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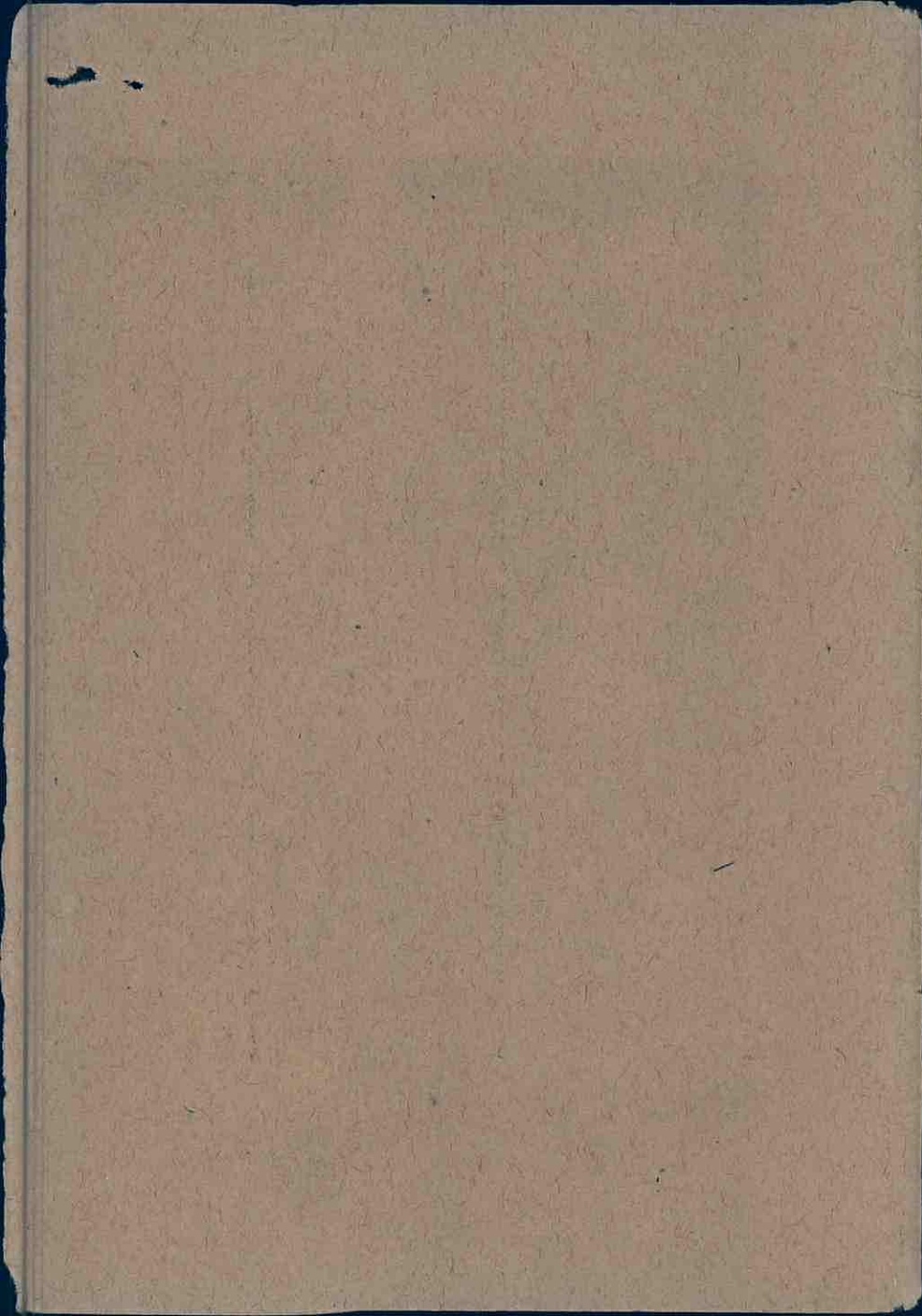
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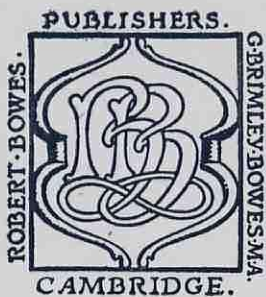
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CINQUANTE QUATRE

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Cambridge  
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1918

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## THE SONG OF THE HUN.

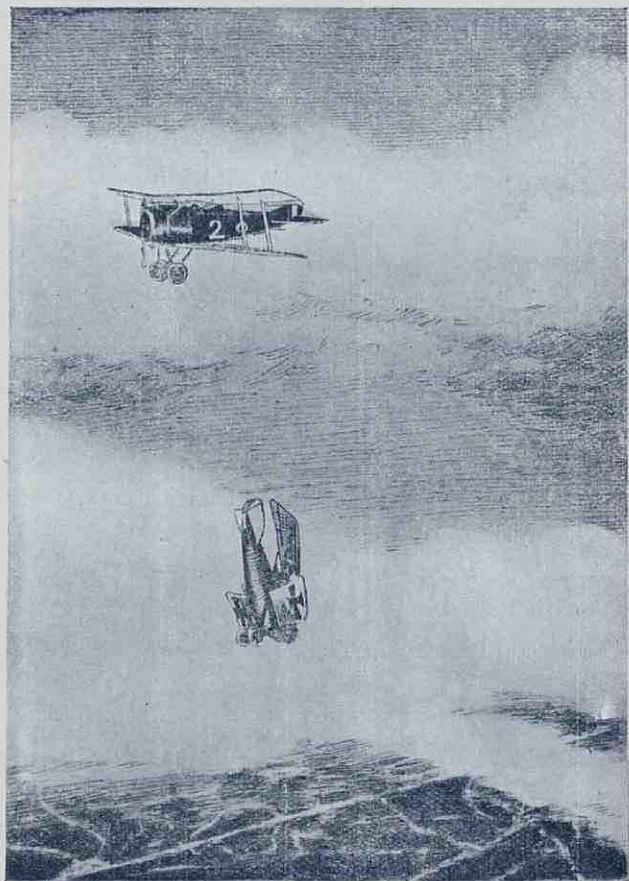
*Tune*—"Are you from Dixie?"

"Say, Mister stranger, how do you do?  
There's something I want to say to you :  
That 'bus I see, what would it be?  
Was it a triplane, or an old 2 E?"

"I'll tell you all that you want to know,  
They sent me up on my first solo :  
All went on grand, sir ; I tried to land, sir,  
Then unluckile-e-ee . . . ."

