

## Rebecca's Daughters

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*Beat upon your drum! Rebecca's daughters will come  
To break the chains of those who would bind us  
And keep us under the thumb!  
Beat upon your drum!*

The rich man in his great estate,  
The magistrate in town  
Have all conspired to throw up gates  
To grind the poor man down.  
It's tuppence to go to the hills,  
Tuppence to the plain  
Tuppence here and tuppence there  
And tuppence back again.

*(Chorus)*

They keeps the price of corn so high  
Poor folk can't buy bread  
You pays to earn your living and  
They charge you when you're dead.  
And oh this wretched Parliament  
It really is a curse  
The only thing our Member seeks  
Is how to stuff his purse.

*(Chorus)*

I am an honest farming man,  
My name it is my own.  
I earns my keep by digging spuds  
And sometimes carting stone.  
I pays my rent quite punctual,  
Likewise my tithes and rates  
But when night falls I turns my coat  
And breaks their bloody gates.

*(Chorus)*

So come all ye tollgate keepers  
Who heeds the rich man's plan.  
Unlock your gates, cast down your chains  
And get out while you can.  
Don't put your trust in soldiers  
Or the forces of the crown  
For soon Rebecca's daughters  
Will burn your tollgates down.

*Beat upon your drum! Rebecca's daughters will come  
To break the chains of those who would bind us  
And keep us under the thumb!  
Beat upon your drum! Beat upon your drum!*