

## Revolutionary Tea

- There was an old lady lived over the sea  
And she was an island queen.  
Her daughter lived off in a new country  
with an ocean of water between.
- 5 The old lady's pockets were full of gold  
But never contented was she,  
So she called on her daughter to pay her a tax  
Of three pence a pound on her tea,  
Of three pence a pound on her tea.
- 10 Now, mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,  
"I shan't do the thing you ax.  
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,  
But never the three-penny tax."  
"You shall," quoth the mother, and reddened with rage,
- 15 "For you're my own daughter, you see,  
And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay  
Her mother a tax on her tea,  
Her mother a tax on her tea."

- And so the old lady her servant called up
- 20 And packed off a budget of tea;  
And eager for three pence a pound, she put in  
Enough for a large family.  
She ordered her servant to bring home the tax,  
Declaring her child should obey,
- 25 Or old as she was, and almost full grown,  
She'd half whip her life away,  
She'd half whip her life away.

- The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,  
All down by the ocean's side,
- 30 And the bouncing girl poured out every pound  
In the dark and boiling tide;  
And then she called out to the island queen,  
"Oh, mother, dear mother," quoth she,  
"Your tea you may have when 'tis steeped quite enough
- 35 But never a tax from me,  
But never a tax from me."