

**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.