

Blue Eyed Boston Boy

Dwight McCall

He was just a blue eyed Boston boy,
his voice was low with pain
I'll do your bidding, comrade mine,
if you will do the same
But if you ride on and I should fall,
you'll do as much for me
While mother at home is awaiting the news,
so write to her tenderly

She's waiting at home like a patient saint,
her pale face filled with woe
Her heart will be broken when I am dead,
I'll see her face no more
Just then the order came to charge,
for a moment, hand touched hand
They answered aye and on they rode,
that brave and devoted band

Instrumental

Straight way was the course to the top of the hill
and the Rebels with shot and shell
Plowed furrows of death midst the toiling ranks
and guarded them as they fell
There soon came a horrible dying sound,
from the heights they could not gain
And those that doom and death had spared,
rode slowly back again

But among the dead at the top of the hill,
lay the boy with the golden hair
And the tall dark man who rode by his side,
lay still beside him there
There was none to write to his blue-eyed girl,
the words her lover had said
While mother at home is awaiting her son,
she'll only find he's dead
While mother at home is awaiting her son,
she'll only find he's dead

Lyrics submitted by Dave Short.

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