

And when I first essayed to walk,
My efforts she was scared to see.—
She strives to be the sternest nurse
That ever made a patient worse !

I love the serious, sober way
In which she would command assume,
I love her simple dress of grey
Which does not rustle in the room.
But to be stern !—she cannot do it !
Her gentleness comes smiling through it !

They tell me—but all that I knew—
When passing by, in neighboring street,
A child had fallen, and I flew
To save him from the horses' feet.
This I remembered very well,
And one thing more *they* could not tell.

That when on level of my eyes
Those horses' ugly hoofs I see
Immense ones are they, thrice the size
Of any hoofs beheld by me !
Some reason for the fact I sought,
And this became my latest thought.

Then was a time not all a blank,
For I was conscious of distress ;
From movement and from noise I shrank,
I suffered dreadful weariness,