*Chorus*—

We hit the ground once, I pulled the stick back,  
Like my dear instructor taught me to do.  
And then we rose—by gad, we rose up—  
And the wind was rising up too !  
I remembered that instructor said, "The nose down  
to stuff."  
I looked around and said : "Oh ! this is *not* good  
enough ;  
I kept the stick back,  
We hit the ground—*WHACK* ! . . .  
Now I'm for trenches too !"



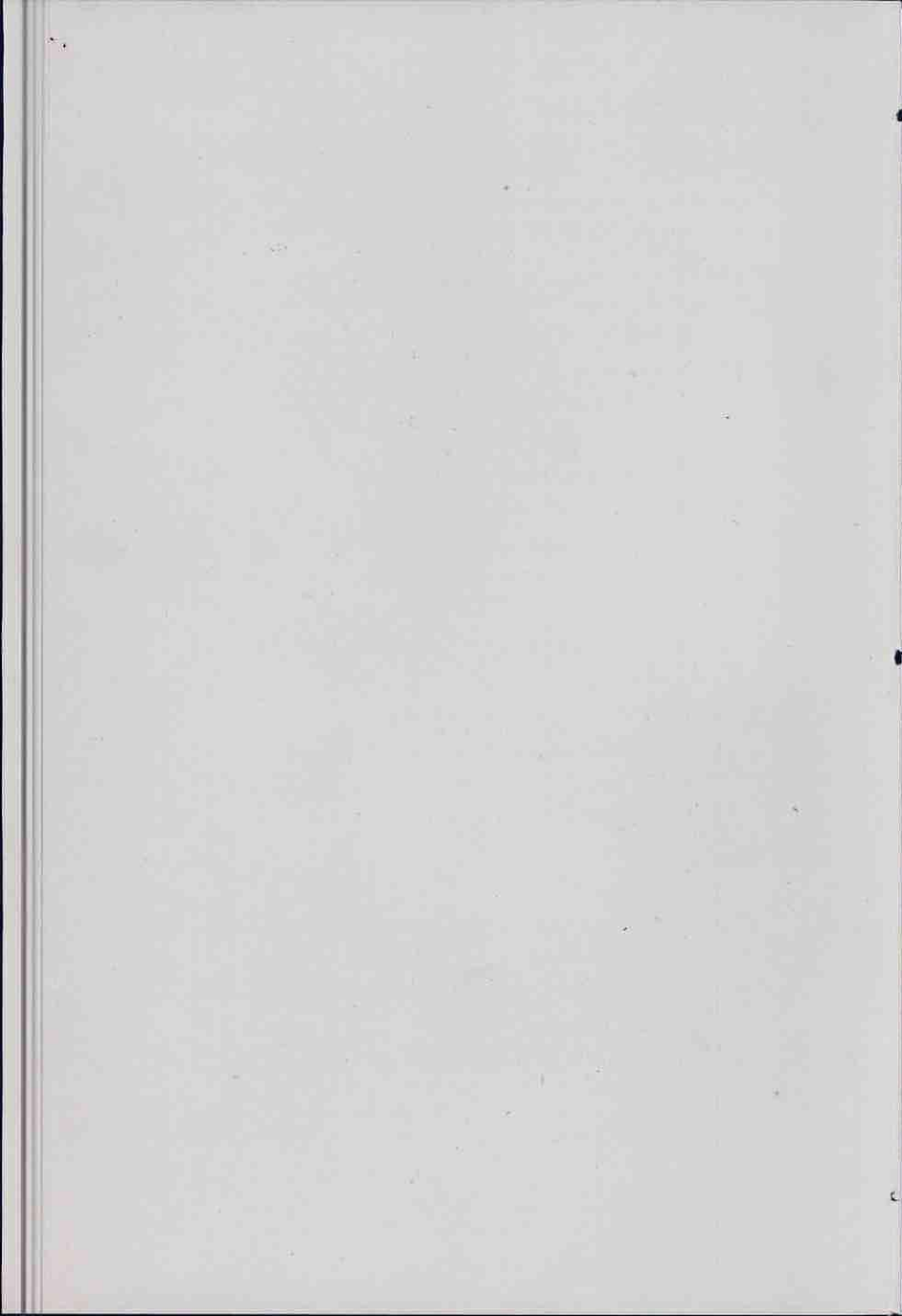
## THE SYNCOPATED FIRE CONTROL.

*Tune—"The Kipling walk."*

In F.E.'s you can sit at ease ;  
The trigger squeeze, just as you please ;  
Because you've got two guns  
You bring down lots of Huns.  
If a jamb you get, you need not fret ;  
You've one gun yet, and you can bet  
You'll still bring down the Hun.  
In single seater tractor scouts, you're always on the  
hop,  
You've a synchronising fire-control, so that you won't  
hit your prop.  
When you're out on a Sopwith scout,  
And your gun cuts out, there is no doubt  
You're absolutely done,  
You're got stiff by the Hun.

### *Chorus.*

Oh ! the syncopated fire control,  
Very fascinating on the whole ;  
Something new is, that the Lewis got it now.  
Vickers have done it,  
Since they've first begun it.



Then you hear your gun shoot Pop !—Pop !—Pop !  
Crash ! and you know you've gone and shot your prop.  
It's a matter for some chatter :  
We're up the pole :  
Hang that syncopated fire control !

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607  
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THEY CALLED THEM R.A.F. 2CS.

*Tune*—"They called it Dixie-land."

Oh! they found a bit of iron what  
Some bloke had thrown away,  
And the 'R.A.F.' said, "This is just the thing  
We've sought for many a day."  
They built a weird machine,  
The strangest engine ever seen,  
And they'd quite forgotten that the thing was rotten,  
And they shoved it in a flying machine.  
Then they ordered simply thousands more,  
And they sent them out to fight.  
When the blokes who had to fly them swore,  
The 'R.A.F.' said, "They're all right;  
The 'bus is stable as can be;  
We invented every bit of it ourselves, you see!"  
They were so darn' slow, they wouldn't go,  
And they called them R.A.F. 2CS!



