

John The Miller

John the Miller load your grain
Help me fill my sails
I'm heading north for Scotland
Dodging wind and whales
Dodging wind and whales me boys
Dodging wind and whales
Heading north for Scotland
Dodging wind and whales

The windmill turns the millstone grinds
Middleton's grain to flour
My sail is set, like the sun
We sail upon the hour

Our skipper he's a head-lander
Headland born and bred
The rest of us are Whitby boys
Strong in arm and head

We're carrying grain to Scotland
Where the price is always right
Where they've got an eye for quality
And the lasses get us tight

The Kingdom of Northumbria
Beckons us to port
But we must keep a steady course
Were bound for the north

And when we have unloaded
And our ship again stands tall
We'll drink a toast to Miller John
The brewer lad and all

Words & Music Richard Grainger

