THE MILLER OF DEE

There was a jolly miller once lived on the River Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he,
And this the burden of his song forever used to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

The reason why he was so blithe he once did thus unfold,
“The bread I eat my hands have earned, I covet no man’s gold,
I do not fear next quarter-day, in debt to none I be,
I care for nobody, no, not I , if nobody cares for me.

A coin or two I’ve in my purse to help a needy friend,
A little I can give the poor, and still have some to spend,
Though I may fail, yet I rejoice another’s good hap to see,
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

So let us his example take, and be from malice free,
Let everyone his neighbour serve as served he’d like to be,
And merrily push the can about, and drink and sing with glee,
“If nobody cares a doit for us, why not a doit care we.”