

The Doc Whose Stethoscope Was Cold

Rob Davis

Gather round ye, and be told
Of the Doc whose stethoscope was cold;
No prayer of his or colleagues both
Or render of Hippocratic oath
Could its cold tip unrelent,
Or warm the errant instrument.

The high Professor, of great fame
announced it was a tiresome game
and brought the stethoscope to bear
against a warmish light bulb there;
declaring that it did not matter
when the glass did promptly shatter.

A Consultant swore he'd have a go
and gave a mighty puffing blow;
but still no warmth was ensured
the stethoscope was just not cured.
Whoever's skin it touched, was smit
with the chilly frozen feel of it.

The Surgeon, dresséd all in white
declared the problem was not right
and grasped the stethoscope; with rapid lunge
did it in warmish water plunge.
Alas! No sooner was it withdrawn
than coldness was resumed, forlorn.

Matron chanced by at that point
did stethoscope's cold tip annoint
with Germolene, declaring that
it might just work - it fixed the cat!
But shaméd was the Matron fussy;
it failed (although it worked on pussy).

The Doc whose stethoscope was cool
felt himself a royal fool
until a comely Nurse declared
"Come now, Doctor, don't be scared

give me the thing, and don't think twice;
I'll fix your stethoscope in a trice."

"I've nowt to lose," he sadly said
and lifting tubes from o'er his head
passed stethoscope on to the Nurse
who, it seemed was not averse
to clutch it tight and for a while
whisper words, and to it, smile.

To all's astonishment, on its return
the stethoscope's tip was warm!

What healing power! What magic trick
restored the heat back unto it?
All stood amazed, and with great cause
there followed much long loud applause.
Said blushing Nurse, with cheeks a-dimple,
"I gave it Love, it was but simple."