

HERE'S

YOUR

WULF

COMIC SONG.

3

2½

CINCINNATI,

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"HERE'S YOUR MULE."

Composed by

C. D. Benson.

*ALLEGRO
NON TANTO.*

mf

dimin-u- en- do.

2^d V. His Eggs and Chickens all were gone, Be- fore the break of day, The

A Farmer came to camp one day, With milk and eggs to sell, Up

"Mule" was heard of all a- long, Thats what the Soldier's say, And

on a "Mule" who oft would stray, To where no one could tell, The

4 still he hun - ted all day long, A - las! the wit - less tool, Whil'st

Far - mer tired of his tramp, For hours was made a fool, By

mf

ev' - - ry man would sing the song, Of "Mis - ter here's Your Mule."

ev' - ry one he met in camp, With "Mis - ter here's your Mule."

dimin - u - en - do.

CHORUS.

Tenor. *f*
Come on, come on, Come on, old man, And don't be made a fool, By

Treble.

Alto. *f*
Come on, come on, Come on, old man, And don't be made a fool, By

Bass.

Piano. *f*
a tempo.

ev'ry one, You meet in camp, With "Mister here's Your Mule."

dimin u - en - do.

ev'ry one, You meet in camp, With "Mister here's Your Mule."

dimin u - en - do.

3

The Soldiers run in laughing mood,
 On mischief were intent,
 They lifted "Muley" on their back,
 Around from tent to tent,
 Through this hole, and that, they pushed
 His head, - And made a rule
 To shout with humerous voices all
 I say! "Mister here's your Mule."

Chorus.

4

Alas! one day the mule was miss'd,
 Ah! who could tell his fate?
 The Farmer like a man hereft,
 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."

Chorus.