

## **Mark Erelli**

# **"Blue Eyed Boston Boy"**

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(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

