



The NURSE

The World grows better year by year,
Because some Nurse in her little sphere,
Puts on her apron and smiles and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things.

Taking the temperature, giving the pills,
To remedy mankind's numberless ills,
Feeding the baby, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels.

Longing for home and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile,
Blessing the newborn babe's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are still in death.

Taking the blame for the doctor's mistakes,
Oh dear, what a lot of patience it takes,
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged and ready to drop.

But called back on special at seven fifteen,
With woe in her heart, but it must not be seen,
Morning and evening and noon and night,
Just doing it over and hoping it's right.

When we lay down our caps and cross the bar,
Oh Lord, will you give us just one little star,
To wear in our crowns with our uniforms new,
In that city above where the Head Nurse is You.