

# Ten Men Aloft as One

by  
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Dedicated to The Crew of The "AMY ANN" 461BGH-767 Sqd 194

They came, from varied walks of life, to pass in bold review  
Thrust in amid the storm and strife for Red and White and Blue.

They never knew what fate would bring, from dawn to setting sun,  
When mounted high on silver wing; Ten Men-Aloft as One.

Many times, in the cold gray dawn, they joined their comrades there;  
On battle fields, where wars are won; five miles up in the air.

In unison they took the sky, wings glistened in the sun.  
Brave hearts and souls, their medal try; Ten Men-Aloft as One.

Among the deadly puffs of black, they danced their way through hell.  
Some steadfast flew against the Flak, some faltered; swooned and fell.

They left dear friends and others too, their "Right of Passage" done.  
A lonely bird there in the blue; Ten Men-Aloft as One.

Lights flickered on their wings and nose-hot missiles streaked on by;  
From evil hawks sent to dispose bright "Eagles" from the sky

The challenge met, their guns did speak; the foe was soon to run.  
They fought and never felt defeat; Ten Men-Aloft as One.

They made it back to heart and home; a better world they pray.  
December seventeenth is KNOWN; they ne'er forget that day.

Some survive in their "Vale of Tears", while kindred souls pass on.  
In reverie, they share those years, Ten Men-Aloft as One.