

The Old White Mule

THE OLD WHITE MULE 5119 A2

Wayne Dinwiddie Winters, Calif.

Oh I live high up in the mountain In the kingdom of the pine; I live a-lone with my old pal,
The old white mule of mine. Oh his back's caved in and he's kind of thin, But his legs are
strong and fine; I'll sing a li'l' song as I ride on The old white mule of mine.

There's going to be a dance in the valley, I'll quit work at my still; I'll climb aboard the old
white mule And ride him down the hill.

Oh his back's caved in and he's kind of thin, But his legs are strong and fine; I'll sing a li'l'
song as I ride on The old white mule of mine.

The other day we had a quarrel, I called him a nasty name; He kicked me down the
mountain side, But I love him just the same.

Oh his back's caved in and he's kind of thin, But his legs are strong and fine; I'll sing a li'l'
song as i ride on The old white mule of mine.

Oh he shares with me my sorrow, He shares my bread and wine; He also wants to share
my girls —But there I draw the line.

Oh his back's caved in and he's kind of thin, I'll sing a li'l' song as I ride on The old white
mule of mine.