

My Eppie Macnab

O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird,
She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab;
Whate'er thou hast dune, be it late, be it sune,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
She let's thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie Macnab!
As light as the air, and as fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.