



During the Great War troops far away from home would sing popular songs of the period as they marched or sat around training camp fires. Whether for entertainment, nostalgia or for morale, lyrics of songs were changed to suit the mood, regiment or nationality of the troops singing them.

Below is a version of one of the most popular WWI songs which came from training camp at Fovant.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary (From Berlin)!

There was a King in Germany with half a dozen sons,
 He raised a mighty army, and filled his boats with guns;
 "To pay a friendly visit to Cousin George, the King,
 It is my royal intention, so come, "said he," and sing -
 It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to Tipperary, in the fairest land I know
 Help me little Belgium, farewell, Russian Bear,
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary, I must get there."

Belgian cannon loudly said you cannot come this way,
 Retreat at once, or if you don't we'll make you dearly pay;
 The German force lost ten to one, but still, in spite of all,
 The Kaiser marched his troops along - this was his battle call,
 It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
 It's a long way to Tipperary, in the fairest land I know;
 Good-bye little Belgium, farewell, Brussels' square,
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary, I'm getting there.

The Kaiser and his army were soon invading France,
And everyday they marched so gay, and made a great advance
Until they met the Allies, and then they went dead slow,
"My programme now is ruined," said William, "for I know
It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, in the fairest land I know,
Good-bye to my picnic, too much wear and tear;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary - Can I get there?"

With Zeppelin and aeroplane he made a fierce attack
On Paris and her boulevards, but he was driven back;
Bold Joffre and his merry men were causing him to ramp,
But Bill will swear the limit when he meets the Boys from Fovant Camp.
It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go,
It's a long way to Tipperary, in the fairest land I know,
Undermined by the navy, knocked out in the air,
It's a long, long way to Tipperary - I Can't get there.

Music and original Lyrics by Jack Judge and Harry Williams
Lyric Variations above presumably buy troops based at Fovant Camp whilst training on Salisbury plain