

THE MILLER'S WOOING

As I ran down the village street, tother night,
So young and so merry with heart gay and light,
As I passed the mill I near dropt with affright,
For the miller came out with his coat so white.

“Be frightened not, lassie, but come in with me,
A sweet little secret I've got to tell thee,”
Then he caught my hand in a moment you see,
I wondered to hear what his secret may be.

“My lassie,” said he, “for many a long day
I've noticed your going and coming so gay,
I assure you 'tis true what now I do say,
Your beauty has carried my heart right away.

Now here all alone I do live in the mill,
With no one to comfort me when I am ill,
The vacancy lassie thou well canst fulfill,
So give me a kiss and say that you will.”

Then he showed me his house and furniture grand,
And said it was all for me to command,
If I would consent to give him my hand
He'd be the happiest old miller in the land.”

I told him I'd think, and he seemed very glad,
But of course I must ask my mother and dad,
“And if they refuse” cried he out so sad,
“With love for thee, lassie, I'll sure to go mad.”

Then away I ran home, consent to obtain,
The old miller's offer to them did explain,
And my mother and dad would not me detain,
I was old enough now to choose my own swain,

The miller he met me the following night,
And he said, “dearest lass, hast thou made it right,”
Then I told him the choice was left to me quite,
And on some fine day perhaps have him I might.

Then he said “O my lassie, with love I shall die,
If thou dost not at once with my wishes comply,”
So I married at once for fear he may die,
And of wives I'm the happiest under the sky.