

Pol and Nancy Hogan

Near Wexford town there is a place, a place called Ballybogan
And in that place there lived two maids called Pol and Nancy Hogan
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

Now Nancy bought a little pig and she hired Pol to mind it
And just like any other little pig it carried it's tail behind it
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

Now Pol she bought another one and isn't it a wonder
That in a week you wouldn't know these two little pigs asunder
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

Two culeans walking by the road when the two little pigs were feedin
Pulled out their knives, cut off their tails and sent them home all bleedin
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

Now Nancy went to a court of law, before the judge and jury
And Pol steps up before the bench for to read out her story
Saying if your honour was a pig which I hope you'll never be sir
If a blackguard came and cut off your tail wouldn't you roar and bawl and squeal sir
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

The magistrate stood up and said their rumps will soon be mendin
And pigs will snore and fatten more without their tails attendin
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

These two old maidens Pol and Nan, they lived a life quite airy
And not a word was ever spoke but every word contrary
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero

Now Nancy died on a Saturday night and Pol she died on Sunday
They waked the two on Sunday night and buried them both on Monday
With me tooriah fol dah diddle ah toor I fol dah diddle aero
Toori oori fol da diddle doori toori fol da diddle dayrio



 **Comháltas**