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W

The fight is all over ere it's hardly begun
With our protection still hovering near

44

The targets destroyed were back at our fields
And the sun slowly sinks in the west
The boys trudge off like ten weary old men
To seek a much needed rest

44

As we sit by the fire and think of those days
We tell those old tales to our sons
And pray for those American Eagles who flew
With God and the P-51's

44

I'd Rather Have God Than The P-51's
We've read about God & the P-51
It's a great battleship no denying
It had the famed Lutwaffe well on the run
And you can't come close to its flying
But I always said, "When the going gets Rough"
And past me burned Fortresses spun
"I sure hope God is riding with me"
Cause I'd rather have God than a P-51

Cause there were times when Jerry would come
And 20's would burst pretty near
Sure then it was good to see that P-51
Help make the Focke Wulfes disappear
But when near the target on the bomb run
And flak would blacken the sky
It wasn't so 'portant—that P-51
As long as God was there standing by
H

And on my last raid—the one I went down
I'll remember the rest of my days
How enemy fighters were thick all around
Bearing down out of the haze
The P-51's couldn't keep them away
Nor could we with bursts of roaring guns
And the only reason I write today
Is God — not the P-51's

10

Touch of Stalag

Got a touch of Stalag in my walk
Got too much of Stalag in my talk
Oh this Spam and Klim & jelly
Is a wreckin' my pore belly
Take me back to New York
H

Got a touch of Stalag in my hair
So I cut it off and now I'm bare
Just a blonde, brunette or red head
And a fluffy soft hotel bed
When I get to Times Square
H

Now I've smelled every part of
The place of which I'm deep in the heart of
Got a touch of Stalag don't know why
Yes the coffee's strong but I'm still dry
For a thimble full of Demar's
I would trade my next months D-Bars
Take me back to N.Y.

Abiding Love

What man hath lived who hath not known
 A moment of despair
 But yet again how oft was shown
 That love would find repair

th

So in truth I must sore confess
 That I have tasted just such sorrow
 And bowed my head and prayed to die
 I feared to face the morrow

th

O heart so weak, O spirit dead
 To cower down in defeat
 There yet remained when all else fled
 A love as nectar sweet

th

For at my side to share my grief
 Stood one to offer hope
 And in Her love a new belief
 My anguish thus to cope

th

A spirit true but when she spoke
 I list to every word

12

And with a cry my soul awoke
And thus it was I heard

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Be strong my love and do not fear
For I am at thy side
Though seas do part us I am near
'Tis here I will abide

✠

With ~~a~~ hope anew and courage fresh
I swore I would not die
For spirit conquered over flesh
O! God - Again to try

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Now, as then when a pall
Gloom encircles me
I hear that voice, that clear recall
And once again I'm free

✠

O, dove of mine I long for thee
When ere we are apart
But now I know thou art with me
Forever in my heart