

Blue Eyed Boston Boy

Mark Erelli

(Trad.)

He was just a blue eyed Boston boy
His voice was low with pain
I'll do your bidding comrade mine
If I ride back again
But if you ride on and I should fall
You'll do as much for me
Mother at home is awaiting the news
So write her tenderly

She is waiting at home like a patient saint
Her fond face pale 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
The answered "aye" and away they rode
That brave and devoted band

Straight way was the course to the top of the hill
The rebels they shot with shot and shell
Ploughed furrows of death through the toiling ranks
And guarded them as the fell
There soon came a horrible dying sound
From the heights they could not gain
And those that doom and death had spared
Rose slowly back again

But among the dead at the top of the hill
Was the boy with the golden hair
And the tall dark man that rode by his side
Lay still beside him there
There was no one to write to his blue eyed girl
The words that her lover had said
And mother at home is awaiting her son
She'll only find he's dead
While mother at home is awaiting her son