

# The Domestic



by Kit Barbourne and Gerald Merrowvale

G



1. A far - mer hung ry from the fields Came in to his

D

G

C

G



kit - chen; His wife was si - tting by the fire, A patch - work quilt a

D

C

G

C



stit - ching, And on the hob there hung a pot. Full of stew a

D

G



pip - ing hot. His sto - mach grumb led quite a lot, To

D

G

G

C

G

Chorus:



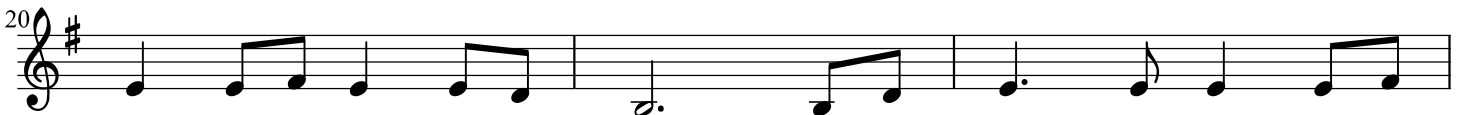
taste it he was it - ching. Oh ma - rriage is a mir a cle A

C

D

C

C



sac - ra ment of the Church, but when the priest has

G

D

G

C



done his bit He leaves you in the lurch, For I've known wives to

27

D G C C

thrash their hus - bands, boil them a - live. Oh marr - iage is a

G D G

31

mir a cle, Its a won - der they sur - vive!

1. A farmer, hungry from the fields  
Came into his kitchen  
His wife was sitting by the fire  
A patchwork quilt a-stitching  
And on the hob there hung a pot  
Full of stew, a-piping hot  
His stomach grumbled quite a lot  
To taste it he was itching

2. He grabbed a ladle in his hand  
And sneaked a little taste  
But he spilt a drop of stew,  
Too clumsy in his haste.  
She threw a platter at his head  
And cursed the day that they were wed,  
"You greedy pig," the woman said,  
"My stew has gone to waste"

Chorus

3. "You bloody harpy," cried the farmer  
"You virago, you shrew!  
You ugly scold, you termagent!  
I'm sick to death of you!  
You bruised my head, you evil witch,  
When you should shut your gob and stitch,  
Oh bugger off, you idle bitch!  
I've had enough! We're through!"

4. "You fat old sod," the farmer's wife  
Replied, "You're so pathetic -  
You're a bastard and a churl  
Your breath is an emetic  
You're a slob, you're bald and old  
An uncouth yob whose ardour's cold  
And the weapon that you hold's  
A strange sort of prosthetic"

Chorus

5. The wife climbed on the grey-lag goose,  
The farmer on the sow;  
He took a pitchfork in his hand  
Crying, "I'll impale the cow!"  
She swore that she would do him harm;  
She held her distaff in her arm,  
And all the chickens on the farm  
Came to watch the row.

(one verse-worth of chicken noises!)

6. And all the night the couple jousted  
'Till both were black and blue,  
And when the sow and goose were tired  
They caught another two.  
So when your mistress wants a kiss,  
And wants to share in wedded bliss  
To have and hold or take the piss,  
My lad, its up to you.

Chorus