

# 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 passingChorus:  
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 crazyThere'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 passingChorus:  
As if all the world should now hold its breath . . .

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