

Maddy Prior, Scorched Earth

He took four hundred thousand men, likewise some kings to swell his throng.
He was so well provided, enough to sweep the world along,
Through the villages of Prussia, where food was plentiful, and billets sweet
They marched with merry hearts my boys all through the wealthy fields of wheat.

But when they crossed the Nieman, the Russians they ran in retreat
And they burnt all before them, scorched earth left them nought to eat.
No forage nor provisions, their horses dropped dead in the line.
Diseased forced marches no comfort there in those hard times.

Still the enemy refused to fight, through blazing heat or freezing rain.
They chased them to the gates of hell, through fields of mud, over rough terrain.
But when they came to Moscow, they were overpowered by ice and snow
And Moscow was a-blazing and they lost all heart in grief and woe.