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PIGS MEAT; _or_ The Swine flogg'd out of the Farm Yard.

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(column 1)

Once a Society of Swine
Liv'd in a Paradise of Straw,
A Herd more beautiful & fine
I'm sure Sir Ioseph never saw.
Of Grains, split Beans, or Pease, & Swill,
These Grunters eat and drank their Fill.
You think perhaps, these Pigs would bless
Their Stars, for having this good Birth;
But Sages say that Happiness
Can ne'er be perfect found on Earth.
And right they are, for these poor Swine
Soon found a Reason to repine (?).
A Stack Yard very tempting stood
Near to the Place where our Pigs dwelt,
And as the Grain within seem'd good,
Each a Desire to taste it felt;
But ah 'twas fenc'd with Paling stout
To keep all Interlopers out.
One Boar there was with Fat opprest,
An overgrown, enormous Brute,

(column 2)

Who long'd much more than all the rest
To ransack this forbidden Fruit,
And thus, for Pig's could then discourse,
He rav'd until his Voice grew hoarse,
"Citizen Pigs! it grieves me much
"To see your Want of Spirit such,
"As tamely to submit to what
"The Powers above intended not. ___
"and here most solemnly I swear,
"Nay with the direst Oaths declare,
"That if thro Fear I ever fail
"To be the first to break a Rail,
"My Gammon to the Shades below
"To feast the Devils Imps shall go. ___
"Grub up, for Shame, these Palings vile,
"And let us every Stack despoil. ___
The Pigs who follow'd his advice,
Got thro the Rails, but in a Trice,
Some were flogg'd out, and some nere found

With Ears & Tails cut off in Pound. __