

HAWG RIDERS IN THE SKY ¹

A young jet boy was catted off one dark and windy day
Upon his chute he rested as he went along his way
When all at once a mighty herd of bent wing hawks he saw
A plowin' through the ragged sky, and up a cloudy draw.
Yippee-yi-ai, yippee-yi-oh, the hawg riders in the sky.

Their stacks were spouting fire and their props were made of steel
Their wings were bent and rusty, and their hot breath he could feel
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky
For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their battle cry.
Yippee-yi-ai, yippee-yi-oh, the hawg riders in the sky.

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred, their suits all soaked with
sweat
They're flying hard in those old hawks; but they ain't been shot down yet.
'Cause they will ride forever on that range up in the sky
With engines straining every jug – as they fly on hear their cry.
Yippee-yi-ai, yippee-yi-oh, the hawg riders in the sky.

As the hawks flew far below him, he heard one call his name
If you want to save your soul from hell a riding in a plane
Then jet-boy change your ways today, or with us you will ride
Trying to lift the devil's load across these endless skies.
Yippee-yi-ai, yippee-yi-oh, the hawg riders in the sky.

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¹ Harley Hull, AIO VF-874, USS Bon Homme Richard, 1951.