

The Bogs Of Donegal – by Denis O’Sullivan

As we all  
gather round  
After a  
Long day  
Of turning turf

We sit  
By the  
Warmth of  
A burning fire  
Overwhelmed by  
The scent  
Of burning turf  
From the bogs  
Of Donegal

As the  
Old men  
Tell us  
The stories  
Of long ago

About how  
The bogs  
Were once lakes  
And as they  
dried up  
and the  
grass rotted  
It turned  
Into turf  
And one day  
it won't  
Exist anymore

And far  
In the distance  
You can  
Watch the  
Sheep grazing  
In the meadows  
On the  
Blue stack mountains

As the  
Locals call  
for a  
cup of tea

and a chat  
and there  
friendliness is  
so overwhelming  
You couldn't meet  
such nicer people

Oh how  
I will  
Miss you  
Sweet Donegal  
As I  
Go away  
And as  
I long  
To return  
One day  
To the  
Bogs of Donegal