

## The Ballad of Janitor Mackay

by Margaret Green

I wis playin keepie uppie  
in the street outside the schule,  
when Jock McCanns big brither  
whos 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 jannys yard.

Aw, Mackays 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 Im a coward.

But when he lowped the palins  
an he fell an skint his nose  
I tukty ma heels an beltit  
right up ma grannys 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 grannys 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 shes 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.)

