

The Lashamite Song

To the gliders down at Lasham, to the tug planes and the cars
To the poor old battered hangar where they dwell
Sing the Lashamites assembled with their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well
Competitions, held at SPLASHAM, bloody hell
We will sing our songs of gliding, while life and voice shall last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.

Chorus:

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way, baa, baa, baa
We're little black sheep who have gone astray, baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen pilots out on a spree, doomed from here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we, baa, baa, baa

To the writers of the log sheets, to the trailers and their crews
To the tow cars which the members drive like hell
Sing the Lashamites assembled with their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well
The Yew Tree, Golden Pottie and the rest
We will serenade our Derek who flies until the last
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest

Chorus

To the members in the bunk house, and in their caravans
To the elsans in their hut complete with smell
Sing the Lashamites assembled with their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well
You name it, Jill will sing it by request
We will serenade old Wally whose gliding days are past
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest

Chorus

To the toilers in the kitchen, to the barrels full of beer
To the stories in the bar we love to tell
Sing the Lashamites assembled with their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes the magic of their singing, of the songs we love so well
The remaining songs have had to be suppressed
We will serenade each other till the bar shall close at last
Then we'll say good night and pass out like the rest