

(Fiddle)

Johnson had an old grey mule
His name was Simon Slick.
Heâ d roll his eyes and switch his tail
Oh how that mule would kick.
Well rolled him down to the foot of the hill
He hooked him to his cart
He loved that mule and that mule loved him
With all his muley heart.

You heared him sing:
Woah! He-haw he-haw he-haw
He-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw
Get him out of the hay.

Johnson just hooked him up to try him out one day,
He kicked, he hawed, and brayed all night and the chickens flew for days
Heâ d wink one eye and switch his tail
Heâ d greet you with a smile
He telegraphed with that left hind leg
Heâ s send you half a mile

You could hear him sing:
Woah! He-haw he-haw he-haw
He-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw
Get him out of the hay.

*Johnson set him on by rotten stump to play
He fed him on some wooden pegs that were oats and hay
That mule would chaw with all his jaw a pair of old dirty socks
Heâ d wink his eye like he had some fly, his mouth was full of rocks

You could hear him sing:
Woah! He-haw he-haw he-haw
He-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw
Get him out of the hay.

That mule chewed some old bed quilt that was on wooden stool
Johnson he concluded then that old mule were a fool.
John thought that old mule had crashed through the tobacco
Youâ d better bet Johnson left that old mule alone.

You could hear him sing:
Woah! He-haw he-haw he-haw
He-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw he-haw
Get him out of the hay.

