

The Widower and the Pig

By Rowan Merrick

Suggestion: two people could perform this, one playing the widower, the other the magistrate.

There were a widower not far from here
And I swear upon my life
That he did take his favourite sow
And keep her as his wife

Magistrate:
Now you can't do that said the magistrate
There's some things just ain't right
You can't snuggle up with a female pig
And do carnal things at night

Widower:
Please understand, please don't say no
Cos it cuts me like a knife
When I lurve this pig I make her squeal
Like I never did my wife

Magistrate:
Well I hear your plea, said the magistrate
And it makes me pause for thought

But to make a meal is the only time
That you should stuff your pork

Widower:
Are you a man that's into breasts
The widower did ask
Cos I'm spoilt for choice, she's got 12 of them
So no woman can surpass

Magistrate:
But it's still just wrong cried the magistrate
Immorality is rife
You'll condemn yourself in life and death
If you take a pig as wife

To express my great distaste
I really know not how
Now I'm scarred for life with an image
Of you balls deep in a sow

Widower:
Oh, very well, sighed the widower
But now I just shan't sleep
I'll take comfort from my mistress who's...
A very demanding sheep!