

The Peat Bog Soldiers - Die Moorsoldaten

em

Far and wide as the eye can wander,

am em H7 em

heath and bog are everywhere.

G D7 G

Not a bird sings out to cheer us,

am em H7 em

oaks are standing, gaunt and bare.

D7 G D

We are the peat bog soldiers,

em H7 em

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 peat bog 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 peat bog soldiers
march no more with their spades
to the moor.

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march no more with their spades
to the moor.