

# Big Poll the Grog-seller

Written by Charles Thatcher in the 1850s and set to the tune "Phillip the Falconer". Thatcher was known as the 'Bard of the Goldfields'.  
He preferred making his fortune above ground by entertaining the diggers who dug, sluiced and panned for gold.



Big Poll the Grog - sell - er gets up ev - 'ry day, and her small row - dy tent sweeps out; \_\_\_\_\_

8 She's turn - ing in plen - ty of tin peo - ple say, For she knows what she's a - bout.

17 Pol - ly's good - look - ing, and Pol - ly is young, And Pol - ly's poss - essed of a smooth oil - y tongue;

24 She's an inn - o - cent face and a good head of hair, And a lot of young

30 fell - ows will oft - en go there; And they keep drop - ping in hand - some

35 Pol - ly to court, And she smiles and supp - lies them with bran - dy and port,

40 And the neigh - bours all say that the whole bless - ed day She is grog - sell - ing late and earl - y.

Two sly-grog detectives have come up from town,  
And they both roam about in disguise;  
And several retailers of grog are done brown,  
And have reason to open their eyes:

Of her small rowdy crib they are soon on the scent;  
But Polly's prepared when they enter her tent;  
They call for some brandy – "We don't sell it here,  
But," says Poll "I can give you some nice ginger beer,"

And she adds, "Do you see any green in my eye?  
To your fine artful dodge and disguise I am fly;  
For, if Polly you'd nail, you'd have, without fail,  
To get up in the morning early."