

THE FLIERS

When scarce have passed the shades of night,
And daylight tarries still,
The fearless bomber plumes for flight
Far over vale and hill;
Dawn gilds the highest mountain's crown
As to Hunland he flies
Prepared to turn hell upside down
And pour it from the skies.

Scarce gone is he when, with a roar,
Another leaves the field
To note the batteries once more
The foe has well concealed;
He signals to the waiting guns
And soon the shells reply,
And swift destruction on the Huns
Is raining from the sky.

And now the peerless fighting ace,
Lone ranger of the sky,
Crawls silently into his place
And swiftly mounts on high;
From out the dizzy fighting height
He dives upon his foe,
Who, e'er has fully dawned the light,
Goes crashing down below.

Jove's mighty thunderbolts are ye
Who battle in the sky
And meet the foeman fearlessly,
And fear not e'en to die.
Ye ask, and shall not ask in vain,
The best that experts know;
We hear your plea across the main
Where Sitka Spruces grow.

Our task is small compared with yours
Who brave the icy air
And dangers of this worst of wars
For Freedom's cause "Out there,"