

In The Dark Of The Night

It starts before dawn!
In fact it's still night

C'mon airmen, get out of the sack
They want you at briefing to plan the attack

The Colonel will tell us what we'll soon face
How in the world did we get caught in this race

Now we are headed out to the plane
This predawn take-off is really insane

Down the runway there's four engines roaring
With a heavy bomb load that keeps us from soaring

Finally we scratch up into the air
And find hundreds of others are already there

Where is our leader firing flares of green/red?
At last we do find him flying way up ahead

Night is still with us, but dawn's growing near
Is the flash off on our left the one we should fear?

Two aircraft collide—and started a dive
Twenty airmen went down, will any survive?

Comes The Dawn

Now we are ready, our group is together
We head for the coast in much too clear weather

The enemy can see us from miles away
They will send up their fighters to join in the fray

We're crossing the coast and here comes the flak
We see it exploding in the front, side and back

A piece just hit us, thank God it was spent
It poked a hole through the plane with malicious intent

Here comes the enemy, at 12 o'clock high
Will they attack us right now, or perhaps just fly by?

It looks like they passed us and went to the rear
And probably will hit another group near

They're passing again and this time to the right
I really can't stand any more of this fright

Maybe if everyone started to pray
Perhaps we can make this nightmare go "way?"

Morning Glory

The group up ahead is under the gun
The fighters attacked them coming out of the sun

Our bombers are falling right out of the sky
The survivors will jump but others will die

The enemy is taking a big beating too
We saw six of their fighters fall out of the blue

We are nearing the target amidst all the flak
We fly straight and true as if on a track

The bomb bay is open, the bombs are away
We fervently hope we hit our target today

Amidst the flak we turn the group 'round
And finally were heading homeward bound

The ball gunner tells us we've got trouble galore
He spotted oil leaks on engine two and four

We took some flak hits in a vulnerable spot
Oil pressure is dropping, those engines are shot

After All

We'll feather the props and drop from formation
We need plenty of luck to get back to our station

Maybe the enemy is too busy to see
That a straggler alone is trying to flee

The Channel's ahead, it looks like we're set
At the rate we are going we won't even get wet

The air war we fight is so very strange
We never see our enemy at real close range

We drop our bombs and do our tricks
And hope that the target is cement and bricks

England's below us, this trip's almost over
We just flew over the white cliffs of Dover

Alfred David Benjamin

544th Bombardment Squadron, 1944