Widow Mcginnis's Pig - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

WIDOW McGINNIS'S PIG.
Copyright, 1888, by Benj. W. Hitchcock.
Words and Music by M. H. Rosenfeld.

A widow had a pig, quite a frolicsome pig,
Who was gentle kind and as gay us could be;
From the breaking of the morn to the setting of, the sun
No pig in all this wide world was happier than he;
Said the widow to the pig, "You are getting too lazy,
You're a fat little brat, it will never do at all,
So I guess I will take ye to the civil reformers
For a. raffle in the boodle and a divvy in the ball!"

Chorus.
He was a corker, a sweet little porker, a dear little porker was he;
They gave him a ruffle, and were very careful to keep it concealed as could be;
Dear little porker, sweet little corker, faith, you are growing quite big;
Bandannas are flying, boodlers are sighing, for Mrs. McGinnis's pig.

There was Micky, Jim and Larry, O'Connell, O'Hara,
O'Rooney, O'Spooney, O'Rufus in a jig;
O'Mason was a-racin and the widow was a-bracin'
All the high-toned politicians for a ticket on the pig;
When I get into the While House, I'll play 'round the yard;
I will be a little mogul, a sweet lump of lard;
I will get a gen'rals' pension, and I'll strut 'rourd so big,
And all the world shall know me as the only living pig. -Chorus.