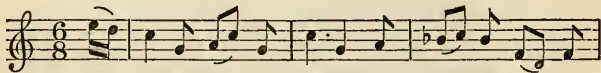
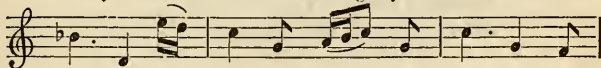


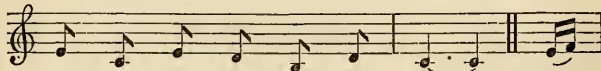
# MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.



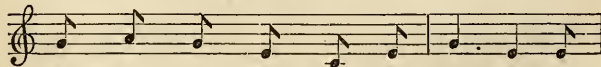
My wife's a wan-ton wee thing, My wife's a wan-ton



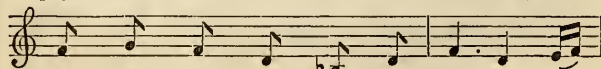
wee thing, My wife's a wan-ton wee thing; She



win-na be guid-ed by me. She



- play'd the loon ere she was mar-ried, She



play'd the loon ere she was mar-ried, She

play'd the loon ere she was mar - ried; She'll  
do't a - gain ere she die!

My wife's a wanton wee thing,  
 My wife's a wanton wee thing,  
 My wife's a wanton wee thing;  
 She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon ere she was married,  
 She play'd the loon ere she was married,  
 She play'd the loon ere she was married;  
 She'll do't again ere she die!

She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,  
 She sell'd her coat, and she drank it,  
 She row'd hersel in a blanket;  
 She winna be guided by me.

She mind't na when I forbade her,  
 She mind't na when I forbade her;  
 I took a rung and I claw'd her,  
 And a braw guid bairn was she!

Of this somewhat foolish canticle, the first two verses appear in Herd's Collection; the others are added in Johnson's *Museum*. The air, which is also recognised as a dance, is given in Oswald's *Pocket Companion*.