Nobody's Mule - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

NOBODY'S MULE.

The mule seemed pensive, even sad,
As if by conscience pricked;
But when they came to share his woes.
He raised objections-kicked.

The cat came up to sympathize,
With mew and gentle purr,
Alas! she cot within his reach,
When-fiddlestrings and for.

The dog, in pity, neared him to
Alleviate his care,
He tried to pass around him once,
But-sausage meat and hair.

And John, the honest farmer boy,
Who had the beast in charge,
Tried recklessly to harness him-
His funeral was large.

Oh, trifling were the causes which
His flexile legs unfurled,
And many were the quadrupeds
That songht another world.

He never did a decent thing,
He wasn't worth a ducat;
He kicked and kicked until he died,
And then he kicked the bucket.