

# Drum

## Hiss Golden Messenger

I beat my drum, everybody to come running  
Yes and I beat my drum all the day  
All rise, all rise  
All rise in the morning  
Take the good news  
Carry it away  
Take the good news  
Spirit it away The farmer shall wear the green of his furrow  
The plowman shall heel his team for the day  
The hunter shall still his dangerous arrow  
Take the good news  
Carry it away  
Take the good news  
Spirit it away Oh, brother, where have you been?  
Down at the gate, wilding  
Oh, my father, what shall I do?  
Set them straight or no more souls come through I beat my drum, everybody to come running  
Yes and I beat my drum all the day  
All rise, all rise  
All rise in the morning  
Take the good news  
Carry it away  
Take the good news  
Spirit it away

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