

The Nuremberg Raid



It is so peaceful lying here, underneath majestic trees
Watching twigs and little branches moving in the morning breeze
How the day has started well, believe we will be standing down
Because the moon will shine too brightly, we'll be free to go to town
Suddenly a "stand to" order, at the briefing, given the word
Irrespective of the weather, we'll be bombing Nuremberg
Gather up our maps and kit, helmet, gloves and parachute
Goggles, fur lined boots and insulated Irvin suit
Take crew transport to dispersal, check the crate, give tyres a clout
Run up engines, pee on wheel, final smoke and taxi out
Green Aldis lamp gives us the order, move out on to main runway
Sit and wait there for the second, which will send us on our way
Signal comes; we hold the brakes on, as we run the revs up high
Release brakes, we start to trundle, will she ever take to sky
Sixty thousand pounds to lift, adjust the boost and trim the props
Gently ease her tail wheel up, build the speed, too late to stop
Hold our breath as she rolls on, haul back on the stick and pray
As her nose lifts slowly skyward and the concrete slips away

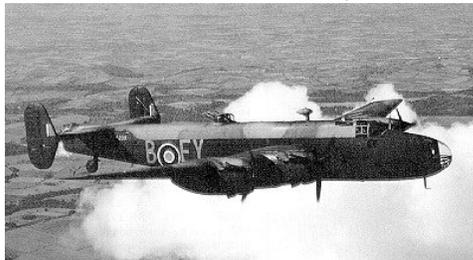


Climbing, slowly turning out, to join the others on the raid
Form into the bomber stream and hope the flight plans carefully laid
Night is crystal clear and moon, illuminates each plane and scene
Suddenly from every aircraft, contrails show where they have been

Planes move out to other heights to try and break the tell tale trail
For fighter planes will have a field day if the bomber pilots fail
Suddenly all hell breaks loose, as hordes of hostile craft appear
Swinging in and trying to nail us by attacking from the rear
Then the plane that was beside us, bursts into a mighty flame
Breaks in two and crashes earthward, victims of the deadly game
Other planes are hit and crippled, drop their load, corkscrew and dive
Trying to shake off their pursuers, seek a way to stay alive
Flak comes up to join “Shrage Musik” of the ME One One O
As they fire their upright cannon, bringing death from down below
Away from prying eyes of gunners who swing the turrets cross the sky
Not seeing down below the reaper, from whose guns sure death will fly



We turn into the target run and line up on the marker flare
We see the blast, fires and destruction, as other bombs are dropping there
Left a little, hold it, right, line up with the Sperry sight
Bombs are gone and pictures taken, time to slip into the night
Suddenly we take a hit, one engine gone and things look dire
As fuselage is also struck and sets hydraulic oil on fire
Quickly push into a dive and hope we can achieve our aim
For as we drop, the speed increases, slip stream snuffing out the flame
Pulling up we limp away, feathering the damaged prop
Slip the gaze of searching fighter, hoping the attack will stop
For all the crew have suffered injury, at sometime through the fateful raid
And we must make the shores of home, so we can get medical aid



At last we cross the north French coast and set a course for home and base
Trying to read the instruments, through shattered glass of dial face
Concentrate and fly her straight we'll soon be with our mates again
Relaxing in the mess and drinking, cured of all the nagging pain
We cross the coast at Selsey Bill and clear the South Downs at Linch Hill,
Onto Reading, but its hard because my wound is bleeding still
My head keeps dropping, feels so heavy, as I try to stay awake
I must try and concentrate, forget about the numbing ache
See the searchlights thrusting beam, marking cloud above the field?
Turn her in to face the wind, allow the lift from wings to build
Hold her steady, trim the speed, line her up on runway lights
Watch descent and tricky wind, over cook and concrete bites



Over apron, flare her out, ease her wheels back on the ground
Violent jolt now brings me back to thunderous, heart stopping sound
Trees and branches, shuddering crash, shock and pain, then all is peace
Unconsciousness has taken hold, now noise and pain forever cease
Lying there within the wood, the wreckage of the broken plane
Neither, crew, engine or wing will ever take to skies again
But its so peaceful lying here, underneath majestic trees
Watching twigs and little branches moving in the morning breeze



Let the senses enjoy nature, the serenity should never cease
For we who paid the highest price, honour us with lasting peace

Dedicated to the



55,573 air crew
1,363 male ground crew and 91 WAAFs

of Bomber Command who gave their lives
in attempting to bring World War II to an early conclusion,



but specifically the 35 crew members
of the six Halifax bombers of 51 Squadron
who perished on March 30th/31st 1944

LV 822	crashed at Guntersdorf	due to fighter attack
LW 544	crashed at Wahlen	due to fighter attack
LV 857	crashed at Schwarzbach	due to fighter attack
LW 537	crashed at Fladungen	due to fighter attack
LV 777	crashed at Bietigheim	due to possible flak
LW 579	crashed at Stokenchurch	unknown

**Better than war and the lives we give.
The world should find a reason to live**