

THE MILLER'S WILL

C **C**
OH THERE WAS AN OLD MILLER AND HE LIVED ALL ALONE
C **G7**
HE HAD THREE SONS AND THEY WERE GROWN
C **C**
AND WHEN HE COME FOR TO MAKE HIS WILL,
C **C** - **F**
HE DIDN'T HAVE A THING, BUT THE OLD GRIST MILL. JIMMY
C **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C** **C** **G7**
FIRST HE CALLED TO HIS OLDEST SON, "SON, MY RACE IS ALMOST RUN.
C **G7**
NOW IF TO YOU THIS MILL IS GIVEN,
C **C** - **F**
HOW MUCH TOLL WILL YA TAKE FUR YUR LIVIN'?" JIMMY
C **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C**
THE BOY SAYS, "FATHER, MY NAME IS HECK
C **G7**
AND OUT OF EACH BUSHEL I'LL TAKE A PECK.
C **G7**
FOR HERE I WOULD MY FORTUNE MAKE
C **C** - **F**
AND THAT IS THE TOLL I INTEND TO TAKE." JIMMY
C **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C**
SON, OH SON, YOU ARE A FOOL,
C **G7**
YOU NEVER HAVE LEARNED HOW TO FOLLOW MY RULE.
C **G7**
THE MILL TO YOU I'LL NEVER GIVE,
C **C** - **F**
FOR ON SUCH A TOLL NO MILLER CAN LIVE." JIMMY
C **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C** **C** **G7**
THE MILLER HE CALLED TO HIS SECOND SON, "SON, MY RACE IS ALMOST RUN.
C **G7**
NOW IF TO YOU THIS MILL IS GIVEN,
C **C** - **F**
HOW MUCH TOLL WILL YA TAKE FUR YUR LIVIN'?" JIMMY
C **C**
WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE

C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C**
 THE BOY SAYS, "FATHER MY NAME IS RALPH,
C **G7** **C** **G7**
 AND OUT OF EACH BUSHEL I'LL TAKE A HALF, FOR HERE I WOULD MY FORTUNE MAKE
C **C** - **F**
 AND THAT IS THE TOLL I INTEND TO TAKE. JIMMY
C **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C**
 SON, OH SON, YOU ARE A FOOL,
C **G7**
 YOU NEVER HAVE LEARNED HOW TO FOLLOW MY RULE.
C **G7**
 THE MILL TO YOU I'LL NEVER GIVE,
C **C** - **F**
 FOR ON SUCH A TOLL NO MILLER CAN LIVE." JIMMY
C **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C** **C** **G7**
 THE MILLER HE CALLED TO HIS YOUNGEST SON, "SON, MY RACE IS ALMOST RUN.
C **G7**
 NOW IF TO YOU THIS MILL IS GIVEN,
C **C** - **F**
 HOW MUCH TOLL WILL YA TAKE FUR YUR LIVIN'?" JIMMY
C **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C** **C** **G7**
 THE BOY SAYS, "FATHER MY NAME IS PAUL, AND OUT OF EACH BUSHEL I'LL TAKE IT ALL
C **G7**
 I'LL TAKE ALL THE MEAL AND I'LL STEAL THE SACK,
C **C** - **F**
 AND I'LL BEAT THE OLD FARMER IF HE EVER COMES BACK!" JIMMY
C **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.
C **C**
 "GLORY BE TO GOD, YOU ARE NO FOOL
C **G7**
 THERE'S ONE OF MY SONS LEARNED TO FOLLOW MY RULE,
C **G7**
 THE MILL IS YOURS," THE OLD MAN CRIED,
C **C** **C** - **F**
 AND HE STRAIGHTENED OUT HIS ARMS AND HE SMILED AND HE DIED. JIMMY
C **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-REE, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-DID-DLE
C **G7** **C**
 WHACK FOL-DI-ROL, FOL-DI-RID-DLE-I-DAY.

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SPIKE and JAMIE