

THE JOLLY
Miller,
OF DRCNE.

To which is added,

Bessy Bell & Mary Gray,

With the History of the BALLAD.



FALKIRK

Printed & Sold by T. Johnston
1813.

THE
MILLER OF DRONE.



THERE was a Miller stout and strong,
fed up wi' beef and brose,
Wi' sturdy legs and shoulders broad,
as you may well suppose.
This Miller was a Miller good,
as ever hang a stone,
He got his multer different ways;
this Miller liv'd in Drone.

CHORUS.

With his hizzy weazy, fit and easy
Aye the mill goes on,
Of a' the Millers e'er I saw,
There's nane like him in Drone.

A fair maid she went to the mill,
with corn on her head,
Cries, Miller ye maun grind my corn,
for we are scant o' bread.
He took this fair maid in his arms,
in motion set the stone,
And the mill went sweetly clink for clank,
wi' a' the graith of Drone.
With his, &c.

The fair maïd she came hame again,
 and wow but she was fain :
 She nimble tripped o'er the field;
 and lightly o'er the plain :
 She threw the meal upon the floor,
 cries, Mither bake a scone ;
 For of a' the Millers e'er I saw,
 there's nane like him in Drone.

With his, &c.

The auld wife, when the meal was done,
 went to the mill hersel',
 And quickly to the Miller she
 began her needs to tell.
 The Miller laid her o'er a sack,
 and set the water on,
 And syne he ground the auld wife's batch,
 within the mill o' Drone.

With his, &c.

The auld wife she came hame again,
 as catty as a bee ;
 Had she been jointed a' wi' springs,
 nae soupler could she be.
 I've ground my corn at different mills,
 in country and in town,

But of a' the Millers e'er I saw,
 there's nane like him in Drone.
 With his, &c.

The auld man he jump'd to his feet,
 and swore a solemn aith,
 That he would next the Miller see,
 if he had life and breath.
 He's ta'en the pock upon his back,
 when a' the meal was done.
 And stately stagger'd o'er the plain,
 unto the Mill of Drone.
 With his, &c.

He boldly came into the mill,
 cries, Miller grind my corn;
 If we nae bannocks get the day,
 we'll a' be dead the morn.
 The Miller took a cudgel stout,
 and tightly laid it on,
 And gart the auld man curse the day
 that e'er he came to Drone.
 With his, &c.

The auld man with his bones fu' sair,
 as hame again he sought,
 And ay he muttert to himself,
 "This meal is dearly bought."

5
He threw the peck upon the floor,
wi' mony a sigh and groan,
Cries, A' the Millers e'er I saw,
the d—l's in him in Drone.
With his, &c.

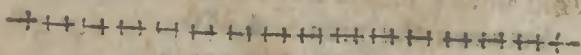
The daughter blush'd, the mother glour'd,
they star'd at ane anither,
The mother at the daughter look'd,
the daughter at the mither.
At last the daughter clapp'd her hands,
cries, Mither, he's done yon!
The Miller what a rascal he,
the very d—l o' Drone.
With his, &c.

And now a scuffle did ensue,
between the man and wife;
The daughter she did interceed,
to save the mither's life.
But the an' man he did thump them baith;
he minded not their moan;
And he made them promise faithfully,
nae mair to gang to Drone.
With his, &c.

But they did no lang their promise keep,
they wearied fair for yon;

And when the auid man was frae hame,
they baith did gang to Drone.
So the Miller took them ane by ane,
and eas'd them of their moan;
And he ground their corn multer-free,
wi' a' the graith o' Drone.
With his, &c.

The ladies baith went hame again,
o'erjoy'd were they to find,
That tho' on pleasure they were bent,
the Miller ay prov'd kind.
He till'd their lea, and ground their corn
without e'er hire or fee;
And I'm sure he far surpasses him,
that langsyne liv'd on Dee.
With his, &c.



BESSY BELL & MARY GRAY.

History of the BALLAD.

THERE is a place called Lednoch, about four computed miles from Perth; here it was where the celebrated *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray* lived. The father of the former was Laird of Kinvaid, in the neighbourhood of Lednoch; and that of the latter, was Laird of Lednoch. The two young ladies were extremely handsome, and maintained the strictest friendship and intimacy with one-another. When *Miss Bell* was

Lynce

was on a visit to Miss Gray, the plague brake out, in 1666, to avoid which, they built themselves a bower about 2 mile west from Lednoch house, in a very retired and romantic situation. In this retreat they lived for some time, and were often visited by a young gentleman who, being enamoured with both of them, composed the following celebrated ballad in their praise. But alas! the mutual lover, at last having caught the infection, communicated it to the two ladies, who fell unhappy victims to its virulence. — Their bodies were afterwards conveyed to another part of Mr GRAY's ground, called, Dobnoch haugh, and there buried. On the top of a little hill, about a mile and a half north of the house of Lednoch, stood a Cross of great antiquity; at the foot of this Cross are three Wells, commonly called, the *Bishops Wells*, within a small distance of each other; where the Bishops of St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, and Dumblane were wont to assemble, and drink to one another, while each of them stood at the well within his own Diocess.

S I O N G.

O Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
they are twa bonny lassies;

They bigged a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
and thacked it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
and thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pauky een,
they gar my fancy faulter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap,
she smiles like a May morning;

When Phoebus flaits from Theris lap,
the hills with rays adorning.

White is her neck, fast is her hand,
her waist and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace she can command
her lips—O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks they're like a crow,
her eyes like diamonds glances!
She's ay so clean redd up, and bra',
the kills whene'er she dances.

Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
the blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
ye unco' fair opprass us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
ye are sic' bonny lassies.

Wae's me! for baith I cann' get;
to ane by law we're flinted;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak my fate,
and be with ane contented.

F I N I S.