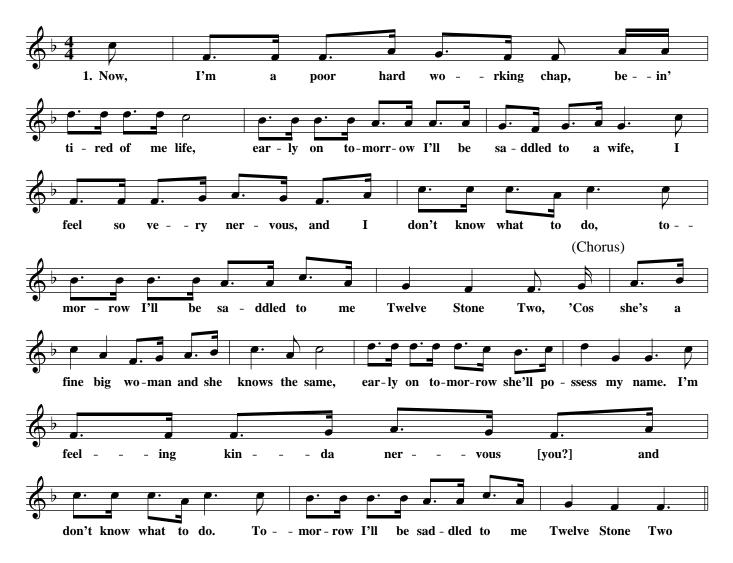
Twelve Stone Two



 Now, I'm a poor hard working chap, being tired of my life Early on tomorrow I'll be saddled with a wife [An agricultural Irish girl, that's twice the size of me; Upon my word I'm doubtful what the consequence will be.]

Chorus

 Now, I did think of deserting her but that would never do. Life would not be worth two pence between me-self and you. She would only sue me in a breach of promise case. She'd raise her two big fists up and make matchwood of me face.

Chorus

3. Now, the first time I went out with her she sat upon me knee. You'm a-just imagine Twelve Stone Two, a little chap like me. She done all the talkin' and I 'ad nowt to say Then like the silly fool I am, I gave me-self away.

Chorus.

Source: Sung By Ray Hartland, Eldersfield. Collected by Gwilym Davies 9 December, 1978. Notes: Second half of verse 1 supplied from original composition.

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