

Here in the Royal.

They do the basics very well, but sometimes the icing on the cake is not all you might expect.
Churchgoers will recognise the famous old hymn tune.

Wieldin the scalpels, daein the scans;
Tickin the boxes, draftin the plans.
Busy professionals tirelessly toil,
Keepin us healthy, here in the Royal.

CHORUS: Angels of mercy, angels of light,
I hear them he-hawin far off in the night.
Somethin above me soothingly hums.
I press the wee buzzer, an naebody comes.

Lood breezy banter, jocular cracks,
But, “Nae time tae waste, pal, got tae make tracks.”
Work in the fast lane, life on the boil,
Keepin us healthy, here in the Royal.

Bashin an breengin somewhere ower there,
As nursin proceeds on a wing and a prayer.
By luck or guid guidance, disaster they’ll foil,
Keepin us healthy, here in the Royal.

Pullin the screens roond, checkin the drips,
Catchin the spewins, wipin the lips;
Skillfully strivin tubes tae uncoil,
Keepin us healthy, here in the Royal.

Soothin the weary an feverish breast,
Dichtin the snotters, daein their best;
Nae wheengin complainer their credit shall soil,
Keepin us healthy, here in the Royal!