
 1951

"Die Richter dieses Staates mögen uns ruhig ob unseres dämlichen Handelns verurteilen, die Geschichte die Göttin einer höheren Wahrheit und eines besseren Rechtes, sie wird denoch dereinst dieses Urteil lächelnd zerreißen, um uns alle freisprechen von Schuld und Fehle."

Adolf Hitler, "Mein Kampf," edit. 1939
p. 280.

Full of the bitterness of deeds bygone, full of the distant rumblings of the coming storm, six gloomy years had rolled into the past. One could have thought the victors had at last renounced their frenzied lure of persecution; that after all the stupid fury that had been released, their lust of murder was appeased. One could have thought that sense of growing danger would incite to reason. One could have thought the men whose treason to their own race had brought about the fall of Thy great Reich, and silenced our conquering war-songs for a time, even if they had not as yet become aware of their delusion, would hesitate before committing their most abominable crimes.

And yet, in spite of the outcry of grief and indignation that sprang from every German heart, at the news of the foe's decision; in spite of restless crowds around the Landsberg prison; in spite of my own pathetic appeal to those who should have had more vision, and all I did to win the right to die in the place of the Seven Heroes, nothing could stop the frightful wheel of Destiny from rolling by.

And one by one out of their cells they walked calm and upright, knowing they were to meet their doom. And with Thy holy Name and that of Germany

upon their lips, and with the love of Thee, always the same, within their hearts, and with the inspired flame ^{of} pride within their tearless eyes, so bright; with the serenity of duty done, and with the awareness of reconquered power, and of the glory they had won during those six long years of gloom, and of the immortality that now began for them in that atrocious hour, one by one they were hanged in alphabetic order, first six, ~~then~~ five, then four, then three, then two, and at last one, fearlessly waiting for their turn.

and thus they passed into eternal light, last martyrs of the first phase of the struggle for freedom and for right, and first ones of its second phase; harolds of Dawn, proclaiming by return whether in spirit only or in flesh also, it matters little from the midst of our present plight, upon that tragic late-spring night.

Wherever Thou mightst be upon this earth, or in the radiant dwellings of heroes ever young and strong and free, my leader our leader dost Thou know the last part of the story of the seven martyrs who have loved Thee so? Dost Thou know how they died for greater glory to rise out of to-morrow's war and chaos, and rule the world for ever in Thy name? long the path out of these days of trial, once more to domination and to fame, they walk in spirit at the head of us who have been Thine, and Thine remain.

They walk ahead of us and guide us unflinchingly to the one goal: the resurrection of Thy Reich as Thou hast dreamed it: one State, one people

and one Leader; one blood, one heart, one conquering will; one
super-human Soul.

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No more than the Sixteen blood-witnesses of early days and the Eleven
of Nürnberg, whom we revere and praise; no more than all Thy faithful
ones, who died for Germany to raise the holy Swastika high above every
Sign in space and time, did the exalted Seven give up their lives in vain.
They died for us to conquer; for Thee to come again; for Germany to live
— and reign.