

The Little Doctor

A Little girl

With godly curl

To her mummy said she

Doctor I want to be

Let me see

If doctor I want to be

What must I have

Thought the little brave

A long white coat

And a thing with knot

On a dangling rope

They call a stethoscope

For action

I must have injection

A syringe with a needle

In the middle

A thermometer to measure

Patient's temperature

Some spirit cool

And some cotton-wool

Syrups, ointments and tabs

Scissors, bandages and caps

In my bag all there

Ready to serve without fees

To all I must be good

Their pains I must soothe

I do not care for fee

To poor I will serve free

Pains are bad

And sufferings sad

To the old I will care

Mother's suffering I will share

To the sick

I will be meek

Unhappiness I shall cure

Doctor I will be for sure

In my little heart

There is this restless fire

You may call it my desire

That doctor be I must

That in God I trust

That to serve God

And to please my Lord

I must serve mankind

Without looking behind

Mother dear that day

Will be my happy day

WHEN DOCTOR I WILL BE

To cure for the pleasure of God

To serve mankind for my Lord

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