

Snelsmore Wood

New Model Army

I woke still half-dreaming I was falling out of the trees
and tumbling down into the sky
It's cold, so cold sometime before dawn
searching for a light and reaching round for my clothes
That we believe, so must call, rise
The convoys roll into the coming daylight
Let it not be said that everything must die
without some mark being made of its passing
Ch: As if all the world should now hold its breath
These are the days that we'll recall
when the masks are off the faces
and there's something to fight for
All the lines drawn down in the Soul
You can let your anger burn crazy

There's talking-drums echoed down towards the Kennet Canal
and wood-smoke sweet on the air
And the Yellow Jackets stand with the Thick Blue Line
backs to the woods in the fresh thin carpet of snow
Snelsmore Wood, The Chase, Enbourne Road
Reddings Copse, Tothill down through Andover Grove
Let it not be said that everything must die
without some mark being made of its passing
Ch: As if all the world should now hold its breath . . .