

# There Was an Old Miller

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Musical notation for the first system of the song, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with notes and rests. Below the staff is a guitar-style chord diagram with fret numbers (3, 3, 3, 3, 5, 3, 3, 3, 0, 3, 3, 3, 3, 5, 0, 1, 0, 5, 3, 3) and a capo position of 3.

Musical notation for the second system of the song, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with notes and rests. Below the staff is a guitar-style chord diagram with fret numbers (5, 3, 3, 5, 3, 3, 0, 3, 1, 3, 1, 1, 3, 1, 5, 3, 3, 3).

There was a rich miller in London did dwell  
Gee whaxey gee daxey de di do  
He had three sons and he used them well  
Gee whaxey gee daxey de di do

The old miller took sick and was liable to die  
He called his sons, "Come hither, come hi."

He called unto his oldest son  
Saying, "Son, oh son, my race is done."

"And if it's with you the mill I do leave  
Please tell me off what toll you'll have."

"Oh father, oh father you know my name it is Heck  
And out of each bushel I'll take the peck."

"Out of every bushel that I do grind  
It will make me as good a living as I can find."

"Oh son, with you I will not leave the mill  
For out of such toll you cannot live."

...  
"And you won't do as your father has done."

He called unto his second son  
Saying, "Son, oh son, my race is done."

"And if it's with you the mill I do leave  
Please tell me off what toll you'll have."

"Oh father, oh father you know my name it is Ralph  
And out of each bushel I'll take the half."

"Out of every bushel that I do grind  
It will make me as good a living as I can find."

"Oh son, with you I will not leave the mill  
For out of such toll you cannot live."

...

"And you won't do as your father has done."

He called unto his youngest son  
Saying, "Son, oh son, my race is done."

"And if it's with you the mill I do leave  
Please tell me off what toll you'll have."

"Oh father, oh father you know my name it is Roy  
And stealing corn I do enjoy."

"I'll steal the corn and swear to the sack  
And whip the boys when they come back"

Oh son, with you I will leave the mill  
For out of such toll I know you can live."

"And you will do as your father has done.  
And he willed the mill to his youngest son."