

Father Roche's Song

Words and Music: Gary McGath, Copyright 2006
Inspired by *Doomsday Book* by Connie Willis

O Lord, O Lord! Do you hear me? You are far away.
You cannot come, so she tells me. But you hear me pray.
The times are hard and folk are dying; what are we to do?
Though we are weak and know little, we must act for you.

For you have sent one to guide us from your realm above.
I saw her come out of nowhere, brought here by your love.
Her words are strange, and strange her manner, but her soul is true.
She comes to warn, speaks to comfort, knows what we must do.

O Lord, O Lord! You are with me, though I soon may die.
A village priest, not a scholar, but I still will try.
She speaks of things past understanding to a man like me,
But I know this: You have helped us in our misery.

This is, she says, not your judgment, nor the Devil's curse.
An earthly ill, like so many, only so much worse.
But some will live on, though we perish; not all life will end.
And those to come will see blessings you will one day send.