



The King and the Miller

**James Garner
(1851-1905)**

The King and the Miller

(CANON)

J. Garner

Joyfully

S There dwelt a mil - ler, — hale and — bold, Be - side the Riv - er Dee; He

A There dwelt a mil - ler, hale and bold, Be - side the Riv - er Dee; He work'd and

T Yes, hale and bold, Be - side the — Riv - er — Dee; He work'd and

B There dwelt a mil - ler, — hale and bold, Be - side the Riv - er Dee; He work'd and

S work'd and sang from morn till night, No lark — more blithe than he; And

A sang, and sang from morn till — night, No lark more blithe than he, than he; And

T sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he, — than he; And

B sang, and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he, — than he; And

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S this the bur - den of his song Fo - rev - er used to be: "I

A this the bur - den of his song Fo - rev - er used to be: "I en - vy,

T bur - den of his song Fo - rev - er used to be: "I en - vy

B this the bur - den of his song Fo - rev - er used to be: "I en - vy,

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S en - vy no - bod - y - no, not I - And no - bod - y en - vies me!"

A en - vy no - bod - y - no, not I - And no - bod - y en - vies me!"

T no - bod - y - no, not I - And no - bod - y en - vies me!"

B en - vy no - bod - y - no, not I - And no - bod - y en - vies me!"

S "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For

A "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my

T said good King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my

B "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be; For could my

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S could my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee. And

A heart, my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee, with thee. And

T heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee, with thee. And

B heart, my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee, with thee. And

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S tell me now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While

A tell me now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While I am

T tell what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While I am

B tell me now, what makes thee sing, With voice so loud and free, While I am

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S I am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

A sad, am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

T sad, am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

B sad, am sad, though I'm the King, Be - side the riv - er Dee?"

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S The mil - ler smil'd and doff'd his cap, "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I

A The mil - ler smil'd and doff'd his cap, "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my

T and doff'd his cap, "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my

B The mil - ler smil'd and doff'd his cap, "I earn my bread," quoth he; "I love my

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S love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren three; I

A wife, my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren, chil - dren three; I

T wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren, chil - dren three; I

B wife, my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren, chil - dren three; I

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S owe no pen - ny I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That

A owe no pen - ny I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the

T owe I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the

B owe no pen - ny I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee, That turns the

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S turns the mill that grinds the corn That feeds my babes and me.”

A mill, the mill that grinds the corn That feeds my babes and me.”

T mill, the mill that grinds the corn That feeds my babes and me.”

B mill, the mill that grinds the corn That feeds my babes and me.”

S “Good friend,” said Hal, and sigh’d the while, “Fare - well, and hap - py be; But

A “Good friend,” said Hal, and sigh’d the while, “Fare - well, and hap - py be; But say no

T and sigh’d the while, “Fare - well, and hap - py be; But say no

B “Good friend,” said Hal, and sigh’d the while, “Fare - well, and hap - py be; But say no

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S say no more, if thou’dst be true, That no one en - vies thee; Thy

A more, no more, if thou’dst be true, That no one en - vies, en - vies thee; Thy

T more, if thou’dst be true, That no one en - vies, en - vies thee; Thy

B more, no more, if thou’dst be true, That no one en - vies, en - vies thee; Thy

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S meal - y___ cap is worth my___ crown, Thy mill my king - dom's fee; _____ Such

A meal - y___ cap is___ worth my crown, Thy mill my king - dom's fee; Such men, such

T cap is worth my___ crown, Thy mill my___ king - dom's fee; Such men as

B meal - y cap is worth my___ crown, Thy mill my___ king - dom's fee; Such men as

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S men___ as___ thou are Eng - land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

A men___ as___ thou are Eng - land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

T thou _____ are Eng - land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

B thou, as thou are Eng - land's boast, O mil - ler of the Dee!"

J. Curwen & Sons
(1893)

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside 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 envy nobody - no, not I -
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

Charles Mackay (1814-1889)

James Garner (1851-1905) was born in Hanley, Staffordshire, England. Living in Stoke-On-Trent and Hanley in the Potteries District, he started a career as a potter. He learned music through John Curwen's Tonic Sol-fa method and changed careers to pursue music. He conducted the Eastwood Vale Choir and the Potteries and District Choral Union. The Potteries choir was 165 voices strong, and won the 1900 National Eisteddfod of Wales held in Liverpool. He was well respected as a choral director receiving praise from John Spencer Curwen. His name is occasionally spelled "Gardner."

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