Merc.  

Allegretto (♩ = 140)

Oh, I'm the celestial drudge,
For morning to night I must stop at it.
On errands all day I must trudge, and
I must trudge, and
Stick to my work til I drop at it.
In summer I get up at one.
(As a
good-natured donkey I'm ranked for it.) Then I go and I light up the sun.
And
Phoe-bus A-pol-lo gets thanked for it. Well, well, it's the way of the
world. And will be through all its fu-tu-ri-ty. Though noo-dles are ba-roned, are
ba-roned and earled, There's no-thing for cle-ver ob-scu-ri-ty.
I'm the slave of the Gods, neck and
39
Mer.  
heels,  And I'm bound to o-bey, though I rate at 'em. And I not on-ly or-der their

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Mer.  
meals,  But I cook 'em and serve 'em and wait at 'em. Then I make all their nectar, I
do.  (What a ter-rri-ble li-Quor to rack us is.) And when-e-ver I mix them a brew, Why

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Mer.  
all the thanks-giv-ings are Bac-chu-s's.  Well, well, it's the way of the world. And
Merc.

will be through all its futu-rity. Though noo-dles are bar-oned, are bar-oned and earled, There's

Merc.

no-thing for cle-ver ob-scu-ri-ty.

Then read-ing and writ-ing I teach. And

spel-ling-books ma-ny I've ed-it-ed. And for bring-ing those arts with-in reach, That
don-key Mi-ner-va gets cre-di-ted. Then I scrape at the stars with a knife, And plate-

-pow-der the moon (on the days for it). And I hear all the world and his wife A-ward-ing Di-

-a-na the praise for it. Well, well, it’s the way of the world. And

will be through all its fu-tu-ri-ty. Though noo-dles are ba-roned, are ba-roned and earled, There’s
no-thing for cle-ver ob-scru-ty.  Well, well, it’s the way of the world.  And

will be through all its fu-tu-ri-ty.  Though noo-dles are ba-roned, are ba-roned and earled, There’s

no-thing for cle-ver ob-scru-ty.