

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

The Nursie.

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The nurse

I.

Ah, there comes your darling nurse
Now be quiet, still and brave.
You look ill — oh, mercy, mercy
You'll get well if you behave.

Does your brain shake like a jelly?
Can't you eat a decent meal?
Ah, it aches, that darling little
Nurse knows just how you feel.

Though your pocket-book is slender,
Here we're loving sweet and quick.
Sometimes we're so God-damn tender,
That it makes this nurse sick.

What would you like? Something nice
and solid? Here you are, a nice, great
big cup of wonderful junket. What —
it isn't solid — it isn't nourishing?
No backtalk!

Doctor's orders
He has taught us
That junket is the only perfect food
Come on dear, take a nibble
Don't you let me hear you gribble —
It will make you feel so good.

One, two, three, my pretty gulton -
Now there isn't any more.

Did it taste as good as mutton?
Ha, who's knocking at the door?

It's too late for friends to visit.
Shut your mouth and please be still.
Oh, your mouth is open is it?
I'll put in this pretty pill.

Ah-yes, he's doing nicely. Temperature
a 105. - No, you can't come in. We
are a little tired. - The patient expects
you? You promised to say good night?
He won't sleep, if you don't?

Doctor's orders,
He has taught us
That there are no exceptions to his rule.
You are only sentimental -
I am firm, tho I am gentle
And you can't complain - you fool.

Here. Here's a nice carminative - and
a laxative - and a vomitory - all
for you - isn't it fun? What - I know
what I can do with them? Aha, but the

Doctor forbids them too. Pfu! —
Now, I'll go to another Patient. —

Ah, he doesn't hear me leaving
as he sadly turns his head.
Drowsy, tired and sick with grieving,
Full of tears, he dares not shed.

Little country! I beseech you —
Rest until the shining day.
Be as brave as death can teach you.
Morning is not far away.

Shadows in the dawn are flying
just beyond those bolted doors.
But a Tyrant's night is lying
heavy in the corridors.

Where you going to say something?
This is what your doctor you Permits
you to say. Yes — yes indeed — and
a third possibility — yes! — You say,
that you are not contented and happy.
Would you like the doctor to order a
surgery?!

Doctor's orders
he has taught us
that you are happy and you love him so!

Dont complain of your condition
You have chosen your physician.
God knows when he'll let you go.

Charbeland