

## THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

So broad a feature of old Scottish life as the use of the spinning-wheel could scarcely have escaped the notice of the native muse. We have several songs on this subject—one, above all, satirising a housewife who neglected her spinning, which appears to have sprung up in the middle of the eighteenth century, as its title and air occur in Oswald's *Caledonian Pocket Companion*. We give this song, as far as it can now be recovered, but preceded by an improved version which Burns supplied to the *Musical Museum*.

The wea - ry pund, The wea - ry pund, The  
wea - ry pund o' tow, I think my wife will  
end her life, be - fore she spin the tow! I  
bought my wife a stane o' lint, As guid as e'er did  
grow; And a' that she has made o' that Is  
ae pair pund o' tow. The wea - ry pund, the, &c.

Chorus.

## SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

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

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

There sat a bottle in a bole,  
 Beyond the ingle low;  
 And aye she took the tother sook,  
 To drouk the stoury tow.

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!

At last her feet, I sang to see't,  
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,  
 And ere I wed another jaud,  
 I'll wallop in a tow.

## [OLD VERSION.]

I bought my maiden and my wife  
 A half a pund o' tow,  
 And it will serve them a' their life,  
 Let them spin as they dow.  
 I thought my tow was endit—  
 It wasna weel begun!  
 I think my wife will end her life  
 Afore the tow be spun.

I lookit to my yarn-knag,  
 And it grew never mair ;  
 I lookit to my beef-stand—  
 My heart grew wonder sair ;  
 I lookit to my meal-boat,  
 And O, but it was howe !  
 I think my wife will end her life  
 Afore she spin her tow.

But if your wife and my wife  
 Were in a boat thegither,  
 And yon other man's wife  
 Were in to steer the ruther ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And if the boat were bottomless,  
 And seven mile to row,  
 I think they'd ne'er come hame again,  
 To spin the pund o' tow !<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rudder.

<sup>2</sup> Besides the foregoing three stanzas, there is another, which appears to belong to the same song, but cannot be placed anywhere as a part of it: probably some intervening stanzas are lost. The delinquent housewife herself is introduced, endeavouring to borrow linen to make shirts for her husband, and promising restitution at a period synonymous, according to all appearance, with the Greek Calends :

O weel's us a' on our guidman,  
 For he's come hame,  
 Wi' a suit o' new claes ;  
 But sarkin he's got nane.  
 Come lend to me some sarkin,  
 Wi' a' the haste ye dow,  
 And ye'se be weel pay'd back again,  
 When ance I spin my tow.