

# A Dodgy Blight

Music: Herbert Howells 1936

Words; Warren Mars 2018

Arrangement adjusted by Warren Mars 2018

Piano RH

1. All my com - mon sense is gone now. In it's place a  
 2. Ma - ry was a vir - gin mo - ther, e - ven though she  
 3. Je - sus preached and walked on wa - ter, turned two fish in -  
 4. Sun - day is the day for res - ting, yet to church I'm  
 5. When I'm dead I'll go to Hea - ven, with a ha - lo

Piano LH

4

dod - gy blight. Since I joined the Church of Je - sus I can  
 had a spouse. Yah - weh's ghost - ly pe - nis slid in - side her  
 to a ton. Then to save all folks not born yet, God the  
 forced to go. Where I park my ach - ing back - side with the  
 in the sky. Where I'll praise the Lord al - migh - ty, til I

7

see that black is white. With - out brain I feel no  
 as she cleaned the house. It's no shit; they did their  
 fa - ther killed his son. Can't see how, a dead man  
 great - est dags I know. I con - fess, the priest's add -  
 wish that I could die. "Let me out!" I'll scream and

10

pain. Drop me in and pull the long chain.  
 bit: Fa - ther Son and Ho - ly Spi - rit.  
 now, makes us live for - e - ver some how.  
 res, breaks my mind and bores me sense less.  
 shout. For sure this ain't what life is a - bout.