## THE SONG OF '54.'

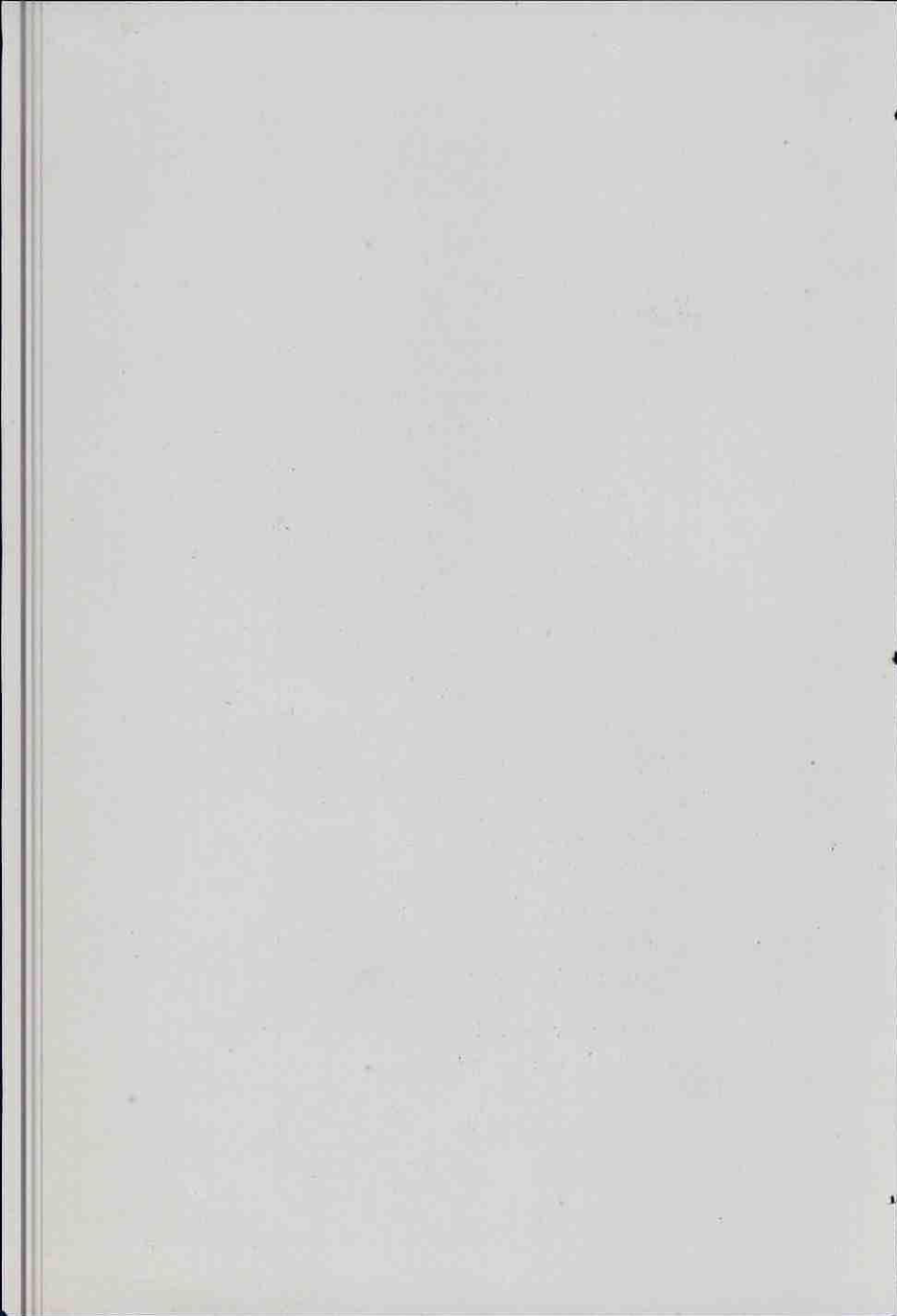
*Tune*—"We've come up from Somerset."

Oh! we came out from Birmingham  
To see the great big war,  
There was Oxo right chock full of fight,  
And Nobby out for gore.  
Archie shot at us "gr-r-umph! umph!"  
And blacked the sky so blue,  
When right up flew a Halberstadt  
And said, "And vitch vos you?"

### *Chorus.*

Oh, we've come up from FIFTY-FOUR;  
We're the Sopwith Pups, you know,  
And wherever you dirty swine may be  
The Sopwith Pups will go.  
And if you want a proper scrap,  
Don't chase zcs any more;  
For we'll come up and do the job,  
Because we're FIFTY-FOUR!

A two-seater looked at Oxo,  
And "Vat vos you?" he said;

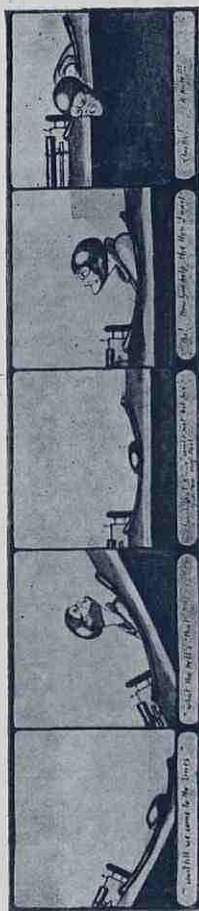
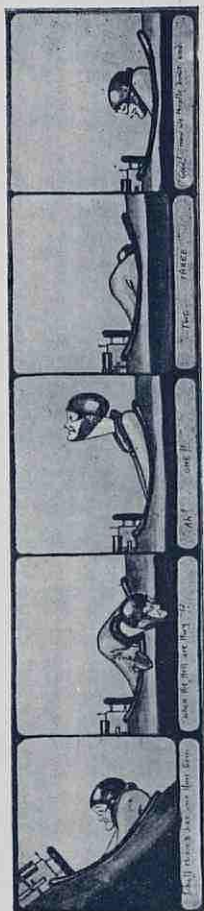


And Oxo blushed quite red with rage,  
And shot the blighters dead.  
Then we found some Hun balloonists  
Behind old Vendhuille town ;  
The Huns seemed keen to pull it in,  
And so we helped it down.

*Chorus*—Oh, we've come, etc.

Then the Hun, he looked down on Peronne,  
From which he'd run away,  
And Struggy, seeing seven there,  
Cried, "Splendid ! Chaps ! Hooray !  
Although there's only four of us,  
You've got to fight, you see."  
And so they went right into them !  
By gad ! they brought down three !

*Chorus*—Oh, we've come, etc.



## "BEFORE THE BREAK OF DAY!"

*Tune*—"So early in the morning."

The orderly bloke was asleep in bed :  
He woke up with an awful head,  
The telephone bell began to ring,  
More hot air from the Fourteenth Wing !

