



## THE AIRCREW ASSOCIATION

### *Blackpool and District Branch*



A few RAF songs remembered (& modified!) by Pete Perry.  
Flying Flying Fortress's. (Tune- John Browns' Body.)

We were flying Flying Fortress's at forty thousand feet,  
Flying Flying Fortress's at forty thousand feet,  
Flying Flying Fortress's at forty thousand feet  
But we've only got a teeny weeny bomb!

Chorus:- Glory glory shall we drop it,  
Glory glory shall we drop it,  
Glory glory shall we drop it  
Shall we drop our teeny weeny bomb?

We don't do navigation we just follow the guy in front,  
We don't do navigation we just follow the guy in front,  
We don't do navigation we just follow the guy in front  
And drop our teeny weeny bomb!

Chorus:- Glory glory - - -

We've tons of ammunition we've got lots of big point fives,  
We've tons of ammunition we've got lots of big point fives,  
We've tons of ammunition we've got lots of big point fives  
But we've only got a teeny weeny bomb!

Chorus:- Glory glory - - -

We've bags of armour plating we've got flaksuits by the score,  
We've bags of armour plating we've got flaksuits by the score,  
We've bags of armour plating we've got flaksuits by the score  
But we've only got a teeny weeny bomb!

Chorus:- Glory glory - - -

We've lots of fighter escort we've got Spits and Mustangs too,  
We've lots of fighter escort we've got Spits and Mustangs too,  
We've lots of fighter escort we've got Spits and Mustangs too  
But we've only got a teeny weeny bomb!

Chorus:- Glory glory - - -

We were flying Flying Fortress's at forty thousand feet,  
Flying Flying Fortress's at forty thousand feet,  
We've loads of ammunition and a teeny weeny bomb  
And we've dropped the thing so flaming high we don't know where it's gone!

Chorus:- Let's all join the Army Air Corps,  
Let's all join the Army Air corps,  
Let's all join the Army Air Corps  
And drop our teeny weeny bomb!

The Navigators' Lament.

(Tune:- John Browns' Body.)

We were flying flaming Wimpys' at five hundred flaming feet,  
Through the flaming hail, flaming snow and flaming sleet.  
The compass needle swung right round from South to flaming North,  
And we made our flaming landfall in the Firth of flaming Forth!  
Oh! to be a navigator,  
Oh! to be a navigator,  
Oh! to be a navigator  
And make your flaming landfall in the Firth of flaming Forth!

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The Bomb-aimers Ballad.

(Tune:- From Greenlands icy mountains.)

We are the Royal Air Force, no blinking good are we,  
We'd rather Booze in Nottingham than fight for liberty,  
And every second Friday when for our pay we fight -  
'Per Ardua Ad Astra' - bless you Jack I'm alright!  
We've devastated Hamburg; we've blasted down the Rhur;  
We've dropped our bombs on Berlin but Adolph wasn't there-  
And if we're not unlucky we'll give the blighters worse-  
But if we catch a packet we'll get a blooming great hearse!  
Then in that heavenly op's room St Peter will inquire  
"Did you cause an explosion or start a blooming great fire?"  
And then we'll dream of booze-ups and days of long gone by  
And curse those stupid blighters who taught us how to fly!

Shaibah Blues.

Sure a little bit of mutti fell from out the sky one day,  
And it landed in the ocean oh so very far away.  
And when the Air Force saw it sure it looked so bleak and bare,  
They said "That's what we're looking for - we'll build an airfield there".  
So they sent out river gun-boats, armoured cars and SHQ,  
And then their finest squadrons into that maksheen blue.  
So peechi I'll be going to a land that's far remote  
Until that day you'll hear me say  
"Roll on that maksheen boat"  
I've got those Shaibah Blues, Shaibah Blues.  
I'm fed up and I'm mucked up and I'm blue.



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No 'flak' at all.

In the year Anno Domini one nine four one  
Operations decided there's a job to be done.  
It might have been Dusseldorf, Bremen or Hann,  
The laddies of 5 Group did not give a damn.

Chorus:- There was no 'flak' at all,  
No 'flak' at all.  
Hundreds of searchlights  
But no 'flak' at all.

