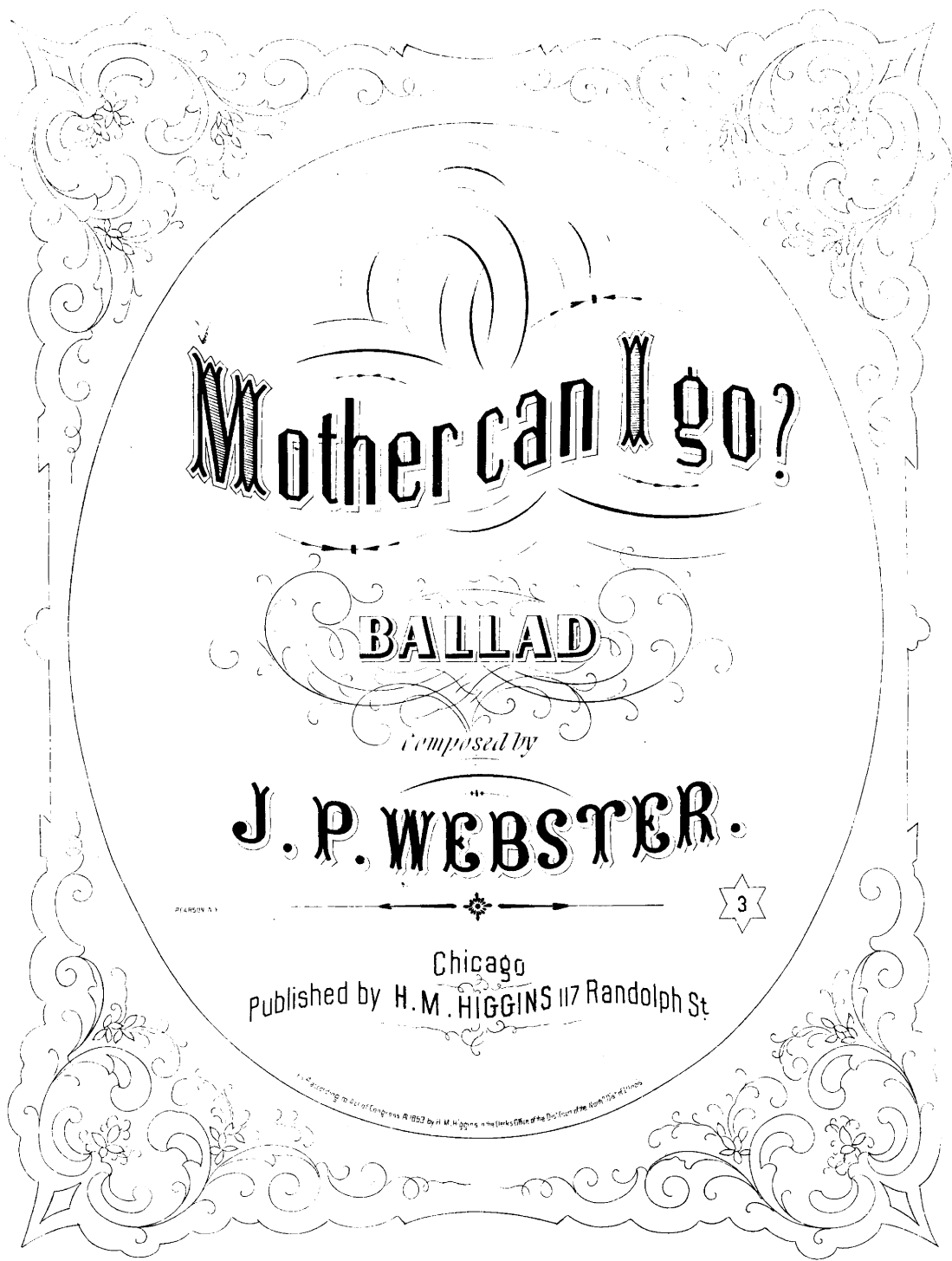


J. P. Webster



Mother can I go?

BALLAD

composed by

J. P. WEBSTER.

PERSONS 53

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M 10

MOTHER, CAN I GO?

BALLAD

A young man from Lyme, Ct. employed in New-York, wrote to his mother for permission to enlist. He now belongs to the Signal Corps in the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, with Gen. Burnside's Expedition. A friend in New York has thus beautifully put his request into verse:—

Music by J. P. WEBSTER.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and quarter notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first two verses is shown on two staves. The right hand has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand continues with a rhythmic accompaniment. The first two verses are indicated by the numbers 1, 2, and 3.

1. I am
2. From the
3. I am

The vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse are shown on two staves. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

wri - ting to you, moth - er, know - ing well what you will say, When you
 bat - tered walls of Sumpter, from the wild waves of the sea, I have
 young and slender, mother, — they would call me yet a boy, But I

read with tear-ful fondness what I write to you to-day; Knowing
 heard her cry for suc-cor, as the voice of God to me; In pros-
 know the land I live in, and the bless-ings I en-joy; I am

well the flame of ar-dor on a loy-al moth-er's part, That will
 -per-i-ty I loved her- in her days of dark dis-tress, With your
 old enough, my moth-er, to be loy-al, proud and true To the

kin-dle with each im-pulse, with each throbbing of your heart. I have
 spir-it in me, moth-er, could I love that coun-try less? They have
 faith-ful sense of du-ty I have ev-er learned from you. We must

Mother, can I go?

heard my coun - try call - ing for her sons that still are true, I have
 pierced her heart with trea - son they have caused her sons to bleed, They have
 conquer this re - bel - lion; let the doubt - ing heart be still; We must

loved that coun - try, moth - er, on - ly next to God and you; And my
 robbed her in her kindness, they have triumphed in her need; They have
 con - quer it or per - ish. We must conquer, and we will! But the

soul is springing for - ward to re - sist her bit - ter foe; Can I
 trampled on her standard, and she calls me in her woe; Can I
 faith - ful must not fal - ter, and shall I be want - ing? - No! Bid me

go, my dear - est moth - er? tell me, moth - er, can I go?
 go, my dear - est moth - er, tell me, moth - er, can I go?
 go, my dear - est moth - er! tell me, moth - er, can I go?

4.

He who led his chosen people, in their effort to be free
 From the tyranny of Egypt, will be merciful to me;
 Will protect me by His power, whatsoever I undertake;
 Will return me home in safety dearest mother, for your sake.
 Or should this my bleeding country need a victim such as me,
 I am nothing more than others who have perished to be free.
 On her bosom let me slumber, on her altar let me lie;
 I'm not afraid, my mother, in so good a cause to die.

5.

There will come a day of gladness, when the people of the Lord
 Shall look proudly on their banner, which His mercy has restored;
 When the stars in perfect number, on their azure field of blue,
 Shall be clustered in a Union, then and ever firm and true.
 I may live to see it, mother, when the patriot's work is done,
 And your heart, so full of kindness, will beat proudly for your son;
 Or through tears your eyes may see it with a sadly thoughtful view,
 And may love it still more dearly for the cost it won from you.

6.

I have written to you mother, with a consciousness of right;
 I am thinking of you fondly, with a loyal heart to-night;
 When I have your noble bidding, which shall tell me to press on,
 I will come and kiss you, mother,— come and kiss you and be gone.
 In the sacred name of Freedom, and my country as her due—
 In the name of Law and Justice, I have written this to you.
 I am eager, anxious, longing to resist my country's foe;
 Shall I go, my dearest mother? tell me, mother, shall I go?