



Bomber Command

Bomber Command!! Those two words ever held,
me to a life that now soon will be held,
In some new world, distant though it be,
And yet not too remote for me to see.
My memory takes me back to thrilling days,
When wings of death outstretched beneath
the sky,
of summer sun, and the peaceful days
at home,
Awake from slumber with the paling of the
moon.
For soon the quiet countryside will rise
To shake me to reality, and my eyes,
will be before the brilliance of the day,
And learn the memories that will ever stay.
The story written my heart when peace is over.

And show me by its glory & its power,
Striking a note of horror, swift & bold
And haunt us with the terror of its hold.
Can you imagine days of ceaseless work,
God love of England never let's you slack,
Can you ~~you~~ imagine our thoughts as
thru the night,

We hear the roar of bombers in keen flight?
But the sun must rise before it sinks
away

And not begin to feel the dawning day,
The water tower, grim, will never
yawning up.

Stands dark and grey against the cloud
flecked sky.

The peri-track that's smooth & wide
Can nothing from the water tower hide
For on its asphalt surface run,
The feet black demons of the Hun.



Desperate when the ground crew stand
To guide the kites when ere they land.
They ask no praise, & yet to see
A kite safe in, is keen McCoy!
A hanger gaping doors reveal,
Such intrigues that one can feel,
The mystery that his wits,
To great interest wide I drive.
An Airmen winds his solitary way,
Around the miles of track that lay
Complete & snug, a world alone
at least that how I find the dome.
Now the heavy transport's pass,
And from the shipstream the short-
shrunken & trembles against the ^{chopped} pass
The rest

Of mighty hand, then comes the hush,
As they slowly pass by with ease,
A glint of purple through the trees
A glint of green who barely pit
Heavily dotted in flying kite
A waving hand, a cheerful smile
That lingers with you all the while
That slips away, and makes you proud,
As you watch them drifting ^{the} cloud.

A take-off is a magic sight,
As bombers ^{climb to get} fade in the evening light
You see them rise from earth with ease,
And feel the wind rust in your face.
You watch the letters on the kite
And know that he is on his way
You wonder if you'll hear the drone
Of a certain bomber returning home -
They wheel once, bank & sway
Through the dusky cloudy day
Then set a course & slowly rise
To become just a speck in the distant
skies.



Put the throbbing ³ of engine hinges on,
You can imagine him speaking over the
radio-conn,
And think of each with his own job at hand
Heading so surely that both reached
land.
For a time the dome is quiet & bare
Until such time as one can hear,
A pulsating sound that can only be,
The boys returning to home & me.
You count them in your eyes a few,
You're full of interest & joy to know,
Just how they met, if much flat,
Damaged the bombers coming back.
But as you see the tired crews,
Too busy to give you any news.

You realize they're here through need,
And must wait for their lives to be free.
You search the papers for the list of awards
And find that already you have loads
Of letters that you'll keep through
the year.
And always read with your eyes full of
tears.

Yes Bomba's bombard count her
victories with pride

She knows just how many of best
children have died

But, still still carry on like the boy
that is through,

And the old world is lost in a world
that is new.



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Me to a life that now soon will be told
In some new world, distant though it be
And yet not too remote for me to see.
My memory takes me back to thrilling days
Where wings of death outstretched beneath the
blaze

Of summer sun, and the peaceful lazy drome
Awakes from slumber with the paling of the
moon.

For soon the quiet countryside will rise
To shake me to reality, and my eyes
Will tire before the brilliance of the day
And leave the memories that will ever stay.
Yes stay within my heart when peace is ours
And draw me by its glory and its powers
Striking a note of honour swift and bold
~~And haunt me with the terror of its hold.~~
Can you imagine days of ceaseless work
For love of England never lets you shirk
Can you imagine our thoughts as through the
night

We hear the roar of Bombers in their flight.
But the sun must rise before it sinks away,
And work begins to greet the dawning day
The Watch Tower grim with never failing eye
Stands dark and grey against the cloud
flecked sky



The Peri Track that's smooth and wide
Can nothing from the Watch Tower hide.
For on its asphalt surface run
The great black terrors of the Hun.
Dispersals where the groundcrews stand
To guide the Kites whenever they land
They ask no praise, and yet to see,
A Kite safe in is their victory.
A hangers gaping doors reveal
Such intrigues, that one can feel,
The mystery that lies within,
Its great interior wide and dim.
An Airman wends his weary way
Around the miles of track that lay
Complete and snug, a world alone
At least that's how I find the drome.
Now the busy transports pass
And from the slipstream, the short clipped
grass,
Shivers and trembles gainst the rush
Of mighty wind, then comes the hush.
As they slowly taxi by with ease
A glint of perspex through the trees
A glimpse of Crews who bravely sit
Heavily clothed in flying kit.
A waving hand a cheerful smile
That lingers with you all the while
That they are away, and makes you proud
As you watch them drifting through the cloud.



A take off is a magic sight
As Bombers climb to join the fight
You see them rise from earth with grace,
And feel the wind rush in your face.
You watch the letters on the kite
And know that he is on tonight
You wonder if you'll hear the drone
Of a certain bomber returning home.
They circle once, bank and sway
Through the dusky closing day
Then set a course and slowly rise
To become just a speck in the distant skies.
But the throbbing of engines lingers on
You can imagine them speaking over the inter-
com,
And think of each with his own job at hand
Heading so surely to that bombracked land.
For a time the drome is quiet and bare
Until such time as one can hear
A pulsating sound that can only be,
The boys returning to home and me.
You count them in your eyes aglow
Your full of interest and long to know
Just how things went, and if much flak
Damaged the bombers coming back.
But as you see the tired Crews,
To weary to give you any news
You realize they've been through hell
And must wait for them their gen to tell.
You search the papers for the list of awards



And find that already you have hoards
Of cuttings that you'll keep through years,
And always read with your eyes full of tears.
Yes Bomber Command counts her victories with
pride,
She knows just how many of her children have
died,
But she'll still carry on, till the long war
is through,
And the old world is lost in a world that is
new.