

## 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.