

Five pieces o fruit.

Does anybody actually eat those deep-fried Mars Bars you see advertised in Edinburgh chip shops, or is it just something to amuse the tourists? Some of us actually eat quite sensibly. The tune to this is a traditional dance tune, the name of which I can't remember.

The prognosis wis poor up tae this present day;
The seek man o Europe, that's Scotland, they say.
But there is nae question, the cure that will suit
Is the daily digestion o five bits o fruit.

Five pieces o fruit, five pieces o fruit,
The diet o choice for the wyce and astute.
Five pieces o fruit, five pieces o fruit,
Ye'll thrive an rejoice on five pieces o fruit.

That hoosewife, nae doot she looks trauchelt an duin,
She's been knockin life oot juist tae keep life within.
Though she's less o a doll than a washed-oot auld cloot,
She'll be belle o the ball on five pieces o fruit.

That blubbery bairn, sae fat and obese,
His munchin unsparin is coortin disease;
But the fat fae his frame wuid melt off at the toot
If his daily dose came tae five pieces o fruit.

If the lifestyle ye choose is tae prop up the bar
Wi yer guts fu o booze an yer lungs fu o tar,
Though each day o the week ye be pished as a newt,
Ye'll be back at yer peak on five pieces o fruit.

That spry centenarian, soople an fit,
His guid health's unvaryin, sherp is his wit.
It isnae that puzzlin his brain's sae acute,
Wi a century's guzzlin o five bits o fruit.

Sae here's tae the aipple, the plum, an the pear;
They should be the staple o your bill o fare.
But mind, if ye try it ye'll quickly find oot
Defecation's a riot on five bits o fruit!