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 back and I am left
You'll do as much for me
Mother, you know, must hear the news
So write to her tenderly

She's waiting at home like a patient saint
Her fond face pale with woe
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 hand touched hand
They said "aye" and away they rode
That brave and devoted band

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

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

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