MY HOGGIE (Robert Burns)

What will I do gin my Hoggie die,

My joy, my pride, my Hoggie:

My only beast, I had nae mae,

And vow but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,

Me and my faithfu' doggie;

We heard nought but the roaring linn

Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle-wa',

The blitter frae the boggie,

The tod reply'd upon the hill,

I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw and cocks did craw,

The morning it was foggie;

An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke

And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.