

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 - sses 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

2. 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.
3. 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.

Source: Sung By Ray Hartland, Eldersfield. Collected by Gwilym Davies 9 December, 1978.