**Willie Wastle By Robert Burns**

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,

The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;

Willie was a wabster gude,

Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;

He had a wife was dour and din,

O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither!

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wadna 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-tongue wad deave a milkr;

A whiskin beard about her mou',

Her nose and chin they threaten ither;

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wadna 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 on ilka quarter:

She has a huaip upon her breast,

The twin o' that upon her shouther,

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wadna 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 grunzie wi' a hushion.

Her walie nieves like midden-creels,

Her face wad fyle the Logan-water:

Sic a wife as Willie had,

I wadna gie a button for her.