

Pig in a Pen

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I got a pig at home in a pen
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Corn to feed 'im on
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All I need is a pretty little girl
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To feed 'im when I'm gone;

Goin' on the mountain
To sow a little cane
Raise a barrel of Sorghum
To sweeten old Liza Jane;

When she sees me comin'
She wrings her hands and cries
Yonder comes the sweetest boy
That ever lived or died;

Now when she sees me leavin'
She wrings her hands and cries
Yonder goes the meanest boy
That ever lived or died;

Black cloud's a-risin'
Surest sign of rain
Get the old grey bonnet
On Little Liza Jane;

Yonder comes that gal of mine
How you think I know
Can tell by that Gingham gown
Hangin' down so low

Bake them biscuits lady
Bake 'em good 'n brown
When you get them biscuits baked
We're Alabamy bound.

I got a pig at home in a pen
Corn to feed 'im on
All I need is a pretty little girl
To feed 'im when I'm gone