

Primary Sources Packet: Capture

Document One

Henry Lee, "Death March"
The English Association

So you are dead. The easy words contain
No sense of loss, no sorrow, no despair.
Thus hunger, thirst, fatigue, combine to drain
All feeling from our hearts. The endless glare,
The brutal heat, anesthetize the mind.
I can not mourn you now. I lift my load,
The suffering column moves on. I leave behind
Only another corpse, beside the road.