

## **The Old Bog Road**

<sup>D</sup> My feet are here on Broadway, <sup>A</sup> this blessed harvestmorn,  
<sup>G</sup> But o the ache that's in them for the place where I was born,  
<sup>D</sup> My weary hands are blistered, <sup>A</sup> from working cold and heath,  
<sup>G</sup> But o to swing the scythe again, <sup>D</sup> in a field of Irish wheat,  
<sup>G</sup> Had I the chance to wander back or own a King's abode,  
<sup>D</sup> I'd sooner see the hawthorn tree, <sup>A</sup> by the old bog road.

My mother died last springtime, when Ireland's fields were green,  
The neighbours said her waking was the finest ever seen,  
There were snowdrops and primroses, piled high beside her bed,  
And Ferns Church was crowded, when the funeral mass was said,  
But here was I on Broadway, just building bricks by load,  
When they carried out her coffin down the Old Bog Road.

Now life is a weary puzzle, as finding out by man,  
I take the day for what it's worth, and do the best I can,  
Since no one cares a rush for me what need for me to moan,  
I go my way and draw my pay and smoke my pipe alone,  
Each human heart must know it's grief, though bitter be the load,  
So God be with you Ireland, and the Old Bog Road.