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"MOTHER-DEAR-I'M-CALLED-AWAY!"

Song

Poem and © By JEREMIAH B. O'LEARY

38 MEDFORD St.
SPRINGFIELD. MASS.

Music By

R. A. BROWNE,
790 DAWSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

M1646
.B

Carl Fischer, New York.
No. 4—12 lines.

"Mother, Dear, I'm Called Away" By Jeremiah D. O'Leary.

1

By a cottage in the twilight, stands a soldier and his maid;
Solemn words are being spoken, for his Country needs his aid;
And beside him, stands his mother--feebly bids him--he must stay;
Firm and sadly comes the answer "Mother, dear, I'm called away!"

2

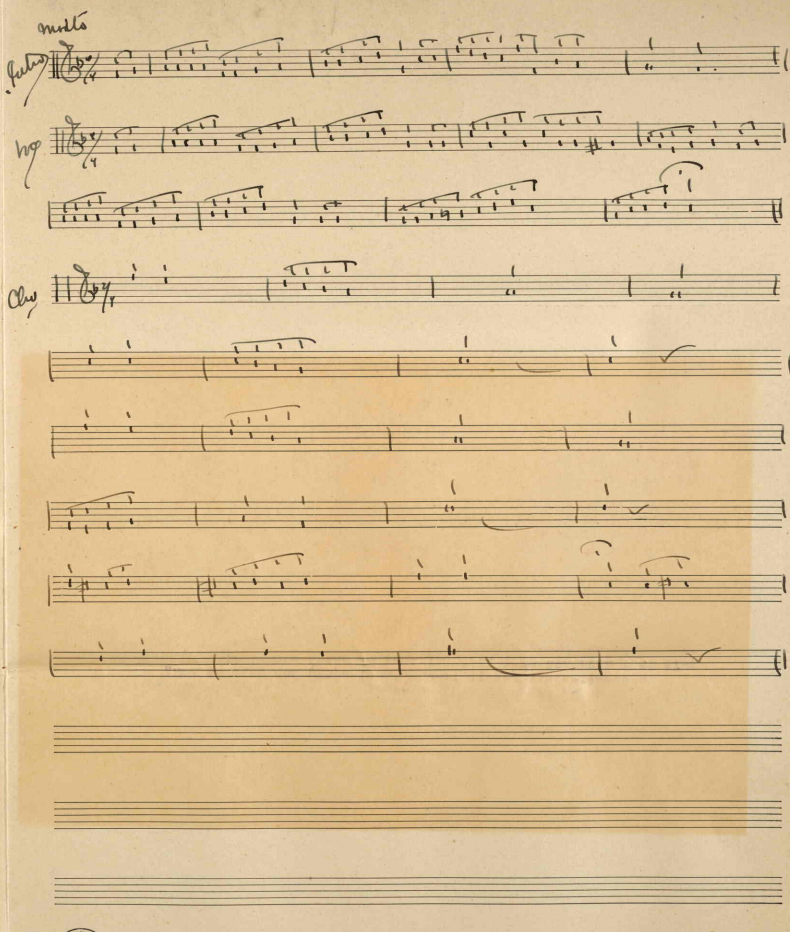
Next the sound of marching footsteps, passing by the cottage door;
And the youthful soldier smiling, as he cry's out: "Right, by four's!"
Tho they shall in broken slumber ever after hear him say,
In a tender mournful whisper: "I am called--I must obey!"

3

There has been a fearful conflict, victory has been nobly won;
And the youthful soldier's dying, tho his life was well begun;
"Comrades" he is feebly saying "I will never live till day--
If you're spared to see my darlings, tell them God called me away!"

CHORUS.

Good bye, mother! good bye, darling! tho it pains I must not stay;
This is a Call you must remember that my Daddy did obey;
And his answer--just recall it--now, what would you have me say?
It is the hour of my Country's need--Mother, dear, I'm called away!"



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