
Anthem Lamenting the Demise of an Early Jet Airliner

Flying along in a Boeing
At Mach point seventy-four,
Give praise to the One-Eleven,
Which was up in the sky long before.

A short-haul, a short-arse old aircraft,
Noisy and dirty and old.
But her pilots will cry tears of sorrow
whenever the last one is sold.

For she is the mother of Concorde,
Of high-spirited flying fun.
She can out-manoeuve a fighter
And shoot down the Hun in the sun.

So let's all give praise to Old Faithful,
Which can dive like a hawk on its prey,
Discharges its paps through its anus
And makes millions of decibals a day!

The BAC One-ELEVEN'S immortal,
And now that its praises we've sung,
Let's remember the pilots who flew her,
In the days when the airline was young.