*Chorus.*

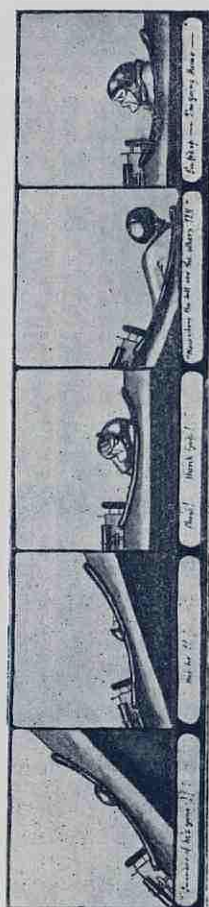
So early in the morning, so early in the morning,  
So early in the morning,  
Before the break of day !

The orderly officer said, "Who's that?"  
The Wing replied, "There's a Halberstadt  
Over Albert, so they say—  
Go and drive the beggar away!"

*Chorus*—So early in the morning, etc.

Six unfortunate sleepy heads,  
Known as pilots, left their beds ;  
And the flight-commander wiped his eye,  
As he led his formation into the sky.

*Chorus*—So early in the morning, etc.



And they hadn't been gone five minutes, I'm sure  
When the Fourteenth Wing rang up once more :  
"It isn't a Hun : the patrol must stop :  
It's only an old two-seater Sop."

*Chorus*—So early in the morning, etc.

Then the mists began to rise  
Till they filled the wintry skies.  
The Patrol, it should have been back by nine :  
At eleven o'clock there was no sign.

*Chorus*—So early in the morning, etc.

Then old John Russell began to swear,  
He said, "Chaps ! oh dear ! oh dear !  
What has happened, I want to know ? "  
When a message came from our C.O.

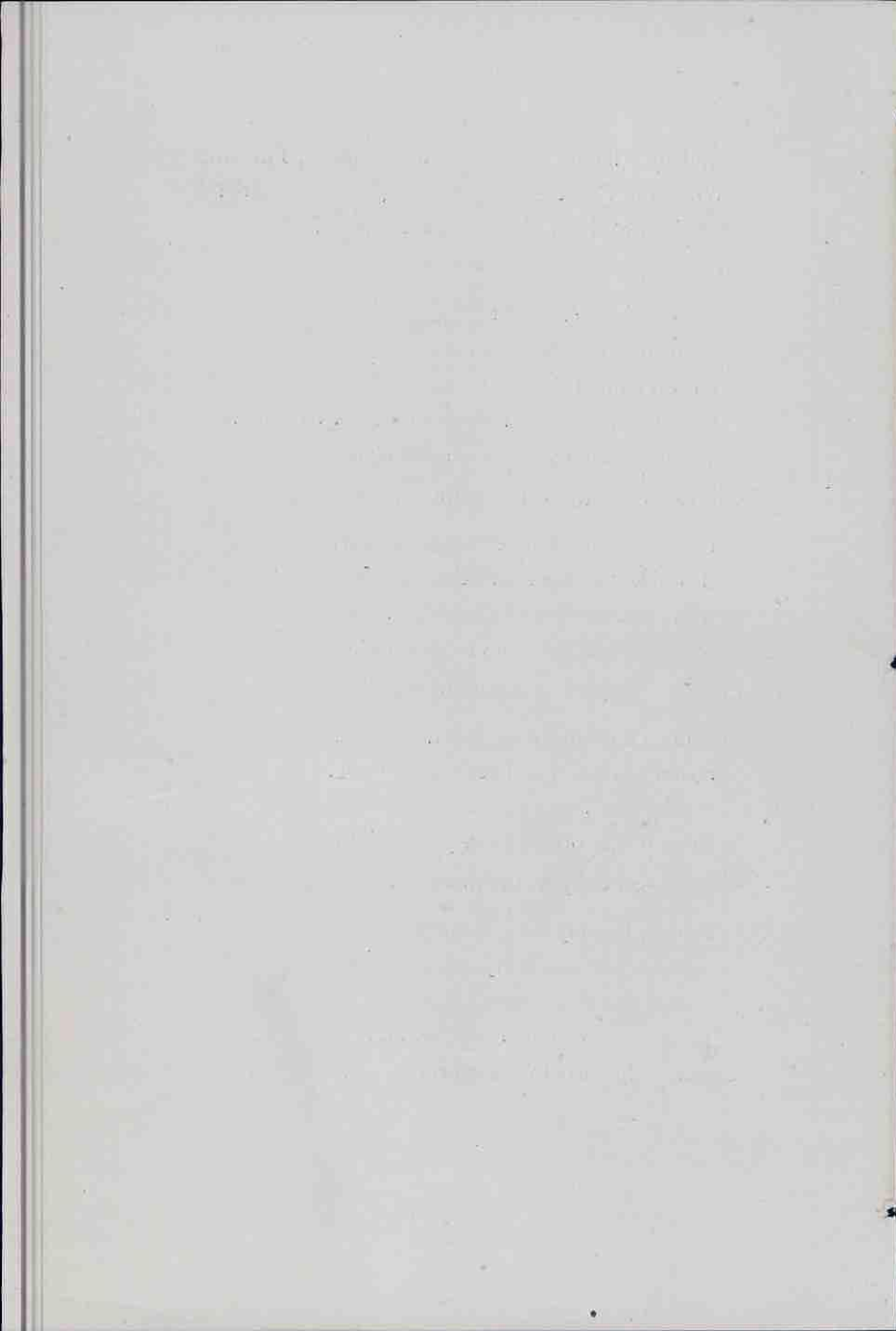
*Chorus*—So early in the morning.

"Oh ! Oxo's down by Combles way :  
Foster's crashed at Dieppe, they say :  
Nobby's on some French aerodrome,  
None of the others have yet got home.

*Chorus*—So early in the morning.

Now at last my song is done,  
And, as you see, there was no Hun :  
The moral of it's very clear—  
We must have much less hot air !

*Chorus*—So early in the morning, etc.



## ALLITERATIONS.

*Tune*—"Sister Susie's sewing shirts, etc."

Dirty Danny's digging deeper dug-outs,  
Much deeper dug-outs dirty Danny dug to make a  
"fug."

One day he dug a topper,  
But the General came a cropper  
In that damn, deep, dirty, deeper dug-out dirty  
Danny dug.

Heavy-handed Hans flies Halberstadters  
In handy Halberstadters for a flight our Hans does  
start ;  
His "Oberst" says, "Oh ! dash it,  
For I fear that he will crash it,  
See how heavy-handed Hans ham-handles handy  
Halberstadts !"



