

## *Gertie*

By Rowan Merrick

I remember Gertie when she was a  
little pig  
The cutest pig I've ever seen and  
I've seen a lot of pigs  
She had a sort of wiggle about her  
when she walked  
And it sounded like she were  
laughing when she gave a piggy  
snort

### **Chorus**

**Oh that pig were special, she had  
such a curly tail  
I couldn't bear to part with her,  
she never were for sale  
Own another like her, nay I never  
did  
There's no-one like my Gertie,  
Eee by gum I love that pig!**

Once I fell into the river and I  
couldn't proper swim  
I heard a real loud splash as my  
Gertie just dove in  
She grabbed me by the collar and  
dragged me to the shore  
I've never known a pig to do that  
sort of thing before

### Chorus

Then another time when me  
house caught fire at night  
Gertie just ran out her sty and into  
the house alight  
She woke me from me slumber  
and she led me without fail



And showed me through the  
flaming house leading by her tail

### Chorus

Well in the many years we had  
her she had many little pigs  
And she'd teach them how to  
forage in the woods and how to  
dig  
She had a skill in smelling, she  
could sniff a truffle out  
Her nose was more a blood  
hounds than a snuffly piggy snout

### Chorus

Well Gertie's dead and gone now  
and it made me awful sad  
I'll remember every moment of  
the twenty years we had  
We dug a little grave and we  
buried her of course  
But first of all we enjoyed her  
with some Bramley apple sauce

### Chorus