

"Revolutionary Tea"

There was a rich lady lived over the sea,

And she was an island queen.

Her daughter lived off in the new country,

With an ocean of water between

With an ocean of water between, with an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pockets were filled with gold,

Yet never contented was she

So she ordered her daughter to pay her a tax,

Of thrupence a pound on the tea.

Of thrupence a pound on the tea, of thrupence a pound on the tea.

"Oh mother, dear mother," the daughter replied.

"I'll not do the thing that you ask.

"I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,

But never a thrupenny tax,

But never a thrupenny tax, but never a thrupenny tax,

"You shall!" cried the mother, and reddened with rage.

"For you're my own daughter you see.

"And it's only proper that daughter should pay

Her mother a tax on the tea,

Her mother a tax on the tea, her mother a tax on the tea.

She ordered her servant to come up to her

And to wrap up a package of tea.

And eager for threepence a pound she put in

Enough for a large family,

Enough for a large family, enough for a large family

The tea was conveyed to her daughter's own door,

All down by the Oceanside.

But the bouncing girl poured out every pound

On the dark and the boiling tide,

On the dark and the boiling tide, on the dark and the boiling tide.

And then she called out to the island queen

"Oh mother, dear mother," called she.

"Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough.

But NEVER a tax from me,

But NEVER a tax from me, but NEVER a tax from me.