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MY LITTLE RED CROSS NURSE.

Christina Dandridge Van Horn. H. DuFresne.

When you have a puncture in your shoulder, And you're lying on your back,

You find your words don't carry weight, And your arguments fall flat.

I knew when she came to feel my pulse That my little Red Cross nurse

In her snow white dress and cap Was the prettiest girl on earth.

Morpl-

I thought I could con-vince her, So I kept it up a - while,

Till I heard her say the self-same words To the chap a-cross the aisle.

(2)

'Twas then that I told her that I loved her,
But she would only smile;
And tell me very gently then,
"You'll feel better after while".
It was a joy to see her coming 'round
With thermometer and chart;
But tho she read my temperature,
She would not read my heart.

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