## A Red, Red Rose

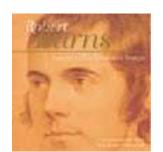
**Robert Burns** 

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

As fair are thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I; And I will luve 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 luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

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



## **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 trainer emptied 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*!

mess

(I goat ma ba back but.)