

PLM**"Peat Bog Soldiers"**

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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

Chorus

We are the peatbog soldiers
We're marching with our spades
To the bog

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

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

Final Chorus

Then will the peatbog soldiers
March no more with spades
To the bog

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