

Some passing quips with aircrew friends  
As round the field our lorry wends  
Briefing done, we're all prepared  
Laughing now but somewhat scared

Some we shall not see again  
Few will reach three score and ten  
At our dispersal, we alight  
In F for " Freddie " we'll make our flight

The ground crew wave as we leave our berth  
To wait our turn to leave the earth  
The runway stretches far ahead  
The Aldis flashes Green not Red

Brakes released, the engines roar  
Bags of boost before we soar  
And leave the safety of our Base  
For unknown dangers yet to face

Full forty minutes to reach our height  
With not another plane in sight  
But slipstream bumps we now endure  
Confirm us in the stream for sure

In the darkness we cannot see  
But keep on course with thanks to Gee  
But jamming causes such a mess  
We have to switch to H Z S

Talk and banter grow less and less  
The air is filled with fear and stress  
Burst of flak now rock the kite  
And bring the thought - Whose turn tonight ?

Some miles ahead, the flares go down  
Cascading green on a hapless town  
We travel down the final track  
Maintaining course despite the flak

The target comes within our sight  
The crucial moments of our flight  
Left - Left - Steady - Steady, Bombs Gone  
Check for hang ups - there are none

Bombs away, controls more light  
We start to turn, the layman's right  
Flames spew out from a kite below  
Crew got out ? We'll never know

Mid-Upper screams " Corkscrew Port "  
We hold our breath - nerves all taut  
The Skipper dives - his turn is tighter  
Flying skill defeats the Fighter

Common sights on every " OP "  
Crews and Kites both get the chop  
The flak gets less as we progress  
Another " Lineshoot " for the Mess

In just two hours we reach the sea  
Eat our grub and drink our tea  
We gain some speed on losing height  
on what has been a thrilling night

On H 2 S, a silvery glow  
Halts the conversation flow  
Nav to Skipper - Its land I see  
I'll take you into Base on Gee

Minutes later, Base Beacon flashes  
Its homing sign of Dots and Dashes  
Permission to land is our request  
Circle the field and join the rest

This we do, twice in all  
Before we hear controllers call  
You are clear to land on Runway two  
Wind on starboard - Back to you

Roger and Out is our reply  
As we prepare to leave the sky  
Our I A S is One Two Five  
As we complete a shallow dive

Inner Marker flashes past  
Terra Firma - Ours at last  
Wheels hit tarmac with little screech  
Wizard landing - What a peach

Tea and Rum the Padre serves  
Settles down our fragile nerves  
Then our " Bumph " on table laid  
We tell the story of the raid  
Of Bomber Command, a lots been said  
We never forget the thousands dead  
Many of our critics - not then born  
Speak of us with spite and scorn

They gave their lives at what a cost  
Ensuring all we cherish was not lost  
I trust someday we'll meet again  
Free from sorrow, free from pain