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The Miller of Dee (Jolly Miller)

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There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee ;
He danc'd and he sang from morn till night, no lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song for ever us'd to be--
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my station for any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me--
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

When Spring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay ;
No summer drought alarms his fears, nor winter's sad decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing and say--
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and sing;
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee, along this jovial ring---
Let heart and voice and all agree to say, "Long live the King."

Note: From Popular Music of the Olden Time, Chappell
This version originally published in The Convivial Songster, 1782

see a full set in John S. Farmer, "Canting Songs and Rhymes" (c.
1890): NY, Cooper Square, 1964 JB

tune: The Budgeon it is a Delicate Trade (note that it has re-
emerged, in 4/4 time, as Rolling Down to Old Maui)