

The weary pund, the weary pund  
The Weary Pund O' Tow  
Robert Burns, 1792

Chorus:

The weary pund, the weary pund,  
The weary pund o' tow;  
I think my wife will end her life,  
Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint,  
As gude as e'er did grow,  
And a' that she has made o' that  
Is ae puir pund o' tow.

Chorus:

2. There sat a bottle in a bole,  
Beyont the ingle low;  
And aye she took the tither souk,  
To drouk the stourie tow.

Chorus:

3. Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,  
Gae spin your tap o' tow!  
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,  
She brak it o'er my pow.

Chorus:

4. At last her feet-I sang to see't!  
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,  
And or I wad anither jad,  
I'll wallop in a tow.

Chorus: