

Irish Song Lyrics

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Peatbog Soldiers, The
Traditional

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

We are the peatbog soldiers
Marching with our spades to the moor

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

We are the peatbog soldiers
Marching with our spades to the moor

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

Then will the peatbog soldiers
March no more with their spades to the moor