

**Merry Hae I Been Teethin A Heckle**

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.

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.