

“The Rich Lady Over the Sea”

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 thruppence a pound on the tea.
 Of thruppence a pound on the tea,
 Of thruppence 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 on the tea,
 But never the thruppenney tax.
 But never the thruppenney tax.,
 But never the thruppenney tax.”

You shall!” chides 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 thruppence 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 boiling tide.
 On the dark and boiling tide,
 On the dark and 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!”

