

OLD LANCASTER BOMBER

Can you still dream, old Lancaster
of forty-two to 'fifty?
Who would still dream, Lancaster,
your heart was still alive?

Can you smell the night, old Lancaster?
Raise your snout to Orion's moon;
now spin your props, Lancaster,
to the Merlin engines' tune.

Feel the cold wind, old Lancaster
which blew you off your track?
Which did its best, Lancaster
to frustrate your attack.

Do your wings ache, old Lancaster
for petrol, bombs and more?
Does your tail tremble, Lancaster
in the slipstream's mighty roar?

Does this short run, old Lancaster
invoke the spirits past?
And now that you can walk, Lancaster
maybe you'll fly at last.

Do you see the men, old Lancaster,
standing straight and tall;
who fly in your heart, Lancaster
for those who gave their all.

Turn now your props, old Lancaster
blow the years behind your tail;
we see your kind no more, Lancaster
though History yet may fail.

Bathe your eyes of battle, old Lancaster
in your red-gold exhausts' flare;
and dream your metal dream, Lancaster
through the noisy, shattered air.

There were many airmen then, old Lancaster
whose dreams were not fulfilled;
count the many of your kin, Lancaster
whose props are ever stilled.

Roar out your defiance, old Lancaster
and trumpet your song yet;
be sure that when we see, Lancaster,
we'll hear, and won't forget.

Rob Davis
January 1999