

Irish Song Lyrics

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The Old Bog Road

My feet are here on Broadway this blessed harvest morn
But oh the ache that's in me for the spot where I was born
My weary hands are blistered from toil in cold and heat
But oh to swing a scythe today through a field of Irish wheat
If I'd the chance to wander back or own a kings abode
I'd sooner see the hawthorn tree on the old bog road

My mother died last springtime when Erin's fields were green
The neighbours said her waking was the finest ever seen
There were snowdrops and primroses all piled beside her bed
And Fern's church was crowded as her funeral mass was said
But here was I on Broadway building brick by load
As they carried out her coffin down the old bog road

(Break)

Now life's a weary puzzle past finding out by man
I take the day for what it's worth and do the best I can
If no-one cares a rush for me what needs to make a moan
I'll go my way and earn my pay and smoke my pipe alone
If no-one cares a rush for me what needs to make a moan
O god be with you Ireland, and the old bog road