

When The Pigs Begin To Fly - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

When the Pigs Begin to Fly.

I've got the gift of prophecy,
As I will quickly show.
The secret of the future
Most infallibly I know;
I'll give you a few straight tips.
And I will prophesy
Of some strange things to happen.
When the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try-
Much queerer things will come to pass when the pigs begin to fly

Some folks they want cremation,
And are very much perplexed
Because they say they'd rather burn
In this world than the next.
They're bound to make a 'ash of it.
If they cremation try,
They'll settle this burning question
When the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try-
We'll all adopt cremation when the pigs begin to fly.

We hear a lot of women's wrongs
And also women's rights,
They want to wear the breeches,
Do the old and ugly frights.
The rights they need are marriage rites,
For Home Rule they should try;
We'll send old maids to Parliament
When the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try-
Old spinsters will be ministers when the pigs begin to fly.

The force of folly and of fashion
Could no further go,
You must confess that ladies' dress
At present is a show.
With ruffs, puffs, cuffs, and muffs, and stuffs,
Dame Nature they defy,
I do believe they'll dress like Eve
When the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they should never have a try-
They'll only wear their natural hair when the pigs begin to fly.

A day will come when ev'ry belle
Will dress with simple taste;
She won't puff out her figure
And screw in her dainty waist.
High heels, low bodies, dress improvers.
Chignons she'll decry,
Drop powder puff, and all such stuff,
When the pigs begin to fly.

Chorus.

When the pigs begin to fly, oh! won't the pork be high,
Tho' they are the most unlikely birds that ever flew in the sky;
I see no reason why they never should have a try-
Each female saint will never paint when the pigs begin to fly.