

**The student cometh** (DIFG/RGH Nov 2010)  
(sung to Flanders and Swan *The Gasman Cometh*)

'Twas on a Monday morning, my postgrad student called.  
He'd tried to plot a tephigram - not getting it at all.  
He said, "Like, just explain it, man or I's not comin' back"  
So I said, "We'll launch a radiosonde and then you'll get the knack!"

*Oh, it all makes work for the lecturer to do.*

'Twas on a Tuesday morning, we went up to the field,  
A balloon we filled with helium and then its end we sealed.  
We watched it rising through the air, it really looked quite grand.  
Then he said, "What is this little box I'm holding in my hand?"

*Oh, it all makes work for the lecturer to do.*

'Twas on a Wednesday morning he said he'd try again  
This time he did it on his own despite persistent rain  
But, worse, he filled it to the brim with copious H<sub>2</sub>  
Which ignited in a lightning strike and now he's bound to sue

*Oh, it all makes work for the lecturer to do.*

'Twas on a Thursday morning we tried to launch again.  
The forecast was for gale force winds - maybe a hurricane.  
I said "hold tight the string, my lad, I'll tune the ra-dee-o!"  
But the next gust swept him off his feet - he landed at Heathrow!

*Oh, it all makes work for the lecturer to do.*

'Twas on a Friday morning, he was in a Roy'l Berks bed.  
He'd managed to survive the fall by landing on his head'  
But still had all the data safe as any student should  
So I said, 'You plot a tephigram to check it's any good?"

*Oh, it all makes work for the lecturer to do.*

On Saturday and Sunday, I'm a warden at the Hall  
So, 'twas on a Monday morning that my postgrad student called...