

I tell a tale of the year of Forty Three
When young men flew to keep our island free;
With engines at full roar and the scream of speeding tyre
They left from The Fields of Cambridgeshire.

From Bourn Airfield at the dark end of a day
In mid-December, a squadron made its way...
Standing down below, the Ground Crew said a prayer
For fog and cloud began to fill the air.

High in the sky, men had one thing on their mind:
The road to Berlin was what they had to find;
"Strike the enemy at his heart where he is strong
And perhaps this dreadful war to us will then belong!"

"Beware The Lowlands, long-occupied by force!
Though close friends fall, stay unflinching on your course!"
How lonely is the sky when you're caught in cold searchlight
And you know that shards of steel could blow your body to the night... ..

When all was done and the peril was all past
Return to England, those white cliffs here at last....
"We're home, my Boys! We're home! We're feeling grand!
All we have to do now is just get down and land!"

But Bourn Airfield was nowhere to be seen - a midnight fog - the worst there's ever been -
The planes flew round and round, searched for signals from a mast;
With fuel at zero, they had to get down pretty fast!

Who knows the fear? Who can guess the cold despair
Of men entombed in a tin box in the air?
God knows how, Yes, some did make it down....
But others met Their Maker on the ground.

So, when at night you hear an aeroplane,
Think of those Boys who will not return again....
Think of someone's son who died in fog and fire
And left his blood in The Fields of Cambridgeshire.....

And left his blood in The Fields of Cambridgeshire.....