

The Miller

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There was an old miller and he lived all alone,

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He had three sons all fully grown.

And when he came to make his will,

All he had left was a little grist mill,

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Singing fol diggy dido, fol diggy day.

He called to him his eldest son,
Said, "Son, oh son, my race is run.
And if a miller of you I make,
Pray tell me what toll you'd take."
Singing fol diggy dido, etc.

"Father, oh father, my name is Bill,
Out of each bushel I'd take a jill.
"You fool, you fool!" the old man cries,
"Out of such a little you'd never make a rise."
Singing fol, etc.

He called to him his second son,
"Son, oh son, my race is run;
And if a miller of you I make,
Pray tell me what toll you'd take."

"Father, oh, father, my name is Alf,
Out of each bushel, I'd take half."
"You fool, you fool!" the old man cries,
"Out of such a little you'd never make a rise."

He called to him his youngest son,
"Son, oh son, my race is run;
And if a miller of you I make,
Pray tell me what toll you'd take."

"Father, oh father, my name is Jack,
I'd steal all the corn and swear to the sack."
"Hallelujah !" the miller cries,
And the old man turns up his toes and dies.

They buried him in a little box grave,
Some do think his soul was saved;
Where he went no one can say,
But I rather think he went the other way.