**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 Madgie 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’s got 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 hump 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 wallie nieves like midden-creels,  
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water:  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her.