

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Here's Your Mule

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A farmer came to camp one day  
With milk and eggs to sell,  
Upon a mule that oft would stray  
To where no one could tell.  
The farmer tired of his tramp  
For hours was made a fool,  
By ev'ryone he met in camp  
With "Mister, here's your mule!"

cho: Come on, come on, come on, old man  
And don't be made a fool,  
By ev'ry one you meet in camp  
With "Mister, here's your mule!"

His eggs and chickens all were gone,  
Before the break of day;  
The mule was heard of all along,  
That's what the soldiers say,  
And still he hunted all day long,  
Alas! a witless tool,  
Whilst ev'ry man would sing the song,  
Of, "Mister, here's your mule."

The soldiers run in laughing mood,  
On mischief were intent;  
They lifted muley on their back,  
Around from tent to tent,  
Thro' this hole and that, they pushed  
His head and made a rule  
To shout with hum'rous voices all,  
"I say! Mister, here's your mule."

Alas, one day the mule was miss'd!  
Ah! who could tell his fate ?  
The farmer like a man bereft,  
Search'd early and search'd late,  
And as he passed from camp to camp,  
With stricken face --- the fool,  
Cried out to ev'ry one he met,  
"Oh, Mister, where's my mule ?"

Note: This song, popular in the Confederate Army, is the basis for a line in Goober Peas that has confused some. RG