

# Willie Wastle

by Robert Burns

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,  
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;  
Willie was a wabster gude,  
Could stoun a clue wi' ony 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 tongue wad deave a miller:  
**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 hein-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 lump upon her breast,  
The twin o' that upon her shouther;  
Sic a wife as Willie had,  
I wadna gie a button for her!

Auld baudrons 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!