

Drum

John Phillips

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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