

### Scroggam, My Dearie

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;  
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen;  
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam;  
The priest o' the parish he fell in anither;  
Sing auld Cowl lay ye down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, Scroggam;  
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither;  
Sing auld Cowl, lay ye down by me,  
Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.