

The OLD BOG ROAD

MY FEET ARE HERE ON BROADWAY THIS BLESSED HARVEST MORN
BUT OH THE ACHE THAT'S IN THEM FOR THE SPOT WHERE I WAS BORN
MY WEARY HANDS ARE BLISTERED FROM WORK IN COLD AND HEAT
AND OH TO SWING A SCYTHE TODAY THRO' FIELDS OF IRISH WHEAT
HAD I THE CHANCE TO WANDER BACK OR OWN A KING'S ABODE
'TIS SOON I'D SEE THE HAWTHORN TREE BY THE OLD BOG ROAD.

MY MOTHER DIED LAST SPRINGTIME
WHEN IRELAND'S FIELDS WERE GREEN,
THE NEIGHBORS SAID HER WAKING WAS THE FINEST EVER SEEN:
THE SNOWDROPS AND PRIMROSES WERE PILED BESIDE HER BED
AND FERRANS CHURCH WAS CROWDED
WHEN HER FUNERAL MASS WAS SAID
BUT HERE WAS I ON BROADWAY, AND BITTER WAS MY LOAD,
WHEN THEY CARRIED OUT HER COFFIN DOWN THE OLD BOG ROAD.

THERE WAS A DECENT GIRL AT HOME WHO USED TO WALK WITH ME,
HER EYES WERE SOFT AND SORROWFUL
LIKE MOONBEAMS ON THE SEA:
HER NAME WAS MARY DWYER - BUT THAT WAS LONG AGO
AND THE WAYS OF GOD ARE WISER
THAN THE THINGS A MAN MAY KNOW;
I'D BEST FORGET THE TIMES WE MET ON THE OLD BOG ROAD.

OCH, LIFE'S A WEARY PUZZLE, PAST FINDING OUT BY MAN,
I TAKE THE DAY FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH AND DO THE BEST I CAN.
SINCE NO ONE CARES A RUSH FOR ME, WHAT NEED TO MAKE A MOAN,
I GO MY WAY AND DRAW MY PAY AND SMOKE MY PIPE ALONE.
EACH HUMAN HEART MUST KNOW ITS GRIEF,
THOUGH LITTLE BE ITS LOAD,
SO GOD BE WITH OLD IRELAND AND THE OLD BOG ROAD!