There once was a pilot set out to bomb Kiel,  
The aircrew as usual had not had a meal.  
From the back of the aircraft there came a loud cry  
"There's a blooming great searchlight that's right in my eye!"

Chorus:-

From out of the darkness some tracer did shoot  
The rear gunner shouted "I'm hit in the boot".  
He blazed off his guns and called Jerry rude names  
And we all saw the M.E. go down in bright flames.

Chorus:-

They flew o'er the target and there down below  
The town was lit up by a dull reddish glow.  
The bombaimer then to the pilot did shout  
"The bomb doors are open, they'd better look out!"

Chorus:-

They glided right in at the dead of the night,  
The target appeared in the graticule sight.  
The bombs were released and went whistling down  
The gunners reported they'd burst in the town.

Chorus:-

Now the natives of Kiel they took quite a poor view  
And showed that their 'flak' guns were more than a few.  
They fired off their armament, heavy and light,  
'till the heavens resembled 'Brock's benefit night'!

Chorus:-

At last they --

The Airmans' Lament.

There's a home for batchy airmen  
Way out in the sunny Sudan.  
Where everyone is barmy  
Including the blooming 'old man'.  
There's bags and bags of bullshine  
Saluting on the square  
And when we're not saluting  
We're up in the blooming air.  
Oh we're leaving Khartoum by the light of the moon,  
We're flying by night and by day.  
We've just passed Khasfreet and we've nothing to eat  
For we've thrown all our rations away.  
So shine, shine Somersetshire, the Skipper looks on her with pride.  
He'd have a blue fit if he saw any spit on the side of the Somersetshire.  
This is my story, this is my song.  
I've been in this Air Force too blooming long.  
So rollout the Nelson, the Rodney, Renown.  
You can't sink the Hood 'cause the blighters gone down!  
Hold your noise, hear them say  
We'll do all the SPs who come down our way.

At last they were out in the moonlight once more,  
The course for old Lincoln was 274.  
At ten thousand feet over Heligoland  
They were shot up to hell and yet thought life was grand.

Chorus:-

Now the moral of this is, don't you go on ops.  
It's a dead loss to pilots, P/E's, naves and wops.  
And if in this war you've decided to fight  
Keep your feet on the deck and sleep tight every night!

Chorus:-



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Chorus:-

At last they --

Three Old Ladies

(Tune- What can the matter be? )

Chorus:-

Oh dear! what a calamity,  
Three old ladies locked in a lavatory.  
They were there from Monday to Saturday,  
Nobody knew they were there.

The first ladys' name was Elizabeth Humphrey,  
She went in there just to make herself comfy,  
But when she had done she could not get her bum free,  
And nobody knew she was there!

Chorus:

The second old dear was Penelope Porter,  
She was the Bishop of Chichesters daughter,  
She went in there to get rid of some water  
And nobody knew she was there.

Chorus:-

The third ladys' name was Miss Harriet Bender,  
She went in there to adjust a suspender,  
But it got caught up in her feminine gender,  
And nobody knew she was there!

Chorus:-

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Pete Perry

( Please return to Blackpool Branch.)



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#### The Wingco's OBE.

( Tune:- Lili Marlene.)

Belting down the runway throttles open wide,  
'Second Dickie's' fast asleep - he's just come for the ride.  
We soon leave the flarepath far behind,  
It's dark up here but we don't mind,  
We're pressing on regardless for the Wingco's OBE.

Flying on a course that takes us out to sea,  
Gunnery do their checks just to see they're firing free.  
The navigator takes a fix,  
The wireless op records his 'dits'.  
We're pressing on regardless for the Wingco's OBE.

Now we're on the target, got it in the 'sight'-  
A little to the left - a little to the right.  
The searchlights they come mighty near,  
It's hot up here but we don't care,  
We're pressing on regardless for the Wingco's OBE.

Back in to de-briefing, what a blooming night-  
"Did you find the target - get it in the sight?".  
The chairborn brigade begin to bind,  
It's damned unfair but we don't mind.  
We're pressing on regardless for the Wingco's OBE.