

## **THE ROMANCE OF THE PIG**

*Children with parents and parents with children,  
Cousins with relatives and uncles with nephews,  
Come, come to this corner, where these poor musicians  
and this miserable blind man are going to tell you the tale  
Of an animal that suffers martyrdom for the profit of the human race,  
Of a being who is unlucky from birth unto death,  
Of a child of God that is humbled, looted, gutted, ...  
for the pleasure and enjoyment of men, women and children,*



*of MAN`S BEST FRIEND  
who is not the dog but **THE PIG.**  
Pork, sow, hog, pig, boar .....  
All these names are given to this our brother.*

*May I have your attention, ladies and gentlemen  
I would like to tell you what happened  
to a cute, little pig from a very small hamlet.*

*It is a remarkable story but also very true  
and shows that you can't trust any one as far as you can throw them  
This is what the poor old soul told me, just before he left us:*

*"The sow who was my mother gave birth to me  
in a very poor household. My owners sold me soon, before I was weaned.  
I wasn't yet two months old when they took me to the market.  
It was just by chance that a peasant bought me.*

*One very fresh morning an ugly looking man came to pay a visit.  
With the help of a sharp knife he deprived me of my willy.  
I remained dumbstruck, as you can imagine.  
He left me behind and he ran away with my treasures.*

*The family kids ate them for breakfast,  
whereas they fed me some tiny, unpeeled potatoes.  
Until I recovered from the great castration  
they treated me with potatoes in my fodder.*

*Every sunny day they would take me for a walk.  
They washed me in the river when I was hot.  
And if they happened to scratch my tummy,  
I sprawled on the floor and enjoyed the pleasure.*

When October arrived my master prepared  
plenty of acorns and corn, to fatten me up.  
I ate up all the acorns and I relished the corn.  
As both are very nourishing, ladies and gentlemen, I fattened up

My luck run out on Saint Anthony's day,  
when they started to plot how to get rid of me.  
On the eve of my sacrifice, they didn't give me any dinner,  
As if I was on death row to be sentenced next day.

At three o'clock in the morning there was a knock at the door,  
The first assassin arrived, provided with huge hooks.  
A second one was let in bringing knives and skinning tools.  
Can you believe how I was treasoned?

I said to them: "Murderers! What are you going to do?  
You know that I am innocent and have done no wrong.  
They lowered their heads and didn't reply.  
They took the hook and the knife and caught me by my snout.

My blood was drained and collected in a barrel  
by a female butcher with her shirt sleeves rolled up,  
When the stream had stopped, she took the dish to the kitchen  
to prepare the tasty blackpudding.

The heartless butcher asked for hot water,  
It was brought with cooking pots and was spilt on me.  
They started to skin and degut me, like wolves,  
My hair was collected, to be used by shoemakers.



They hung me from the ceiling, so that people could see me  
As if I were a criminal who had committed a crime.  
They deprived me of my bladder, my bowels, my heart, my head  
And every little thing, that was so beloved to me.

It was a very happy day for the family and neighbours.  
They gathered around the fire, the frying pan ready.  
They fried my ribs and preserved my loins in oil.  
All through the long, icy winter they had me in their thoughts.

And that was the end of my adventure among humans"

**REQUIESCAT IN PACEM, AMEN**