



THE MUSK-RAT

DE pauvre leetle mush-rat wat leeve hon de mash,
Wid hees fonnay black nose an hees fancay
moustache,
In hees good coat of fur, he jaump roun so freeskay
You tink dat hees ballay was ch'c fule of wheeskay.

He don't do no harm, when hees com roun de farm,
Only borrow few ting, joust for keep hessef warm;
For de wintaire will com, an hees dere in hees
shaintay,
Where hees saving de grub, an he always have
plaintay.

If dey let heem alone, dat poor leetle felleure,
Hees mind hees own beesness, an leeve in hees celler,