## THE PESSIMIST AND THE OPTIMIST.

*Tune—"Optimist and the Pessimist."—Bric à Brac.*

- P.* I think we'll have a beautiful day !  
*O.* I hope its going to rain !  
*P.* Only a shower—that will pass away,  
*O.* And then come on again !  
*P.* There 'll be lots of hot-air gaps ;  
I know they 'll send us up.  
*O.* This here wind is *much* too strong  
For any Sopwith Pup !

*The Pessimist and the Optimist !*

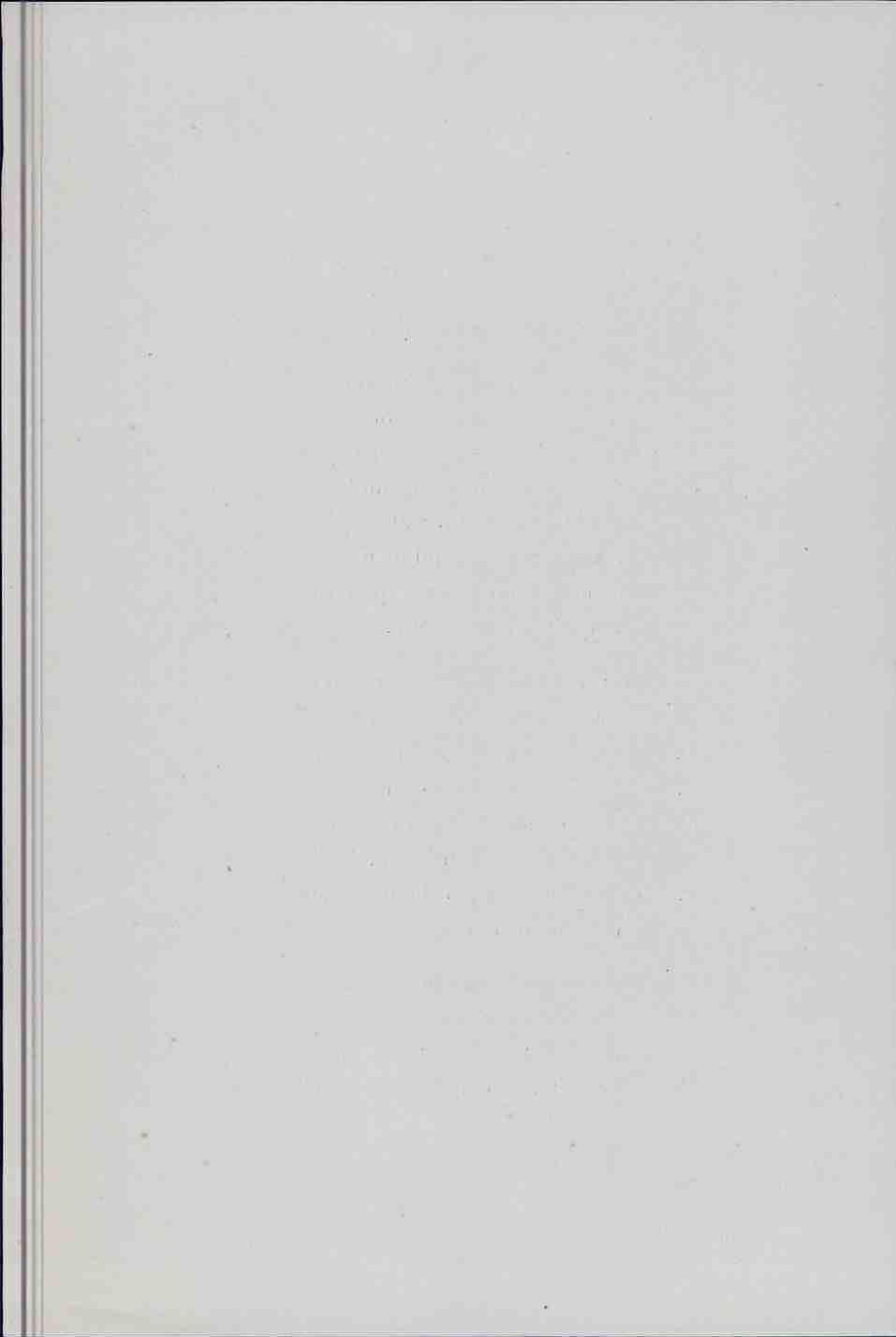
*That's what they call us two.*

- O.* My sky is always full of clouds,  
*P.* And mine is always blue.  
*O.* I like to be with the upper three,  
When I'm escorting "F.E.'s ;"  
*P.* Its safer much than the lower lot,  
But my, it do freeze !

*The Pessimist and the Optimist,*

*They both use double cams.*

- O.* I like to get on a Bosche's tail :  
*P.* Yes, that's when my gun jams



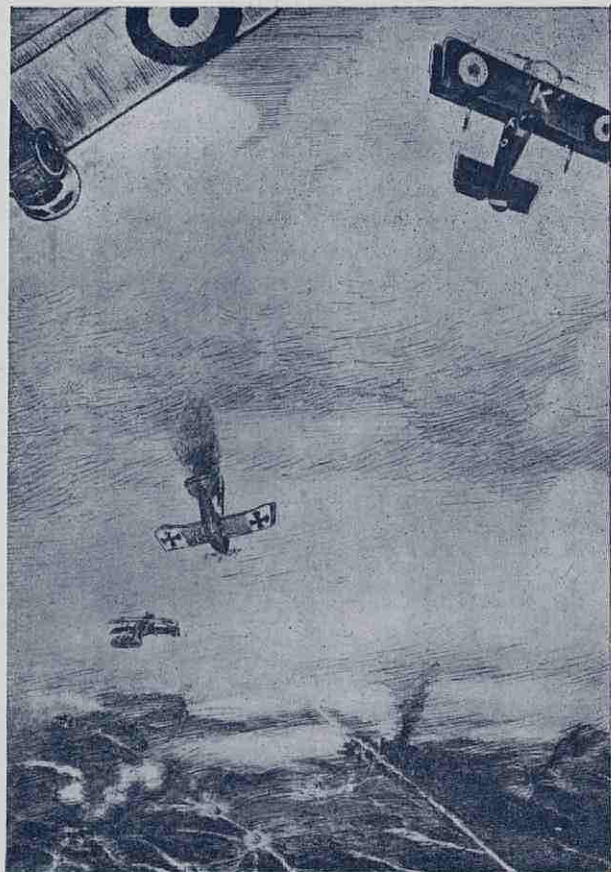
- O. You can cure a number-one or -four,  
Wherever you may roam,
- P. I always pray for a number-two,  
And then I come straight home !
- P. We're on the early show, I hear,
- O. The weather 'll be dud, I know ;
- P. They'll pull me out of bed, I fear,
- O. Not likely, if there's snow.  
You'll be able to stay in bed,  
So do not look so blue,
- P. If I do, I shall have a damn thick head,  
And miss my breakfast too.

