

## **Nihternnes**

# **"The New Brythonic Legacy"**

Visit "[The New Brythonic Legacy](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin  
Handed the German Government a final note  
Stating that unless we heard from them by 11 o'clock  
That they were prepared at once to withdraw their  
troops from Poland  
A state of war would exist between us  
I have to tell you that no such undertaking has been  
received  
And that consequently this country is at war with  
Germany"

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons  
No mockeries now for them from prayers or bells  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires  
What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of their goodbyes  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds  
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds

Oh! We, who have known shame, we have found  
release there  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death

[Neville Chamberlain:]

"You can imagine what a bitter blow it is to me  
That all my long struggle to win peace has failed  
But now that we have resolved to finish it  
I know that you will all play your part  
With calmness and courage"

