

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Peat Bog Soldiers

Peat Bog Soldiers

Far and wide as the eye can wander,  
Heath and bog are everywhere.  
Not a bird sing out to cheer us.  
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

cho: We are the peat bog soldiers,  
Marching with our spades to the moor.

Up and down the guards are marching,  
No one, no one can get through.  
Flight would mean a sure death facing,  
Guns and barbed wire block our view.

But for us there is no complaining,  
Winter will in time be past.  
One day we shall rise rejoicing.  
Homeland, dear, you're mine at last.

No more the peat bog soldiers  
Will march with our spades to the moor.

PM  
apr00