

Looks fair to sleep upon.

No winds can blow

More fiercely than a bomb,

the winter's cold

Will be steel needles,

lighter far to bear,

than sharpnel splitting

through the skin.

People are marching and

they meet

The littered ~~remains~~ ^{of} the

soldiers, ~~some~~ ^{of whom} ~~have~~ ^{been}

~~against the cold.~~

They walk bare back in the

cold. The people

And give a shout, ^{stop} a bit

in covering

2000 men march on ahead.

March on to make

a further stand. Though

darkness fall again