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The Sucking Pig

Author Unknown

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The Sucking PIG.

J. Catnach, Printer, 2, Monmouth-court, 7 Dials. Sold by Sharman, Cambridge
and Bennett, Brighton.

ALL you who love a bit of fun,
Come listen here awhile,
I'll tell you of a droll affair,
Will give you cause to smile,
A parson drest all in his best,
Cock'd hat and bushy wig,
He went unto a farmer's house,
To chuse a sucking pig,
Good morning says the parson,
Oh, good morning sir to you,
I'm come to claim a sucking pig,
You know it is my due,
Therefore I pray go fetch me one,
That is both plump and fine,
Since I have asked a friend or two,
Along with me to dine.
Then in the stye the farmer goes,
Amongst the pigs so small,
And chooses for the parson,
The least among them all;
But when the parson saw the same,
How he did stamp and roar,
He stamp't his foot and shook his wig,
And almost curst and swore.
O then replied the farmer,
Since my offer you do refuse,
I pray Sir, walk into the stye,
There you may pick and choose;
Then in the stye he ventured,
Without any more ado,
The old sow ran with open mouth
And at the parson flew.
O then he caught him by the coat,
And took off both the skirts,
Then ran between his legs,
And threw him in the dirt;
The parson curst the very hour,
He ventur'd for the pig;
You'd laugh to see the young ones,
How they shook his hat and wig

Then next she caught him by the breech
While he so loud did cry,
O help me from this cursed sow,
Or I shall surely die;
The little pigs his waistcoat tore,
His stockings and his shoes,
The farmer cries your welcome sir,
I hope you'll pick and choose.
At length he let the parson out,
All in a handsome trim,
The sow and pigs so neatly,
In the dirt had rolled him;
His coat was to a spencer turn'd
His brogues were ript behind,
Besides his backside was all bare,
And his shirt hung out behind.
He lost his stockings and his shoes,
Which grieved him full sore,
Besides his waistcoat hat and wig,
Were all to pieces tore:
Away the parson scampered home,
As fast as he could run,
The farmer almost split his sides,
With laughing at the fun.
The parson's wife stood at the door,
Awaiting his return,
And when she saw his dirty plight,
She into the house did run,
My dear what s the matter,
And where have you been she said
Get out you slut the parson cry'd,
For I am almost dead.
Go fetch me down a suit of clothes,
Go fetch them down I say
And bring me my old greasy wig
Without any more delay;
And for the usage I've received,
All in the cursed stye,
ne'er shall relish sacking pig
Unto the day I di.