

The Mill, The Mill, Oh!

Trad. Lyrics re-worked by Robert Burns in Merry Muses of Caledonia, 1799

As I came down yon water side
And by yon Shillin Hill, O,
There I spied a bonny lass,
A lass that I loed right weel, O.

The mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O
An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O.
The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
An' danced the millers reel, O.

I spier'd at her, gin she cou'd play,
Birt the lassie had nae skill, O;
An' yet she was nae a' to blame,
She pat it in my will, O.

Then she fell o'er, an' sae did I,
An' danc'd the millars reel, O,
Whene'er that bonny lassie comes again,
She shall hae her ma't ground weel, O.

The mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O
An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O.
The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
An' danced the millers reel, O.