

## CROWDIEKNOWE

Oh tae be at Crowdieknowe  
When the last trumpet blows,  
And see the deid come lowpin owre  
The auld gray waws.

Muckle men wi toosled beards,  
I grat at as a bairn  
'll scammle frae the croodit clay  
Wi feck o swearin.

And glower at God and aw his gang  
O angels in the lift  
- Thae trashy bleezin French-like folk  
Wha garred them shift.

Fain the weemun-folk'll seek  
Tae mak them haud their row  
- Fegs, God's no blate gin he steers up  
The men o Crowdieknowe.

by Hugh MacDiarmid