The Old Pray Mule - song lyrics

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

THE OLD PRAY MULE.
Copyright, 1893, by T. B. Harms & Co.
Words and Music by Wm. Henry Whyte.

I'm now a man, but oft recall my childhood's happy days.
When to and from the school I'd go, the boyish tricks and plays,
The old and playful donkey, the pet of all the school.
To love us little children was that donkey's golden rule;
We'd crowd upon his great broad back with shouts of joy and glee.
Then 'round the playground, 'round and 'round, 'twas fun for him and me-
There was no work that he could do, his days of toil were o'er;
We loved him as a playmate, now he's gone for evermore.

Refrain.
Teacher! Teacher! I think I hear the children say;
Teacher! Teacher! Please, may I go out and play?
The donkey's in the schoolyard, he always seems to bray:
Children, children, please come out and play.

We brought him ev'ry day some hay, cornmeal, sweetmeats and bread,
But now he's buried in the field behind the schoolhouse shed;
The schoolhouse, too, has passed away, the teachers, one by one;
No more will ring the noonday bell-their life's work now is done.
My playmates then are now old men, some dead or gone away,
And some to honor, fame, have climbed, and others gone astray;
But oh! the mem'ries of the days I passed in that old school
Will remain with me forever, and our friend, the old gray mule.-Refrain.