

Get a grip.

Maybe we sometimes give in to despair too easily.

“Hoo is it that I’m growin bald,
and every jint noo gie me gip?”
“It’s only that ye’re gettin auld.
Juist get a grip, man, get a grip!”

“Nae draps nor ointments can assuage
ma bluidshot een that throb and nip.”
“Away ye go, it’s juist auld age.
Juist get a grip, man, get a grip!”

“Pain racks each muscle as I move.
Wi every step I slip or trip.”
“Be shair things never will improve.
Juist get a grip, man, get a grip!”

“Hoo is it that I hae the look
o a cadaver when I strip?”
“The passin years ye cannae jouk.
Juist get a grip, man, get a grip!”

“Alas, alas, I doot I’m done!
Oot o this world I may’s weel slip.
Since bidin on seems no much fun,
I micht as weel juist lowse ma grip.”

“Away ye go, ye slaverin get!
Gie up yer girnin. Here’s a tip:
while life remains there’s still hope yet.
Juist get a grip, man, get a grip!”