

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

by
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Alfred Tennyson
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EMMIE

Our doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the door,
Fresh from the surgery-schools of France and of other lands—
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands!
Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb,
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on the dead,
And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawn'd at his knee—
Drench'd with the hellish oorali—that ever such things should be!

Here was a boy—I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye—
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seem'd out of its place—
Caught in a mill and crush'd—it was all but a hopeless case:
And he handled him gentle enough, but his voice and his face were not kind,
And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his mind,
And he said to me roughly, “The lad will need little more of your care.”
“All the more need,” I told him, “to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer;
They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own;”
But he turn'd to me, “Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?”
Then he mutter'd half to himself, but I know that I heard him say
“All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.”

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