

T H E

# CRAFTY MILLER;

O R, T H E

# MISTAKEN BATCHELOR.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

FAREWEL TO SPRING.

THUNDERING ROARING GUNS.

BEAUTIFUL NANCY.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.



G L A S G O W I N B U R G H

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THE CRAFTY MILLER;  
OR, THE  
MISTAKEN BATCHELOR.

YOU gallants of Britain, I pray now draw near,  
The tricks of a miller you quickly shall hear,  
A gentleman had a fine water mill,  
And in it this poor honest miller did dwell,  
But fortune did frown as it doth appear,  
He could pay no rent for the space of two year.  
Fal la de ral, la de, etc.

The Landlord resolv'd he would make no strife,  
Tho' greatly inflam'd with the poor Miller's wife.  
Honest Miller, he cry'd, I beg you'll not moan,  
For if you can't pay me, pray let it alone.  
Come, come to the tavern, it is my design,  
To give you the share of a bottle of wine.  
Fal la de ral, etc.

Being mellow with wine, as we all may suppose,  
The Landlord cries Miller; my mind I'll disclose;  
'Tis true, I'm in love with your honest bride,  
And if you'll consent, I shall ly by her side,  
I mean to surrender with heart and good will,  
The rent that you owe me and give you the mill.  
Fal la de ral, etc.

Kind Sir, says the Miller, I grant your desire,  
My wife's at your will when you please to ly by her  
I freely consent, you shall have your will,  
But now let's have writings concerning the mill.  
With all my heart the Landlord did say,  
We'll have them drawn here without more delay  
Fal la de ral, etc.

But, quoth the Miller, it will be a jeer,  
 If that we in public do let it appear;  
 To save both our credits, and bring it to pass,  
 I have in the meadow a dainty she ass,  
 That will appear better the bond for to fill,  
 For the lend of the ass you must give me the mill.  
 Fal lal de ral, etc.

Well said, says the Landlord, that will end the strife,  
 But you know that my meeuing's toly with your wife;  
 Indeed, says the Miller, you shall have your delight,  
 But who shall we get this bond for to write;  
 As fortune would have it the Parson came by,  
 The Landlord he saw him, and to him did cry.  
 Fal lal de ral, etc.

Kind Sir, here's a bond I beg you will fill,  
 That I give to this Miller a good water mill,  
 And quit him the rent for two years past,  
 And all for the lending to me his she ass.  
 That is a good act the Parson did say,  
 The bond I will fill without more delay.  
 Fal lal de ral, etc.

When the Miller the bond in his pocket had got,  
 Took leave of his Landlord, & homeward did trot,  
 He whistled and sung, and laugh'd in his sleeve,  
 To think how his Landlord he meant to deceive,  
 The bond is secure, the bargain is fast,  
 Instead of my wife he shall have my she ass.  
 Fal lal de ral, etc.

The Gentleman he was as brisk as an eel,  
 And soon the next morning some courage did feel;  
 He call'd to his man, and he gave him a glass,  
 Saying, Go to the Miller and fetch his she ass,  
 Now mind that you get your story quite pat,  
 He'll know what you mean, but—mum for all that.  
 Fal lal de ral, etc.

The servant he down to the Miller did haste,  
 And told him his Master must have his she ass.  
 The Miller he smil'd, but nothing he said,  
 But taking a halter, goes down to the mead;  
 Then leading the ass up, and when he had done,  
 The servant said Miller, sure this is high fun.

Fal la de ral, etc.

My Master's commands I'll quickly obey,  
 Then taking the ass he led her away;  
 As the Master had order'd, he sweep'd out the hall,  
 And soon it became a she ass's stall!  
 But the wine and the fowls he kept for his pains,  
 For the ass it was dumb, and could not complain.

Fal la de ral, etc.

When he came to his Master, he whispering said,  
 Sir, I've brought home that mettlesome jade.  
 That's well, said the Master, my counsel now keep,  
 A fancy by this time she wants for to sleep,  
 Go tell the housekeeper to put her to bed,  
 With clean holland sheets, and the best coverlid.

Fal la de ral, etc.

The housekeeper & servants they laugh'd amain,  
 To hear that the ass in bed must be lain.  
 Then madam was dress'd in her pinnars so neat,  
 And they put her to bed, and cover'd her feet,  
 They bid her ly still, so they all went to rest,  
 But now comes the end and cream of the jest.

Fal la de ral, etc.

The Master came hom' quite pleas'd to the life,  
 And thought to embrace the Miller's fair wife;  
 Then asking his man if his dear was asleep,  
 And into the room quite softly did creep.  
 Jack laugh't tiz' he pitt, and crept up for to see,  
 How his Master and Jenny did seem' to agree.

Fal la de ral, etc.

He sat down on the bed, and the ass gave a groan;  
 He said, My dear jewel, I beg you'll not moan;  
 I long have admired your beautiful face,  
 And now I have bought you, I will you embrace,  
 So then into bed he tumbled again,  
 But to his surprise he was kick'd out again.

Fal la! de ral, etc.

