

Air Corps Song

W&M/Capt. Robert Crawford

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, Give 'er the gun! (Give 'er the gun now!)
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell-uv-a roar!
We live in fame -Or go down in flame
(SHOUT!) Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Hands of men blasted the world asunder
How they lived -God only knew! (God only knew then!)
Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer
Gave us wing, ever to soar!
With scouts before -And bombers galore.
(SHOUT!) Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast, The Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true;
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep the nose -Out of the blue! (Out of the blue, boy!)
Flying men, guarding the nation's border
We'll be there, followed by more!
In echelon -We carry on.
(SHOUT!) Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

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