

**The Miller and the Lass**

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A pretty little maid so neat and gay,  
To the mill she went one day,  
A sack of corn she had to grind  
But there no miller could she find

cho: Tiddy fol, tiddy fol tiddy fol le day  
Rite fol lol lol tiddy fol le day!

Oh! at last the miller did come in,  
And unto him she did begin:  
"Come, grind my corn so quick- e- ly,  
Around your stones my corn must fly. "

"Come, sit you down, " The miller did say,  
"For I can't grind your corn to-day;  
My stones is high and my water's low,  
And I can't grind for the mill won't go. "

So this couple sat down to chat,  
They talk'd of this, they talk'd of that,  
They talk'd of things which you do know,  
And she soon found out that the mill would go.

"Oh! it's now, I says, young miller-man,  
You grinds all flour and no bran. "  
Then an easy up and an easy down -  
She could hardly tell that her corn was ground.

"Now I think I will make my best way home  
If my mother ask me why I've been so long,  
I'll say I've been ground by a score or more  
But I've never been ground so well before."

From The Constant Lovers, Purslow