There was an old lady lived over the sea, and she was an island queen; her daughter lived off in a new country, with an ocean of water between.

The old lady's
pockets were filled with gold, but never contented was she.

so she called on her daughter to pay her a tax of three pence a

pound on the tea, of three pence a pound on the tea.

slower and more serious
"Now mother, dear mother," the daughter replied, "I shan't do the thing you ask; I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea, but never the three penny tax." "You shall," quoth the mother, and red-dened with rage, "for you're my own daughter, you
see, And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay her

to the tea, a tax, yes, a tax on the tea.

And
so the old lady her servant called up and packed off a budget of tea.

and eager for three pence a pound for tea she put in enough for a

large family.

She ordered her servant to bring home the

tax, declaring her child should obey, or old as she
dark and the boiling tide. and then she called

out to the island queen, "O mother, dear mother," quoth she, "your

tea you may have when 'tis steeped enough, but never a tax from

me." ...but never a tax from me."

circa 3' 50"