THE ARMY AIR CORPS SONG

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,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder,
Send 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 wings, ever to soar!
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

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

TOAST

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,