

Das Gedicht der Abschlusszeremonie:

We welcomed you to IHC
To spend a week with Team GB.
You came by coach, car, train and plane;
Romania chose Luton which was quite insane.

The first night saw much joy and merriment
As with Walsingham gin we did experiment;
The Swiss were neither neutral nor boring
Last seen partying at three in the morning.

We opened the camp to cheers and roars -
We welcomed each nation and then Team Treloars.
Miri the flag-bearer was in seventh heaven;
We all reached for the sky with S-Club 7.

Our wonderful chaplains gave a fabulous Mass -
A choir of angels were a touch of class.
Monsignor preached to us on being courageous;
Appropriate considering our hangovers - outrageous.

Then many attractions at our own village fete:
Coconuts, beagles and the tea was first-rate.
At international evening we all raised the roof,
Slovakia providing us with 72% proof...

In spite of the latter taking dreadful effect
We appeared in the morning present and correct.
James Bond, Harry Potter, steam trains and sailing -
A taste of Great Britain we delighted [in] unveiling.

The theme for the first night was red white and blue,
Which the French, Dutch and USA got in on too.
Our kind neighbours' patience barely was tested -
The noise was by our soundproofing quite bested.

Tuesday similar arrangements were offered:
London and on-site activities proffered.
The evening international tipples supplied:
A Grand Master with arak and vodka was plied.

The disco quite silent with glowing headsets
Caused us to suffer from chronic back sweats;
Till the wee small hours we boogied and jived -
Thank goodness those wonderful dirndls survived.

Arundel day was our major event,
With hog roasts and even a warm flat ale tent.
True to our military and knightly natures
Archery, castles and jousting were features.

Moving on swiftly from another half-rhyme,
The Mass at Arundel was simply sublime:
Followed that evening by our silent night -
A moment of calm and much needed respite

Yesterday featured our own Potter world,
With witchcraft and wizardry and turbans unfurled...
I fear that the Lebanese helpers were conned -
Spending a fortune on house scarves and wands.

So now we come to the IHC closure -
I hope that you all can maintain your composure.
In a stiff upper lip we Britons take pride...
After last night I'm amazed that the Dutch haven't died.

I'm sorry that we have defied expectation
Of a week of crap food and precipitation.
The catering team have been quite incredible,
Producing us food that was far more than edible

What a week we have had and what things we have seen -
All that was missing was our gracious Queen.
Songs we have sung and prayers we have said,
And congratulations to Laura and Ed!

A big thanks to all of you for coming to stay.
Good luck to the Germans who over next year have sway.
Enjoy the rest of what we have to give -
Altonbury and a party like you wouldn't believe.

I've tried with these verses to relive the hype
Without resorting to national stereotype...
But the Spanish were late and the Germans were not,
The Poles gave us far too many shots,

The French were courageous (despite all the odds)
And the Italians were not such total food snobs.
It's true that the Belgians provided some waffles...
Which is just an excuse to mention snitches and quaffles.

All that remains is to offer our thanks most deserved
To organisers and to the staff who have served;
And before he starts planning his next project - do -
Let's give a massive cheer to our leader - James Grew