The PRICE of MY PIG

IN THE YEAR TWENTY-NINE, WHEN THE WEATHER WAS FINE
I STRAIGHT TOOK MY WAY TO THE SWEET FAIR AT TRIM
TO SELL A FAT SWINE IT WAS MY DESIGN
SHE WAS PLUMP FAT AND FAIR AND COMPLETE IN EACH LIMB
NOW THIS SWINE WAS AS MILD AS A LAMB OR A CHILD
YOU COULD DRIVE HER ALL OVER THE WORLD WITH A TWIG
AND THE TRUTH FOR TO TELL, I SOLD HER QUITE WELL
THREE-TEN WAS THE PRICE THAT I GOT FOR MY PIG!

WITH ME TOORA-MINYA, TOORA-MINYA
TOORA-MIN YOORA-MIN YOORA-MIN-YA

CLAPPED THE CASH TO ME THIGH AND A GLASS TO ME EYE
THEN OFF TO THE PUB LIKE A DASHING YOUNG BUCK
WHERE I MET A YOUNG DAME WHO WAS WISE TO THE GAME
SHE UP TO ME CAME FOR TO WISH ME GOOD LUCK
SHE TIPPED ME THE WINK TO GO UP FOR A DRINK
AND WE DANCED A FEW STEPS OF A FINE DOUBLE JIG
BUT 'TWAS IN THE WHEEL ROUND
THAT SHE PUT HER HAND DOWN
SOON SCARCE I WAS FOUND OF THE PRICE OF MY PIG!

LIKE A MAN IN DESPAIR, I TORE AT MY HAIR
AND I RUSHED HERE AND THERE, SEEKING HER UP AND DOWN
EACH CORNER AND LANE, BUT 'TWAS BADLY IN VAIN
FOR NO TRACE OF THE DAMSEL COULD EVER BE FOUND -
TO NAVAN NEXT DAY I MADE MY SAD WAY
FOR I'D HEARD A MAN SAY 'TWAS A FAIR OUT NEAR SLANE
AND I THOUGHT BYE AND BYE THAT TO FIND HER I'D TRY
THE ONE WITH HER EYE ON THE PRICE OF MY PIG

WELL BY TARA, BY SCREEN, BY THE BOG OF ARMEEN
BY THE ISLAND OF CATS AND THE HIGH HILL OF HOWTH
BY THE CHURCH, BY THE BELLS, BY THE FINE BOOK OF KELLS
- BUT TO SWEAR ANY MORE YOU MUST KNOW THAT I'M LOATH
IF THE LORD OF MAYO, HE BUT HEARD OF MY WOE
I'M SURE HE'D COME DOWN IN A CHAISE OR A GIG
AND WE'D SEARCH IRELAND ROUND
TILL THAT ONE WOULD BE FOUND
AND SHE'D LAND IN THE POUND FOR THE PRICE OF MY PIG

BUT SINCE THAT CAN'T BE SO, SURE IT'S HOMEWARDS I'LL GO
MY SHUTTLE I'LL THROW AND FROM DRINK I'LL REFRAIN
I'LL STICK TO MY LOOM WHILE MY YOUTH'S IN ITS BLOOM
AND BE TAKEN NO MORE BY THAT SAME KIND OF GAME
I WAS PLAYED FOR A FOOL, BUT I LEARNED A HARD RULE
TO PROTECT WHAT YOU EARN, BE IT LITTLE OR BIG
BUT SOME DAY FOR HER ACTION I'LL GET SATISFACTION
'TWILL BE HER DISTRACTION, THE PRICE OF MY PIG!