

# Peat Bog Soldiers

Lyrics: Johann Esser & Wolfgang Langhoff; Music: Rudi Goguel, Hanns Eisler and Ernst Busch 1933  
English lyrics by Pete Seeger

**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.**

*We are the peat bog soldiers,  
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.**

*And will the peat bog soldiers  
March no more with their spades to the moor.*

	vi	-		vi	-	
	ii	vi		III	vi	
	I	-		I	-	
	ii	vi		III	vi	
	I	-		V	-	
	vi	-		III	-	
	vi	-		vi	-	