

# 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, Be- fore 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.

6 5 4 2 6 5 3 6 5 4 3

6 6 6 5 6 4 5 3

2 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 3

6 6 6 5 3 7 3

6 4 3 6 5 2 6 6 4 3

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

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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 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 look,

To drook the stoorie tow.

*The weary, &c. &c.*

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.

*The weary, &c. &c.*

At last her feet, I sang to see't,

Gaed foremost o'er the knowe ;

An or I wad anither jad,

I'll wallop in a tow.

*The weary, &c. &c.*