MAMA, LOOK SHARP
from 1776

Words and Music by
SHERMAN EDWARDS

Gently

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Ma-ma, look sharp. Them soldiers, they fi-red. Oh!

Ma, did we run. But then we turned 'round and the battle be-

gun. Then I went un-der. Oh, Ma, am I done?

Hey! Hey! Ma-ma, look sharp. My
eyes are wide open—my face to the sky. Is

that you I’m hearing—in the tall grass nearby? Mama, come

find me before I do die, Hey! Hey!

Mama, look sharp. I’ll close your eyes, my Billy, them
eyes that cannot see. And I'll bury you, my Billy, beneath the maple tree. And never again will you whisper to me. Hey! Hey! Oh, Mama, look sharp!

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