

## **HATFIELD**

By the fence at the end of the runway a boy in short trousers stands,  
Closely watching the Comet as it takes off and circles and lands;  
And primary school is done, it's off to the Tech. next year –  
The horizon is far, the way is clear for an aircraft engineer.

Tiger Moths and Mosquitos and Vampires called this place home  
And everyone's dad worked for DeHavilland at Hatfield aerodrome.  
On open-days you could get closer and stand right under the wings,  
And see naked aluminium taking shape into beautiful things.

Youth is the time for plans to plot the course we'll steer  
And youth is the time for courage, for visions bright and clear.  
With knowledge and the strength that all true learning brings,  
With love and truth and beauty we'll serve all living things. \*

As the School Song died on our ears we all took different paths  
And some of us never became engineers 'cause we couldn't do the maths.  
And Hatfield made pieces of aeroplanes and rockets to fight the cold war,  
Until by-and-by everyone's dad didn't work there any more.

There's a university now on a boulevard called Mosquito Way  
And test pilot heroes live on in the street names and nobody flies there today;  
Test pilot heroes live on in the street names, and nobody flies there today.

***Allan Richardson 2015***

*\*These four lines are from the Hatfield School Song, 1953*