

O, merry hae I been teethin a heckle
Kissing my Kate
Robert Burns, 1785

O Merry hae I been teethin' a heckle,
An' merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.

2. Bitter in idol I lickit my winnins
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie;
O come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drucken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
An' blest be the day I did it again.