



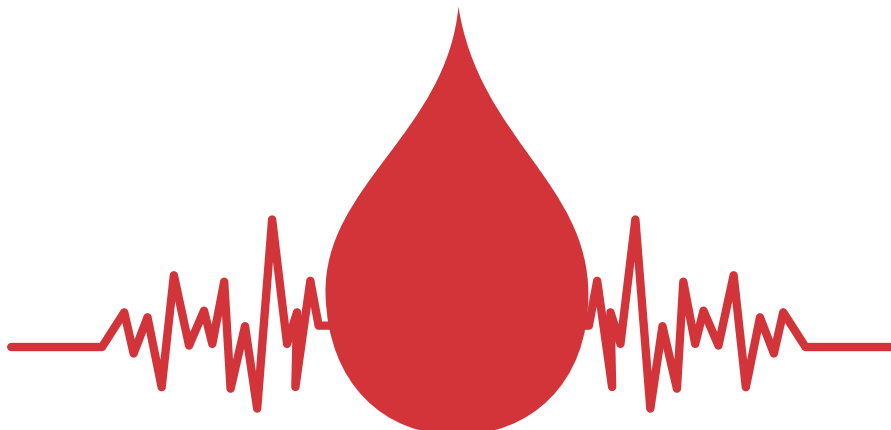
The Haematologist's Song

An old haematologist was standing one day,
In an old haematology lab.
He thought what a lot I've missed of the life that is gay,
Through pursuits that are dreary and drab.
I've sat counting cells by the billion or more,
Til the corpuscles run through my gaze,
And yet though my story be tedious and gory,
I'll sing to the end of my days:

Chorus

Blood, blood, glorious blood
Thicker than water and nicer than mud.
It's sweeter, it's neater, more pure, yet completer,
We'll live by the litre on glorious blood

The old haematologist whose story we've told,
Looked back to the days of his youth,
To his work of a quality quite uncontrolled,
But when no-one would question his truth.
When clotting was simple and blood groups were few,
Only God knew what lymphocytes did,
You could say 'all that's new is in Dacie and Lewis'
And buy one for only a quid.





Chorus

The old haematologist looked through the notes,
Of the case for the next CPC.
There was no cause of death though the studies they'd done,
Were as thorough as thorough can be.
Every test had been carefully repeated and checked,
In their efforts to keep him alive.
Every sample spectacular, more drastic than Dracula,
The total blood volume times five.

Chorus

So remember whoever you happen to be,
The moral that comes from all that.
Though your blood may be blue as the sunniest sea,
Or as red as a cardinal's hat,
If it's warm and it's wet and it's still gurgling round,
It's far better than any champagne.
So never mind whether a dearth or a plethora,
Let's all sing together again:

Chorus

Source: Eric Watts / Humphrey Kay

With grateful thanks to Professor Gerry Slavin who found a copy of the lyrics in his attic