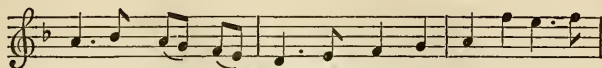


THE MILLER.

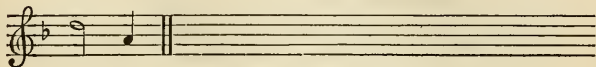
This song, which appeared in *The Charmer*, 1751, is usually attributed to Sir John Clerk, of Penicuick, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, and a cultivator of matters of taste, including antiquities, during a time when such men were few in the land. He died at a ripe age in 1755.

Mr Stenhouse remarks, that 'the thought expressed in the last two lines, beginning "Who'd be a king?" appears to be borrowed from a similar idea in the old ballad of *Tarry Woo*.'

O, mer-ry may the maid be That mar-ries the
mill-er! For, foul day or fair day, He's
aye bring-ing till-her. H'as aye a pen-ny
in his pouch, For din-ner or for sup-per; And



gin she please, a guid fat cheese, An' lumps o' yel - low



but - ter.

O, merry may the maid be
 That marries the miller !
 For, foul day or fair day,
 He's aye bringing till her.
 H'as aye a penny in his pouch,
 For dinner or for supper ;
 And gin she please, a guid fat cheese,
 An' lumps o' yellow butter.

Behind the door stands bags o' meal,
 And in the kist is plenty,
 And good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks are na scanty.
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow,
 Are standing in the byre ;
 Whilst winking puss, wi' mealy mouse,
 Is playing round the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me take the miller ;
 A miller's wife's a merry wife,
 And he's aye bringing till her.
 For meal or maut she'll never want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty,
 And now and then a cackling hen,
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter time, when wind and rain
Blow o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearthstane,
Before a rousing fire ;
O'er foaming ale he tells his tale ;
Which rows him o'er fu' happy :
Who'd be a king, a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy ?