*The Pessimist and the Optimist*  
*Go out to strafe the Hun.*

- O. I don't mind where we have to go,
- P. Well, I don't think it fun.
- O. One gets a lot of credit now  
For every Hun one claims,
- P. But what's the good when to-morrow you  
May be brought down in flames !

*The Pessimist and the Optimist*  
*Have friends to dine to-night.*

- O. I know we'll have a cheerful time,
- P. I know you'll all get tight.
- O. We'll sing them all the Squadron songs,
- P. Myself I think they're tosh,
- O. Give me a champagne cock-tail, Lush,
- P. I'll take lemon squash.



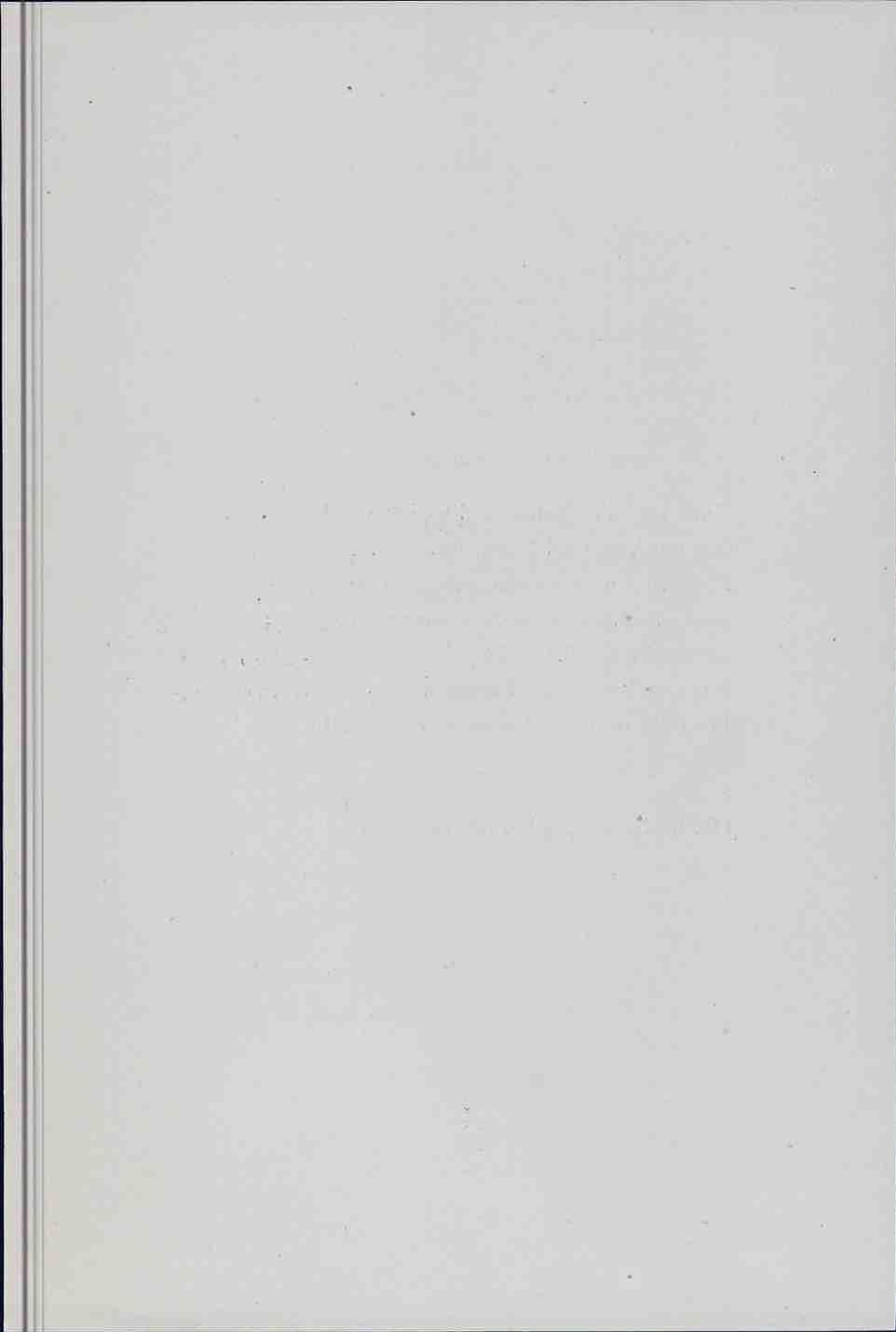
"HUSH-A-BYE, BABY."

*Tune*—"Nursery Rhymes Grown-up."

Hans vos mine name, and a pilot vos I,  
Out mit Von Carl I vent for a fly ;  
Pilots of Kultur ve vos, dere's no doubt,  
Both of us flew in an Albatross scout.  
Ve looked for B.E.'s for to strafe mit our guns,  
Ven last I saw Carl I knew he vos done,  
For right on his tail there were two little Sops !

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree-tops !



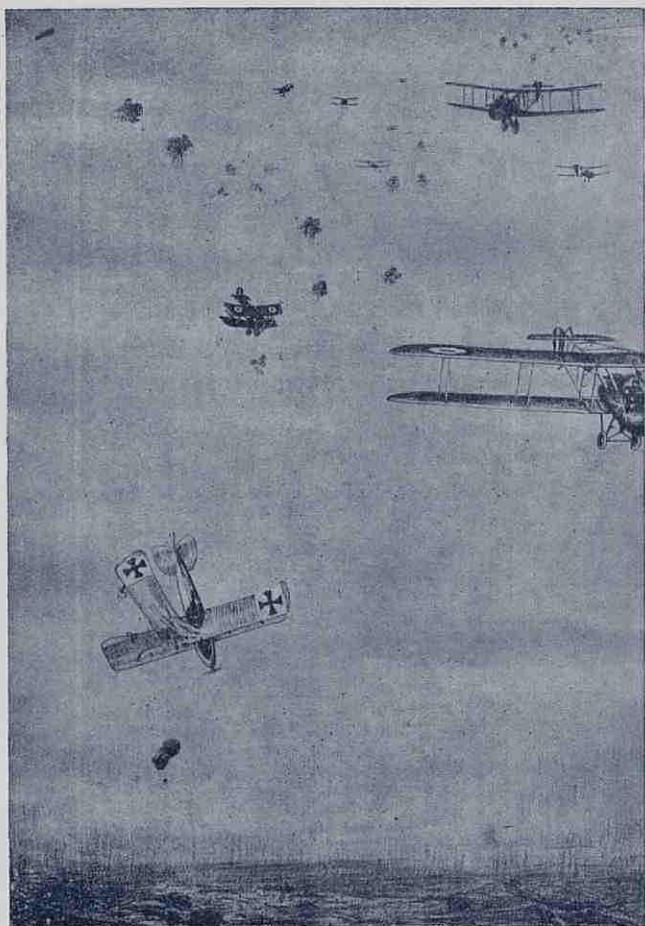
## THE ONLY WAY.

