

Willie Wastle
By Robert Burns

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie.

Willie was a wabster guid
Could stown a clue wi onie body.
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither!

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e (she has but ane),
The cat has twa the very colour,
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tounge wad deave a miller;
A whiskin beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither:

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o that upon her shouther:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An wi her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her frunzie wi a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan Water:
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.