

Miller & 3 Sons - Mr Tufts Jnr



There was an old Mil - ler, he had three sons, he called them in - to him



one by one, to see to who the mill he'd give for he no lon - ger in -



ten - ded to live. Sing fol - de - lol - de - li - do, fol - de - lol - de - day - .

1

There was an old Miller, he had three sons,
he called them into him, one by one,
to see to who the mill he'd give
for he no longer intended to live.

Chorus

Sing fol-de-lol-de-lido.

Fol-de-lol-de-day.

2

He callèd to his older son,
'Son,' said he, 'my race is run.,
and if to you the mill I'd give
Pray tell me how you intend to live.'

3

'Now father,' says he, my name's Jack;
a bushel I'd steal out of every sack.
Out of every sack a bushel I'd steal,
and that's the way that I would deal.'

4

He callèd to his second son,
'Son,' said he, 'my race is run.,
and if to you the mill I'd give
Pray tell me how you intend to live.'

5

'Now father,' says he, 'my name's Ralph;
out of every sack I'd steal the half.
Out of every sack the half I'd steal,
and that's the way that I would deal.'

6

He callèd to his youngest son,
'Son,' said he, 'my race is run.,
and if to you the mill I'd give
Pray tell me how you intend to live.'

7

'Father,' says he, 'I'm your youngest boy,
and stealing corn is my only joy.
Before a good living I would lack
I'd steal the corn and burn the sack

8

Soon this old Miller's died and gone,
and worms do round his body swarm.
But where he's gone there's none can tell;
and I do think he's gone to hell.

The MS is in D major