

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

O! merry may the maid be,
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 He's ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And gin she please, a gude fat cheefe,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speir'd what was his calling?
 Fair maid, says he, O! come and see,
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
 Tho' I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of gude hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were nae scanty;
 A gude fat sow, a flecky cow,
 Was standin in the byre;
 Whilst lazy poufs, with mealy mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Gude signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak the miller,
 For foul day and fair day
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal nor malt she does nae want,
 Nor any thing that's dainty,
 And now and then a keckling hen
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter, when the wind and rain
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,
 He sits beside a clean hearth-stane
 Before a rousing fire;
 With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
 Which rows him o'er fou nappy,
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,
 When a miller lives so happy.

Merry may the Maid be.

Violin

Lively

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