**My Hoggie** by 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 nocht but the roaring linn,

Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frau 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!

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