

God rest you Merry Gentlemen

God rest you merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay
The Clubhouse will not always look the way it looks today
Prospective members will not merely shrug and drive away,
We'll have gliding in comfort and joy

One day we'll have four poster beds and scented sheets as well
And lots of cooks and waitresses to ring the dinner bell
We'll have news-letters written by people who can spell
We'll have gliding in comfort and joy

We'll win the National Competitions every year with ease
And all our Daisy customers will have their Silver 'C's
And when we go cross-country, we'll be issued with rupees
We'll have gliding in comfort and joy

All other clubs will be as friendly as can be
The Editors of Gliding magazines will all agree
That expensive German gliders should be given to us free
We'll have gliding in comfort and joy

Now when all this has come to pass as in good time it may
And when at last we've found a way to make our gliding pay
We'll go and start another club a long long way away
You can have too much comfort and joy