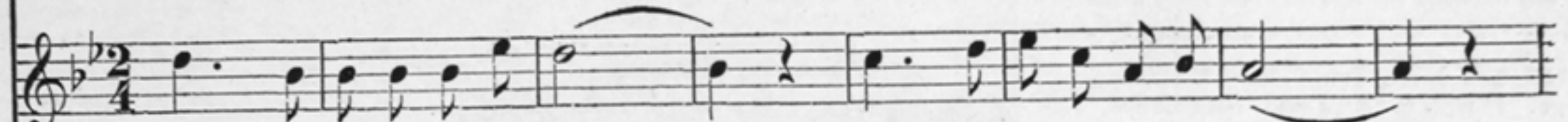



5  
CHORUS.

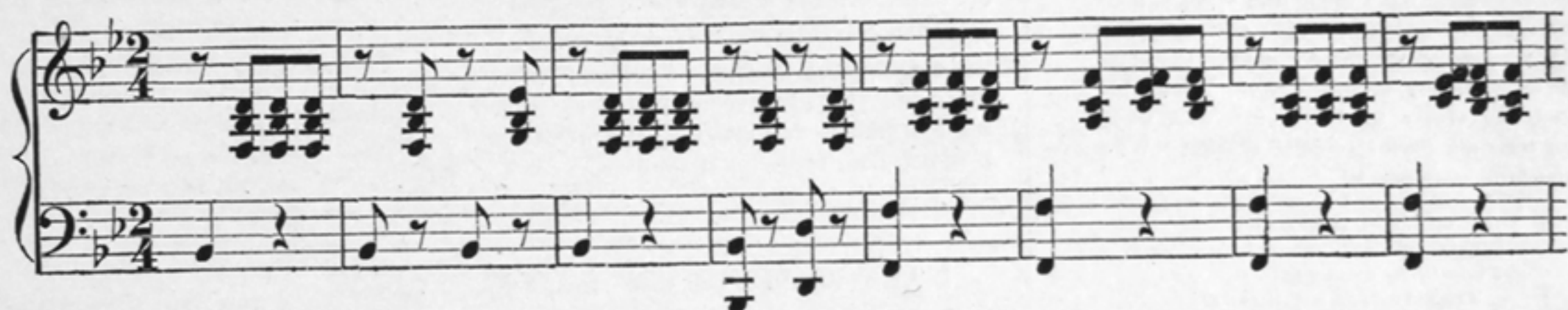
WITH SPIRIT.

*Soprano.*   
Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau-rels on my brow. . . .

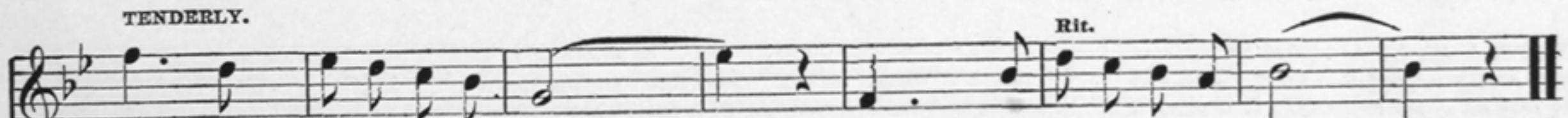
*Alto.*   
Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau-rels on my brow. . . .


*Tenor.*   
Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau-rels on my brow. . . .

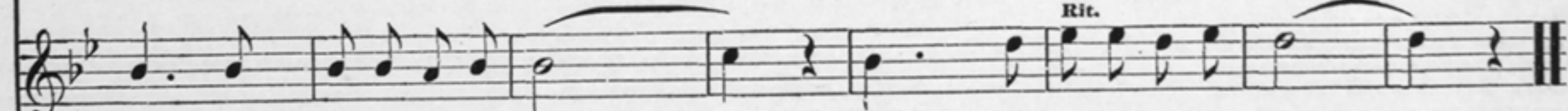
*Bass.*   
Soon with angels I'll be march - ing, With bright lau-rels on my brow. . . .



TENDERLY.

  
I have for my country fall - - - en, Who will care for mother now? . . . . *Rit.*

  
I have for my country fall - - - en, Who will care for mother now? . . . . *Rit.*

  
I have for my country fall - - - en, Who will care for mother now? . . . . *Rit.*

