The Miller's Will

C
There was an old miller who lived all alone
     F   G
He had three sons all fully grown;
F   C
When the time came to make out his will
                     G   C
All he had left was a bitty grist mill
           C   F   G   C
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

He called to him his eldest son,
Said, "Son, oh son, my race is run.
If I miller of you make
Pray tell me what toll you'll take."
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

"Father, oh father, my name is Bill.
Out of each bushel I'll take a gill."
"Not enough, not enough," the old man said,
"With such a living you'll never get ahead."
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

He called to him his second son,
Said, "Son, O son, my race is run.
If I miller of you make,
Pray tell me what toll you'll take."
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

"Father, O father, my name is Ralph.
Out of each bushel I'll take half."
"You fool, you fool!" the old man cried,

"With such a living you'll never get a
bride."
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

He called to him his youngest son
Said, "Son, O son, my race is run.
If I miller of you make
Pray tell me what toll you'll take."
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

"Father, oh father, my name is Paul,
Out of each bushel I'll take all!"
"Hallelujah!" the old man cried,
And then he turned up his toes and he died.
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day

They buried him in a little box grave;
Some do not think his soul was saved.
Where he went I cannot say
But I rather believe he went the other way.
Singing fol dicky die oh fol dicky day