

Peat Bog Soldiers

Em
Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Am Em B7 Em
Heath and bog are everywhere.
G
Not a bird sings out to cheer us.
Am Em B7 Em
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

Chorus
D7 G D
We are the peat bog soldiers,
Em B7 Em
Marching with our spades to the moor.
D7 G D
We are the peat bog soldiers,
Em B7 Em
Marching with our spades to the moor.

Em
Up and down the guards are marching,
Am Em B7 Em
No one, no one can get through.
G
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Am Em B7 Em
Guns and barbed wire block our view.

Chorus

Em
But for us there is no complaining,
Am Em B7 Em
Winter will in time be past.
G
One day we shall rise rejoicing.
Am Em B7 Em
Homeland, dear, you're mine at last.

Chorus