

# A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns

O my Luv'e's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my Luv'e's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair are thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in luv'e am I;  
And I will luv'e thee still, my Dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:  
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luv'e!  
And fare thee weel, a while!  
And I will come again, my Luv'e,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile!



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**Robert Burns**

# 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.

hit  
bounced

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,

sleeping  
gave him a blow

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**.

jumped, fence

raced  
passageway to a common stair in a tenement

I could feel the **sterrwell** shakin  
as efter me he tore,  
an he nearly cracked his **wallies**

stairwell  
false teeth

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**.

uproar  
lobby

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.

trainer  
emptied

basement  
ash and rubbish

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

mess

(I goat ma ba back but.)