What the devil is this in my chamber? said he,  
 Said Jack, 'tis the ass that the Miller gave me.  
 That rogue of a Miller has trick'd me at last,  
 Instead of his wife has sent his she ass.  
 Then he said to his servants, my counsel pray keep,  
 And turn this damn'd ass into the street.

Fal la! de ral, etc.

The ass she was found the next day at a fair,  
 Which made all the country gaffers to stare;  
 The pinners and smock they took from her hide,  
 And held it convenient the ass should be cry'd.  
 The Miller he came, and the ass he did own,  
 And thro' every village the story was known.

Fal la! de ral, etc.

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## F A R E W E L T O S P R I N G .

**F**AREWEL to spring, virgins and wives,  
 B' the bloom when saffron grows dark,  
 Our harvest is come, come lads to your reaping,  
 Your sickles are keen, come lads to your reaping,  
 Come lasses to glean, plough, and sow.

The sun peeps so broad, and the twilight is flown,  
 The dawn of the morning throws off the grey gown,  
 Come lads to your labour, 'tis welcome the day,  
 Your hearty meal's meat shall your labour repay.

Hodge cross his shoulder from the barn bears a flail,  
 Whilst Nell crosses the stile, on her head a full pail,  
 Our cattle well fodder'd, to the cottage let's haste,  
 No other pains take, on brown bread make a feast.

Neither courtly nor costly, nor book-learn't we show,  
 Plain dressing, plain dealing is all that we know,  
 No cares run across us; but those loves we find,  
 Those cured if your sweetheart proves but kind.



### THUNDERING ROARING GUNS.

Gentlemen all come listen to my merry song,  
 'Tis of the noble Hornsides & bold Foudroyant,  
 The bravest engagement that ever was seen,  
 Was by a British ship in the bay of Carthage.

Chor. Where was thundering and roaring,  
 Rattling and roaring,  
 Where was thundering and roaring guns,  
 Thundering and roaring guns.

So clear was the morning and glorious the day,  
 As we were a cruising in Carthage bay,  
 Five sail of the French we chanc'd for to meet,  
 Came bearing down directly upon the British fleet.

With their thundering and roaring, etc.

Then our admiral gave the signal for to chase,  
 When courage appear'd in each Briton's face;  
 The Monmouth got up with the brave Foudroyant,  
 And so fell to firing with their hey ding-o-dong

With their thundering and roaring, etc.

At six in the evening we saw them engage,  
 The Foudroyant and Monmouth were so engag'd.  
 They strove for victory, but all was in vain,  
 For Britons will always be lords of the main.

With their thundring and roaring, etc.

But first sight a summons dispatch'd by pale death,  
 When brave col'nel Gard'ner surrender'd his breath,  
 Fight on my brave heroes, 'tis all I require,  
 Then like a British sailor so bravely did expire.

By his thundering and roaring, etc.

Then like a little devil the Monmouth did fight,  
 Against the great Goliath in the dead of night,  
 With broadside for broadside, each other alike,  
 And after thirteen glasses compell'd them to strike.

By our thundering and roaring, etc.

### B E A U T I F U L N A N C Y .

Was down in a valley, by the side of a grove,  
 By a clear chrysal fountain I saw my true love,  
 The birds were a singing, the lambs were at play,  
 On a bank of sweet violets she carelessly lay.

When first I beheld her my heart was surpriz'd,  
 By the bloom of her cheeks, and her sparkling eyes;  
 Young Cupid was cruel, he directed his dart,  
 For the sake of my Nancy she wounded my heart.

Now here in this torment I still do remain,  
 Like a thief that's sentenc'd I'm bound in love's chain,  
 No peace night or day can my heart ever find,  
 The thoughts of my Nancy so trouble my mind.

Bring me pen, ink, and paper, all for to write,  
 To my beautiful Nancy, my joy and delight,  
 She's charming, she's beautiful, she's pretty & fair,  
 There's none in the country can with her compare.

Small birds on the branches are blest with a mate,  
 The dove is a mourning for my hapless fate,  
 The lark with her fine notes mounting the air,  
 Brings me no glad tidings from my dearest dear.

Farewel dearest Nancy, since we must parted be,  
 I'll away to the mountains where none shall me see,  
 The rocks shall hide me, & bring me to my grave,  
 So farewel Nancy, since I cannot you have.

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### A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

**H**ark! the huntsman's begun to sound the shrill  
 Come quickly unkennel the hounds, (horn)  
 'Tis a beautiful glittering golden ey'd morn,  
 we'll chase the fox over the grounds.

See yonder sits Reynard so crafty and fly,  
 come saddle your courfers apace,  
 The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,  
 they long to be giving him chase.

The horsemen are mounted, & steeds feel the spur,  
 and swiftly they scour it along,  
 Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,  
 follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

Over mountains and vallies they skim it away,  
 now Reynard's almost out of sight,  
 But sooner than lose him we'll spend all the day  
 in hunting, for that's their delight.

By eager pursuing they have him at last,  
 he's so tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies;  
 Now starts up afresh, young Snap has him fast,  
 he trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

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G L A S G O W,

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