

What will I do gin my Hoggie die?
My Hoggie
Robert Burns, 1788

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 watched the fauld,
Me and my faithfu doggie;
We heard nocht but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

2. 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 crawl,
The morning it was foggie,
An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has kill'd my Hoggie!