

Drum

S.J. Tucker

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 awayThe 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 awayOh, 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 throughI 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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