

C                  G                                  F    C  
He was just a blue-eyed Boston boy, His voice was low with pain

G                                  F    C  
I'll do your bidding comrade mine, If I ride back again

G                                  C    G  
But if you ride back and I am left, You do as much for me

G                                  C    F    C  
Mother, you know, must hear the news, So write to her tenderly

G, C, F, C - G, C, F, C

G F C

Straight was the track to the top of the hill, The rebels they shot and shelled

G C F C

Ploughed furrows of death through the toiling ranks, And guarded them as they fell

G C G

There soon came a horrible dying yell, From heights they could not gain

C F C

And those that doom and death had spared, Rode slowly down again

G, C, F, C - G, C, F, C

But among the dead that were left on the hill, Was the boy with the curly hair

The tall dark man that rode by his side, Lay dead beside him there

There's no one to write to the blue-eyed girl, The words her lover had said

Momma, you know, awaits the news, She'll only know he's dead