

The Old Bog Road

Hank Locklin

My feet are here on Broadway
This blessed harvest morn,
But oh! the ache that's in my heart
For the spot where I was born.
My weary hands are blistered
Through work in cold and heat!
And oh! to swing a scythe once more
Through a field of Irish wheat.
Had I the chance to wander back,
Or own a king's abode.
I'd sooner see the hawthorn tree
By the Old Bog Road.

When I was young and restless
My mind was ill at ease,
Through dreaming of America,
And the gold beyond the seas.
Oh, sorrow rake their money,
'Tis hard to find the same,
And what's the world to any man
If no one speaks his name.
I've had my day and here I am
A-building bricks per load.
A long three thousand miles away
From the Old Bog Road.

My mother died last springtime,
When Erin's fields were green.
The neighbours said her waking
Was the finest ever seen.
There were snowdrops and primroses
Piled high above her bed,
And Ferns Church was crowded
When her funeral Mass was read.
And here was I on Broadway
A-building bricks per 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 moonlight o'er the sea.
Her name was Mary Dwyer,
But that was long ago.
The ways of God are wiser
Than the things that man might know.
She died the day I left her,
A-building bricks per load,
I'd best forget the days I've spent
On the old Bog Road.

Ah! Life's a weary puzzle,
Past finding out by man,
I'll take the day for what it's worth
And do the best I can.
Since no one cares a rush for me

What need is there to moan,
I'll go my way and draw my pay
And smoke my pipe alone.
Each human heart must bear its grief
Though bitter be the 'bode
So God be with you, Ireland,
And the Old Bog Road.