



These are the hands
That touch us first
Feel your head
Find the pulse
And make your bed.

These are the hands

These are the hands
That tap your back
Test the skin
Hold your arm
Wheel the bin

These are the hands
That fill the bath
Mop the floor
Flick the switch
Soothe the sore

And these are the hands
That stop the leaks
Empty the pan
Wipe the pipes
Carry the can

Change the bulb
Fix the drip
Pour the jug
Replace your hip.

Burn the swabs
Give us a jab
Throw out sharps
Design the lab.

Clamp the veins
Make the cast
Log the dose
And touch us last.

Michael Rosen wrote this poem to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the NHS. It is reproduced here by permission of the author.

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