

The weary Pound o' Tow;

Violin

Slow

The weary pound, the weary pound, The weary pound o' tow; I

think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow I bought my wife a

stane o' lint as gaide as e'er did grow; And a' that she has made o' that, Is

CHORUS

ae poor pound o' tow. The weary pound, the weary pound, the weary pound o'

tow I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

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 ftane o' lint,

As gude as e'er did grow ;

And a' that she has made o' that,

Is ae poor pund of tow.

CHO. *The weary pund, the weary pund,*

The weary pund o' tow ;

I think my wife will end her life,

Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,

Beyont the ingle low ;

And ay she took the tither fook,

To drook the ftoorie tow.

The weary, &c. &c.

Quoth I, for fhame ye dirty dame,

Gae spin your tap o' tow !

She took the rock, and wi' a knock

She brak it o'er my pow.

The weary, &c. &c.

At laft her feet, I fang to fee't,

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;

An or I wad anither jad,

I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary, &c. &c.