

Blue-Eyed Boston Boy

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8 || D / | C / | % | G / ^{2x} :||
| D / | G / | D / | % |
| D / | C / | % | G / |

Verse 1 He was just a blue-eyed Boston Boy, his voice it glowed with pain.
I know you'll pity this Comrade's mind, but I'll write back again.
But if you write back and I am left, you'd do this much for me.
Mother you know must hear the news, so write to her tenderly.

Short Lead ||: D / | C / | % | G / :||

Verse 2 She was waiting at home like a patient Saint, her fond fair face paled and froze
Her heart will be broken when I am gone, I'll see her soon I know.
Just then the order came to charge, for an instant my hand touched death.
They said, "He don't wait" and they wrote, "so brave he pulled his men."

Long Lead ||: D / | C / | % | G / :||

Verse 3 Straight was the course to the top of the hill, the Rebels they shot and shelled.
Plowed furrows of death through the toiling rain and guarded them as they fell.
Then soon came a horrible dying scream from the heights they could not gain.
And those that do, men lift your spears and drive them back again.

Short Lead ||: D / | C / | % | G / :||

Verse 4 But among the dead that was left on the hill was the boy with the curly hair.
The tall dark man that rode by his side laid dead beside him there
There's no one to write to the blue-eyed girl, the words her lover had said.
Mother, you know, awaits the news she'll only know he's dead

Short Lead ||: D / | C / | % | G / :|| → end