

The Dubliners

"Peat Bog Soldiers"

Visit "[Peat Bog Soldiers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

chorus

We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the moor.

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

chorus

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

Then we're the peat bogs soldiers,
March no more with spades to the moor.

Submitter's comments:Â

Note that this is a song written in 1933 in the concentration camps, where soldiers had to cultivate bogs. No one knows in which language it has been first written: French, English, Dutch or even German. Hannes Wader sings in a German version (longer than this) this song.

Visit [The Dubliners](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.