

Gliders on the Hilltop

The Redhill crews have pitched their camp,
But the Met. man makes it rather damp,
By triggering off a load of clamp,
As we revel in the joys of irrigation.

CHORUS.

Gliders on the Hilltop, gliders down below,
Gliders on the circuit; flying very low,
Gliders with their ruptures, lying in a row,
As we revel in the joys of aviation.

Doc. Slaters here, and Louis too,
Pop Furlong gyrates his two-pew,
And Phillip Wills goes out of view,
As they revel in the joys of thermalation.

Elliots men are always here,
And when there's a prang they loudly cheer,
And they wander up with their pints of beer,
As they revel in the joys of renovation.

In our field there a gold G Suite,
But they've got no licence. to compete
Still at breakfast in pyjamas they look a fair treat,
As they rumble in the throes of constipation.

The Test Pilots school at the R.A.E.
Are accustomed to Pull outs with bags of G,
But they do their landings expensively,
As they revel in the joys of devastation.

When the Minister came the drizzle was slight,
So he thought he'd go far a local flight,
And he nearly got his Gold C height,
As he revelled in the joys of elevation.

Though we appear a. load of cranks,
We'd like to end on a note of thanks,
And three rousing cheers for the Derby & Lancs,
As we revel in the joys of dissipation.