

The Peat Bog Soldiers

By: Paul Robeson

lyrics by Johann Esser and Wolfgang Langhoff;
music by Rudi Goguel, Hanns Eisler and Ernst Busch

Far and wide, as the eye can wander,
Heath and moor are everywhere;
Not a bird sings out to cheer us;
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.
We are the peat-bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.

Up and down, the guards are pacing;
No one, no one can go through;
Held here means no escaping;
Guns and barbed wire meet our view.
We are the peat-bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.

Still, for us, there is no complaining;
Winter will in time be past;
One day we shall cry, rejoicing:
"Homeland, dear, you're ours at last."
Then, no peat-bog soldiers
Will march with their spades to the moor.