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page 14 The Army Air Corps Song (circa 1942 -1945)

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! Down we dive spouting our flame from under, off with one hell-uva roar! We live in fame or go down in flame, nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps.

CHORUS: Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky: To a friend we will 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!

Of we go into the wild sky yonder keep the wings level and true: If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder keep your nose out of the blue. Flying men, guarding the nation's border, we'll be there followed by more! In echelon we carry on -- nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Words and music by Robert Crawford

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