

O, saw ye my dearie, my Eppie Macnab?
Eppie MacNab
Robert Burns, 1791

|: 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!'

2. |: O, come thy ways to me, my Eppie Macnab! :|
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it sune,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

3. |: What says she, my dearie, my Eppie Macnab? :|
She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And forever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.'

4. |: 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!