

The **Miller** was a chap of 224 pounds,
A great stout fellow big in brawn and bone.
He did well out of them, for he could go
And win the ram at any wresting show.
Broad, knotty and short-shouldered, he would boast
He could heave any door off hinge and post. [He was so strong
he could pull a door off its hinges]
Or take a run and break it with his head. [or knock it down with
his hard head!]
His beard, like any sow or fox, was red
And broad as well, as though it were a shovel;
And, at its very tip, his nose displayed
A wart on which there stood a tuft of hair.
Red as the bristles in an old sow's ear. [He had a wart on his
nose with red hairs sticking out!]
His mighty mouth was like a furnace door.
A wrangler and buffoon, he had a store
Of tavern stories, filthy in the main. [His mouth was filthy – like
a furnace door – because he told dirty stories.]
His was a master-hand at stealing grain.
He felt it with his thumb and thus he knew
Its quality and took three times his due -
A thumb of gold, by God, to gauge an oat! [A miller was paid by
the weight of the grain he ground. This miller pressed down on
the scale with his thumb increasing the weight of the grain and
the amount of money owed to him.]
He wore a hood of blue and a white coat.

He liked to play his bagpipes up and down
And that was how he brought us out of town.