

◆ GERALD MANGAN ◆

Oor Faither

See when A wiz
yoor age Son
A wiz up at thi bluddy
crack o dawn
wurkin Ma hands
to thi bone
six bluddy
days a week

A wiz movin
on the face o thi watters
bringin forth trees
n yieldin fruit
n every wingèd fowl
eftir his kind
n makin man
eftir Ma ain image

A didny huv Ma heid
full o parables
A didny go roon
forgivin hoors
A didny go roon
walkin on watter
A didny pick fights
wi bluddy pharisees

Well jist look where
it's got Yi noo Son
it's got Yi a sponge
full of vinegar
n don't think Ahm gonny
bail Yi oot this time
Yir on Yir ain noo
n Hell mend Yi

