

## THE HYMN OF HATE

Onward, Baby Nieuports,  
Flying out to war,  
Lewis guns all loaded,  
Engines all a-roar.  
See, the Flight Commander  
Leads against the foe,  
Five machines with engines revving,  
Cylinders a-glow.  
Onward, Baby Nieuports,  
Flying out to war,  
Lewis guns all loaded,  
Engines all a-roar.

At the sign of triumph  
The wily Hun doth flee.  
"Dive, then, Baby Nieuports,  
Dive to victory."  
Albatrosses quiver,  
Engines glowing red.  
Crack ! Crack ! Crack ! behind them,  
Pumping them with lead.

See the Albatross's  
Tanks begin to leak  
As the guns of Nieuports  
One and all do speak.  
Diving ever downwards,  
Every wily Hun,  
Into flames they're bursting,  
"Nieuports - you have won".

Pull your joysticks backwards,  
Zoom towards the skies,  
Up to fifteen thousand  
Fast the Nieuports rise.  
Guns once more are silent,  
All their rounds are loosed,  
Now they're flying westwards -  
Flying home to roost.

Welcome, Bristol Fighters,  
Who towards us soar,  
Blend with ours your engines,

As we homewards roar.  
"We have done much battle  
With the Albatross,  
Never will they fly again  
Now they bite the moss."  
Onward, Nieuports, Bristols,  
Flying out to war,  
Lewis guns all loaded,  
Vickers guns galore.

[Recorded by Royal Flying Corps 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieut. Francis Stewart Briggs on  
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