

Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer (Бомбардировщики)

Lyric by
HAROLD ADAMSON

Music by
JIMMY McHUGH

пер. Т. СИКОРСКАЯ и С. БОЛОТИН

Moderately

mf

F

Moderately

One of our planes was miss-ing, two ho-urs o-ver-due. One of our planes was

mp

E \flat 7 F

miss-ing, with all its gal-lant crew. The ra-di-o sets were hum-ming, they wait-ed for a

E \flat 7 C G7 C

word; Then a voice broke thru the hum-ming and this is what they heard:

F7 C dim. C Edim. G7 Edim. G7 C7

Chorus, Moderately

"Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r Com-in' In On A

mp

F B \flat F

Bb F G7 G7-5 C7 F Bb F F7 Bb

Wing And A Pray'r Tho' there's one mo-tor gone, we can still car-ry

Ddim. C7 F Bb F Gmi 7

on, Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r. What a show

C7 F C7 F G7 G7-5

what a fight Yes, we real-ly hit our tar-get for to - night.

C7 F Bb F Bb F

How we sing as we limp thru the air Look be - low, there's our

Bb F G7 G7-5 C7 F Bb F F7 Bb

field o-ver there With our full crew a - board and our trust in the

Ddim. C7 F Bb 1. F - Cdim. - C7 2. F - Bb F

Lord we're Com-in' In On A Wing And A Pray'r." "Com-in' Pray'r."

One of our planes was missing, two hours overdue.
One of our planes was missing, with all its gallant crew.
The radio sets were humming, they waited for a word;
Then a voice broke thru the humming and this is what they heard:

"Comin' in on a wing and a prayer.
Comin' in on a wing and a prayer.
Though there's one motor gone,
We can still carry on,
Comin' in on a wing and a prayer.

What a show, what a fight!
Yes we really hit our target for tonight.

How we sing as we limp through the air
Look below, there's our field over there.
With our full crew aboard
And our trust in the Lord
We're comin' in on a wing and a prayer."

Был озабочен очень воздушный наш народ:
К нам не вернулся ночью с бомбежки самолет.
Радисты скребли в эфире, волну найдя едва,
И вот без пяти четыре услышали слова:

"Мы летим, ковыляя во мгле,
Мы идем на последнем крыле.*
Бак пробит, хвост горит, и машина летит
На честном слове и на одном крыле.

Ну, дела! Ночь была!
Их объекты разбомбили мы до тла.

Мы ушли, ковыляя во мгле,
Мы к родной подлетаем земле.
Вся команда цела, и машина пришла
На честном слове и на одном крыле."

1943

* в другом варианте "Мы ползем на последнем крыле"