

What a triumph for Big Jim!

There's an old Scots saying, "Auld age disnae come itsel".

What a triumph for Big Jim
the day he graduated!
Among the donnert an the dim
nae longer he'd be rated.
 Be ye high or be ye low,
 ye neednae feel inferior.
 Tae hae some triumph aye on show
 will make ye seem superior.

What a triumph for Big Jim
the day he mairrit Susie!
It justified, it seemed tae him,
his name for bein choosy.
 Be ye high...etc.

What a triumph for Big Jim!
A dream job for the askin!
Noo he could flaunt his verve an vim,
in power an glory baskin!
 Be ye high...etc.

What a triumph for Big Jim!
His dochter wis a stunner!
Blonde an bonny, tall an slim,
a lassie in a hunner!
 Be ye high...etc.

What a triumph for Big Jim!
His laddie wis a genius;
distracted by nae fleetin whim
an steadier than a wheen o us.
 Be ye high...etc.

Life wis a triumph for Big Jim,
but noo he's auld an failin,
an suddenly it seems tae him
life isnae juist plain sailin.
 Be ye high or be ye low,
 ye neednae feel inferior,
 but some day ye may lose the glow
 that makes ye feel superior.

There's little triumph noo for Jim,
a pensioner wi a zimmer.
The present seems tae him gey grim,
the future even grimmer!
 Be ye high or be ye low,
 ye neednae feel inferior,
 but like Jim ye may lose the glow
 that makes ye feel superior