

My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart, I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

(loved)
(next to)
(lost)

Chorus:

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
She is a lo'esome wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

(lovesome)

The world's wrack, we share o 't,
The warstle and the care o 't;
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.
Chorus

(world's suffering)
(struggle)