



The Miller of Mansfield

H. Roberts Sculpt.
Set to music by M. A. Arne

How happy a state does y^e Miller profess, Who would be no greater nor fain to be less, On his

Mill & himself he depend for support n^o is better than servilely cringing at Court 'till that tho' he all dusty and

white as does go, the more his dependant y^e more like a Beau a Clown in this dress n^o will be honest far than a

Courtier n^o who struts in a garter & star, than a Courtier n^o who struts in his garter & star.

Tho' his hands are clau'd, but they're not fit to be seen
The hands of his betters are not very clean,
A Pawn more Polite may as dirtily deal,
Gold in handling will stick to y^e fingers like meal.
What if when a pudding for dinner he lacks
He cries without scruple from other mens facks
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens Bags

Or should he endeavour to heap an Estate
In this to he mimicks y^e Scolds of the state
Whose aim is alone their Coffers to fill
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill
He Cats when he's hungry, he drinks n^o his dry
And down when he's n^o very contented does lie,
Then rises up cheerful to work & to sing,
If so happy a Mill then whod be a King.

FLUTE