

Blue Eyed Boston Boy - Dwight McCall

Bluegrass Contemporary, Key of **B** My Key: ____

INTRO: **5** , **4** , **4** , **1** , **1**

He was **5** just, a blue, eyed **4** Bos,ton boy, his voice, was low, with **1** pain
I'll **5** do, your bid,ding **4** com,rade mine, if you, will do, the **1** same
But if **5** you, ride on, and **1** I, should fall, you'll **5** do, as much, for me
My **5** moth,er at home, is a- **4** waiting the news
So write, to her ten,der- **1** ly,

She's **5** wait,ing at home like a **4** pa,tient saint, her pale, face filled, with **1** woe
Her **5** heart will be broken when **4** I, am dead, I'll see, her face, no **1** more
Just **5** then, the or,der **1** came, to charge, for-a **5** mo,ment hand, touched hand
They **5** ans,wered aye, and **4** on, they rode, that brave and devot,ed **1** band

INSTRUMENTAL: **5** , **4** , **4** , **1** , **5** , **4** , **4** , **1** , **1**

Straight **5** way, was the course, to the **4** top, of the hill
And the-Re,bels with shot, and **1** shell
Plowed **5** fur,rows of death in the **4** toil,ing ranks
And guard,ed them as they **1** fell
There **5** soon, came a hor,rible **1** dy,ing sound
From the **5** heights, they could, not gain
And **5** those, that doom, and **4** death, had spared, rode slow,ly back, a- **1** gain,

But a- **5** mong, the dead, at the **4** top, of the hill
Lay the boy, with the golden **1** hair
And the **5** tall, dark man, who **4** rode, by his side, lay still, beside him **1** there
There was **5** none, to write, to his **1** blue, eyed girl
The **5** words, her lov,er had said

While **5** moth,er at home, is a- **4** wait,ing her son, she'll on,ly find, he's **1** dead
While **5** moth,er at home, is a- **4** wait,ing her son, she'll on,ly find, he's **1** dead

1 = B
4 = E
5 = G ^b