

Nothing that's left but the squeal

I once had a pig – and a very fine pig,
And we fed him the scraps of each meal.
But I'm sorry to say he's been tekken away.
Now there's nothing that's left but the squeal - me brave boys,
There's nothing that's left but the squeal.

So I went to the market to look for me pig
As fast as me trotters would go
And the Butcher, the Tanner, the Candlestick Maker
Were standing there all in a row – me brave boys
They were standing there all in a row.

Says the Butcher I'm sad for the loss of your pig
But here's pork chops and sausage as well
And there's bacon and ham
And jelly and jam
And the best of black pudding to sell - me brave boys
And the best of black pudding to sell.

Young man said the Tanner, the tale of your pig
Is enough to make a man cry
But here's shoes that look neat
on the biggest of feet
And a hide that'll keep your back dry – me brave boys
And a hide that'll keep your back dry.

Then the Chandler he showed me his kettles and pans
No sign of me pig there at all
But he'd candles to light (up)
The darkest of nights
And oil for the lamp in the hall - me brave boys
And oil for the lamp in the hall

So we once had a pig – and a very fine pig,
And we toast him at every meal.

For we've shoes on our feet
and the finest of meat
We've bacon and ham
And jellies and jam
We've got candles to light (up)
The darkest of nights

and there's nothing that's left but the squeal- me brave boys,
There is nothing that's left but the squeal
.....And I'm damned if I'm missing the squeal!