*Tune*—"The only, only way."—*To-night's the night.*

If by some delightful chance,  
When you're flying out in France,  
Some old Bosche machine you meet,  
Very slow and obsolete,  
Don't turn round to watch your tail,  
Tricks like that are getting stale ;  
Just put down your beastly nose,  
And murmur, "Chaps, here goes !"

### *Chorus.*

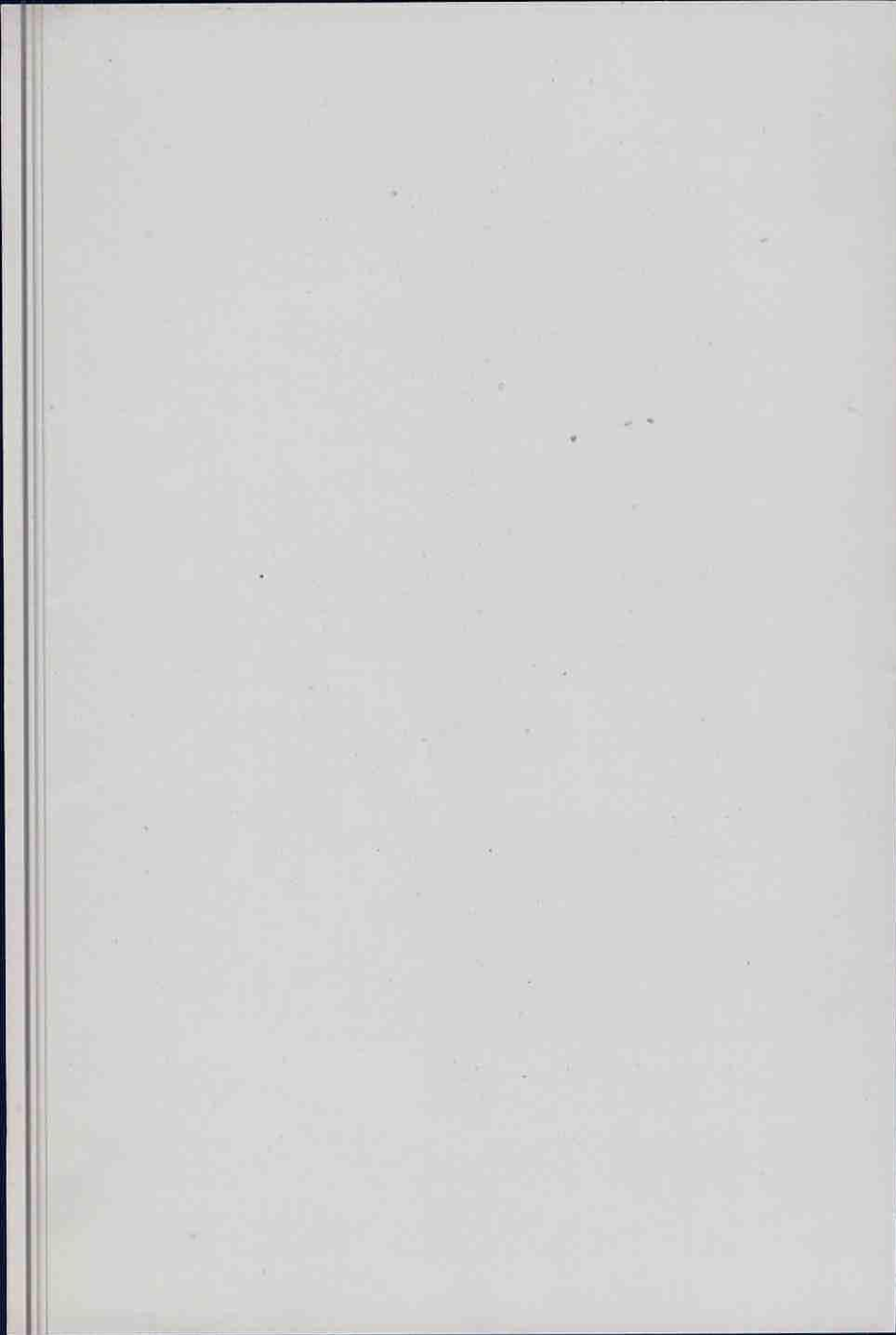
It's the only, only way,  
It's the only trick to play ;  
He's the only Hun, you're the only Pup,  
And he's only getting the wind right up ;  
So go on, and do not stop  
Till his tail's damn near your prop.  
If he only crashes this side in flames,  
Well, you'll only know they'll believe your claims—  
    So keep him right  
    In the Aldis sight,  
It's the o-o-only way !



If on escort you should go  
When the "F.E.'s" are very slow,  
While the Archies grumph and roar,  
And Huns gather by the score :  
If a nasty Hun should strive  
On some poor F.E. to dive,  
There's no choice at all, and so  
Down your nose *must* go !

*Chorus.*

It's the only, only way,  
It's the only trick to play,  
Though your only gun will only fail,  
And there's only six Bosches on your tail,  
And the F.E. shoots at you,  
As we know they sometimes do—  
Well, shoot him down instead of the Hun,  
And you'll only say when the job is done,  
    " Oh, poor old bean,  
    Archie got him clean."  
It's the o o-only way !



"WE HAVEN'T GOT A HOPE IN THE  
MORNING."

*Tune*—"John Peel."

When you soar into the air on a Sopwith scout,  
And you're scrapping with a Hun and your gun cuts  
out,  
Well, you stuff down your nose till your plugs fall out,  
'Cos you haven't got a hope in the morning.

