

The Ballad of Janitor Mackay

by Margaret Green

I wis playin keepie uppie
in the street outside the schule,
when Jock McCann's big brither
who's an idjit an a fule,

went an tuk ma fitba aff me
an he dunted it too hard
an it stated ower the railins
inty the janny's yard.

Aw, Mackay's a mean auld scunner.
He wis dossin in the sun,
an when ma fitba pit wan oan him
big McCann beganty run,

an Mackay picked up ma fitba
an he looked at me an glowered
but I stood ma ground, fur naebody
will say that I'm a coward.

But when he lowped the palins
an he fell an skint his nose
I tukty ma heels an beltit
right up ma granny's close.

I could feel the sterrwell shakin
as efter me he tore,
an he nearly cracked his wallies
as he cursed at me an swore.

'O save me gran,' I stuttered
as I reached ma granny's hoose,
fur Mackay wis getting nearer
an his face wis turnin puce.

Noo, my gran wis hivin tea
wi Effie Bruce and Mrs Scobie,

an when she heard the stushie
she cam beltin through the loaby.

Ma gran is only fower fit ten
but she kens whit she's aboot,
'Yev hud it noo, Mackay,' I cried,
'Ma gran will sort ye oot!'

See the janny? See ma granny?
Ma granny hit um wi a sanny
then she timmed the bucket owerum
an he tummelt doon the sterr
an he landed in the dunny
wi the baikie in his herr.

Fortune changes awfy sudden –
imagine he cried me a midden!

(I goat ma ba back but.)