

THE ARMY AIR CORPS
Official song of the U.S. Army Air Corps

1.

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 helluva 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.

2.

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!
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!

3.

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired wonder,
Keep the 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 Air Corps now.