

THE MILLER OF DRONE.

A Comic Scots Ballad.



CHORUS..

(To be repeated after each verse.)

With his heezy wheezy, saft and easy,
Aye the mill gaed on;
Of a' the millers e'er I saw,
There's nane like him o' Drone.

—O—

Price Twopence.

LOWDEN MACARTNEY.
Overgate, DUNDEE.

There lived a miller ance in Drone,
Was fed on beef and brose;
Wi' sturdy limbs and shoulders broad,
As you may well suppose.
The miller was a sturdy loon,
As ever hung a stone.
He took his mouter different ways,
As the wives kenned weel in Drone.

A fair maid she went to the mill,
Wi' corn upon her head,
Saying, Miller, set your stones to work,
For we are oot o' bread.
He took the fair maid in his arms,
In motion put his stones,
Then clink for clankem went the mill,
Wi' a' the graith in Drone.

This fair maid she come singing hame,
Fu' o' joy and glee;
Tho' she'd been jointed a' in springs,
Nae soupler could she be.
She flung the meal pock aff her back
Cries, Mither, bake a scone.
Of a' the millers e'er I saw,
There's nane like him o' Drone.

The auld wife when the meal was done,
Gaed to the mill hersel',
And quickly to the miller then
Her needs began to tell.
He laid the auld wife on a sack,
In motion put his stones;
And syne he grund the auld wife's batch,
Within the mill o' Drone.

The auld wife she came singing hame,
As canty as a bee;
Cries, Daughter, put the kettle on,
For we maun hae some tea.
She threw the meal pock aff her back;
Began to dance and croon,
Of a' the millers e'er I saw,
The Deil's in him o' Drone.

The auld man jumpit to his feet,
And swore a solemn aith,
That he wad next the miller see,
If he had life and breath.
Its he looked out a sturdy stick,
And stoutly he went on
Out o'er the moor and thro' the croft,
And to the mill in Drone.

He boldly came into the mill,
Saying, miller, grind my corn.
If we pae bannocks get the day,
We'll a' be deid the morn.
The miller took his cudgel stick,
And stoutly he laid on,
And made the auld man rue the day
That e'er he came to Drone.

The auld man, wi' his banes fu' sair,
As hame again he socht,
Kept sadly mutterin' to himsel',
This meal is dearly bocht.
He threw the meal pock aff his back,
Wi' mony a sigh and groan—
Of a' the millers e'er I saw,
He's gane gyte, the aye in Drone.

The mither looked, the daughter looked,
They glower'd at ane anither;
The mither at the daughter looked,
The daughter at the mither.
At length the daughter clapp'd her hands,
Cries, Mither, he's done yon.
The miller, what a rascal's he—
The very deil in Drone.
O then a scuffle did ensue
Between the man and wife.
The daughter she did intercede
To save the mither's life.
The auld man he did thump them baith:
He minded not their moan;
And made them promise faithfully,
Tae gang nae mair tae Drone.
They didna lang their promise keep:
They wearied sair for yon;
And when the auld man went frae hame,
They baith did gang tae Drone.
The miller took them, ane by ane,
And eased them o' their moan;
And aye he grinds their mouter free,
Wi' a' the graith in Drone.