*Chorus.*

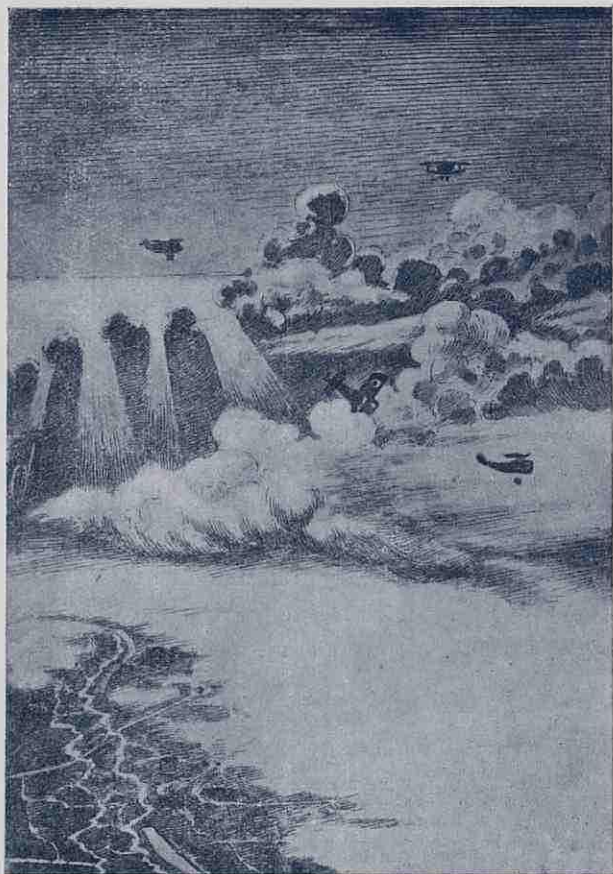
For a batman woke me from my bed,  
I'd had a thick night and a very sore head,  
And I said to myself, to myself I said,  
"Oh, we haven't got a hope in the morning!"

So I went to the sheds and examined my gun,  
Then my engine I tried to run ;  
And the revs. that it gave were a thousand and one,  
'Cos it hadn't got a hope in the morning.

*Chorus*—For a batman, etc.

We were escorting Twenty-Two,  
Hadn't a notion what to do,  
So we shot down a Hun and an F.E. too,  
'Cos they hadn't got a hope in the morning !

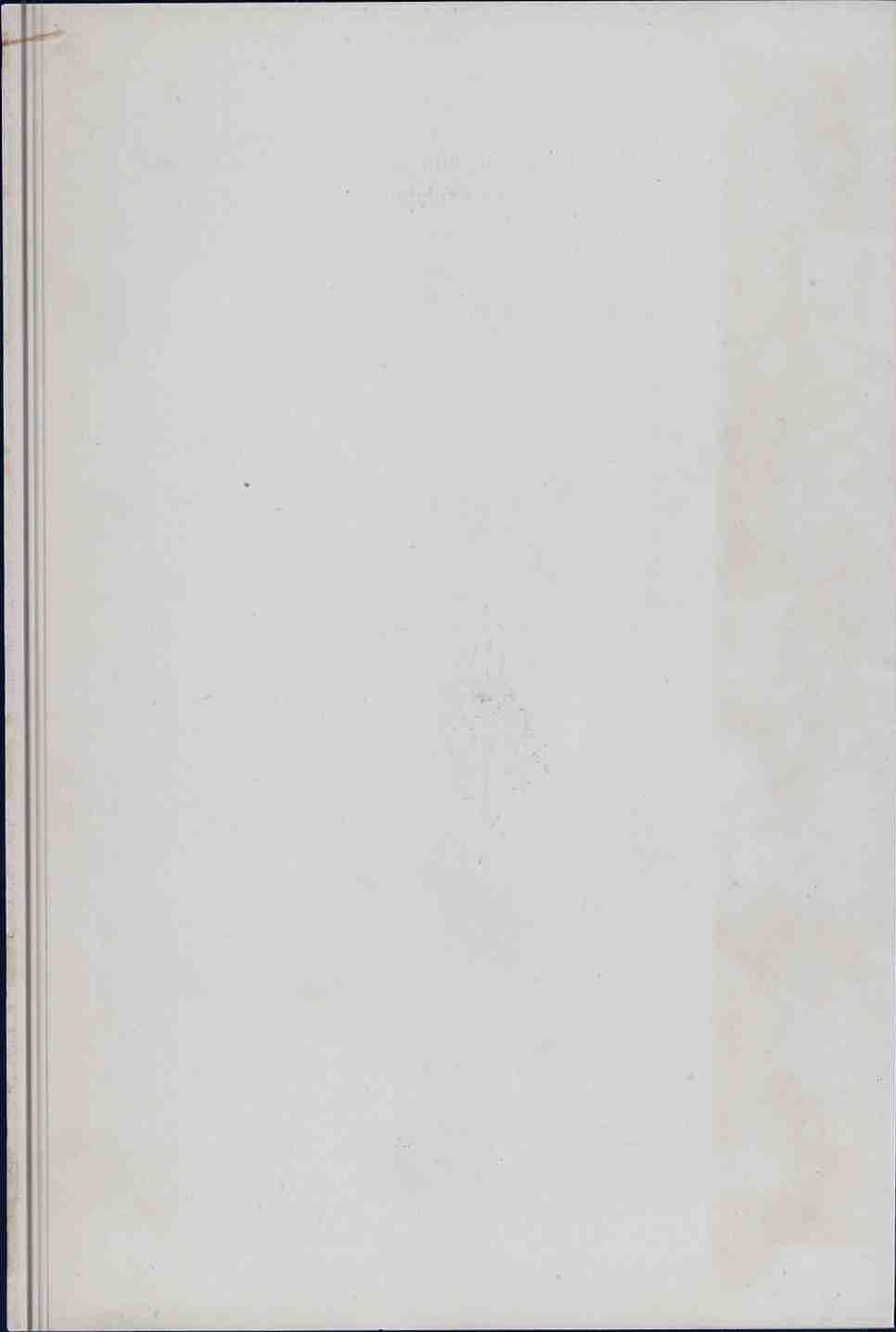
*Chorus*—For a batman, etc.



We went to Cambrai, all in vain,  
The F.E.'s said, "We must explain ;  
Our cameras broke ; we must do it again ;  
Oh, we haven't got a hope to-morrow morning !"

*Chorus*—For a batman, etc.





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