

## Twelve Stone Two

1. Now, I'm a poor hard wo - - rking chap, be - - in'  
ti - red of me life, ear - ly on to-morr-ow I'll be sa - ddled to a wife, I  
feel so ve - - ry ner - vous, and I don't know what to do, to - -  
(Chorus)  
mor - row I'll be sa - ddled to me Twelve Stone Two, 'Cos she's a  
fine big wo-man and she knows the same, ear-ly on to-mor-row she'll po - ssess my name. I'm  
feel - - - ing kin - - - da ner - - - vous [you?] and  
don't know what to do. To - - mor-row I'll be sad - dled to me Twelve Stone Two

1. 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

2. 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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