

And he laughs away the fever and he jokes away the pain.

Through the long, long night I suffer; weird the dreams that come to me,
Quaint the thought that I am thinking; strange the sights that I can see,
But the sunbeams of the morning bring the doctor up the stairs
And the heart of me is lightened of a thousand different cares.

There is courage in the twinkle of his kindly smiling eyes,
And before his merry laughter fly a thousand fears and sighs;
And the thoughts that have been dreary change to pleasant ones and gay
When the good old kindly doctor smiles the doubts and dreads away.

For the doctor, he comes singing and he sits besides my bed,
And he lifts my weary spirits as the pillow lifts my head;
And the fever seems to leave me and the pains are not severe,
And I'm better for his presence, and I'm stronger for his cheer.

The doctor, he is clever, sure and certain of his skill,
And his people long have praised him for his work among the ill;
But it's not his wisdom only, that the life of us