

Where I Come From

Christy Moore

I come from The Bog of Allen
Beneath the seat of the ancient King
Listen for the distant Corncrake
Hear the Lark and the Curlew sing

Where the heather and the moss grow
And the turf lies row after row
Out there in the sun to dry
Breathe it in as I walk on by

Where the kids and the dogs all muck in to gather
Bringing home the turf, no matter what the weather

I'm a bogman, deep down, it's where I come from

I was walking along the seashore, in a distant land
Dreaming of Barronstown, Bridie, Frank and Nan
I put the saddle on the pony in the corner field
And cantered down the lane
I was heading for the yellow bog
Sonny was on the slane

He was cutting deep into the turf
He was pegging it on up high
Neddy was catching on the bank
As Gary was spread it out to dry

Footing it, they're cutting it
They're clamping it together
Bringing home the turf
No matter what the weather

When they heard the Milltown bell
The turfmen paused to pray
Bridie's coming down the meadow
With the billy-cans of tea

Nanny's got the basket on her arm
To feed them hungry men
The Dowling girls are on the bog
In the heat of the midday sun

I'm dreaming, dreaming, of the jet black loam
The roots of the long haul journey men
Kept calling me back home
From way out west in Canada
From deep down in Geelong
To the yellow bog in Allenwood
The place where I belong

I'm a bogman, deep down, it's where I come from