



## Song 5: In Sickness and in Health

Mother:                   The fight is done,  
                                  The battle won  
                                  And I give thanks to those behind you –  
                                  Who showed they cared enough to mind you;  
                                  Who found a way and let me find you once again.  
                                  And now it's done,  
                                  But there's no rest for those that tend us  
                                  As each day comes they will defend us  
                                  In sickness and in health

Good Bacteria &  
Immune System:       We live to fight another day  
                                  This time we proved we're superior  
                                  Keep fighting fit – you need your health  
                                  Don't let yourself feel inferior

Bad Bacteria:           Don't drop your guard:  
                                  We'll breach your defences  
                                  And splinter your senses  
                                  There's no happy ending next time

Everyone :  
(except Bad Bacteria)   The fight is done,  
                                  The battle won  
                                  And we give thanks to those behind us –  
                                  Who showed they cared enough to mind us;  
                                  Who found a way,  
                                  Though we remind you once again  
                                  It's never done,  
                                  And there's no rest for those that tend us.  
                                  As each day comes they will defend us  
                                  In sickness and in health.

(Cont.)



The Press:

What's up Doc? Did he get well?  
Give us a quote Doc that news is simply swell  
Tell us, what ya, got – who's real sick?  
Good news don't sell copy – get the pic?  
Headlines, we need headlines, give us tittle-tattle doc.  
For some gruesome headlines  
They'll be queuing round the block.  
So let's bust the deadlines with a yarn to make 'em flock  
We'll give 'em gore – the sales'll sore,  
So dish 'em up a shock.

Doctor 1:

Though this little fight was won,  
We're still not done  
The battle forever goes on.  
Spare a thought for those who fight  
This war without end;  
Work we can never repay.  
They face a new challenge each day –  
They're constantly seeking a way,  
To bring you from sickness to health.

Mother:

Life is something beyond measure;  
Precious as a diamond.  
Do not lose this treasure!  
Love your life and have good health!

Everyone:

The fight is done,  
The battle won  
And we give thanks to those behind us  
Who showed they cared enough to mind us  
Who found a way –  
Though we remind you once again:  
It's never done,  
And there's no rest for those that tend us.  
As each day comes they will defend us  
In sickness and in...



*Doctor is left alone with her clipboard and notes. She starts to cough and calls a colleague.*

Doctor 1:                   ...health  
                                  Could you fetch me a glass of water please – I feel a little peculiar.

Doctor 2:                   Yes, you look a bit pale  
                                  *(Puts hand on the first Doctor's forehead)*  
                                  I think I'd better take your temperature –  
                                  *(Takes temperature)*  
                                  It looks like you're running a...

Everyone:                   FEVER!  
                                  FEVER!  
                                  FEVER!