

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

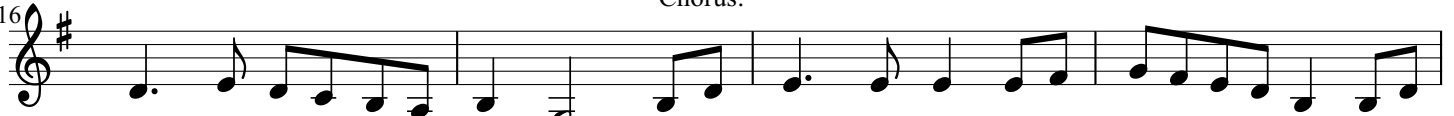
G

G

C

G

Chorus:



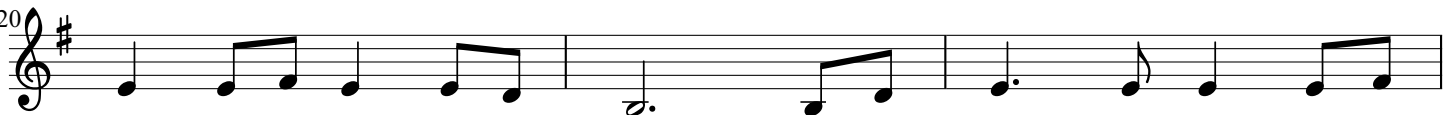
taste it he was it - ching. Oh ma - rriage is a mir a cle A

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 buggger 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