



Stones River National Battlefield

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Regimental File Donation Form

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Significant Person's Name: ~~C. Raymon Atwood~~ J. N. Hazzard

Unit: Co. D, 19th Reg't. Ohio V.I.

List Contents of Donation Below:

Poem composed on the Field

THE BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

Composed on the Field by J. N. Hazzard, Co. D, 19th Reg't, O. V. I.

When Rosecrans his force advanced,
On Murfreesboro town;
The stubborn foe retreated slow,
Disputing all the ground.—
Yet onward moved our well formed line,
Through rain and mud and storm,
Although sometimes in the advance,
The fray grew very warm!

M'Cook's corps passed through Nolensville,
And Crittenden's, Lavergne;
While the Division Generals
Led the advance by turn.

Both Stewart's Creek and Overall's
Were crossed with small delay;
But when we reached Stone River's Banks,
There, Bragg resolved to stay.

But long before the morning's sun
Displayed its rays of light,
The troops were in battle array,
And ready for the fight.

Our gallant chieftain and his staff,
Passed swiftly to and fro;
Preparing on the rebel hordes,
To strike a dreadful blow!
While watching closely through his glass,
Each movement that was made,
A cannon ball came humming by—
His orderly fell dead.

The day passed by and on our left,
But few shots were exchanged.
But on our right as they advanced,
The battle fiercely raged.
That night the wind blew cold and bleak,
We felt its deathlike chill—
Yet scarce a murmur could be heard
From men of iron will.

The day had come—the hour drew near
When each must be engaged;
And sounds soon coming from the right,
Told where the battle raged,
Hark! what means that—they've turned
our flank—

The battle raged till almost dark,
Its sounds then died away;
And both threw out their picket line,
To hold the foe at bay.

Our wounded they were gathered up—
Alas! they were not all—
The dead lay scattered o'er the field,
Where they had chanced to fall.
And far outspread o'er wood and field,
The lines of living lay;
Ready the contest to renew,
When dawned another day.

Though 'twas a pleasant New Year's day,
Few joyous hearts did bound;
Where present and prospective death,
Was reigning all around.

Our left was weak, which Bragg well
knew,
And thinking that his chance,
He massed his force in column deep,
And on us did advance.
We met him with a desperate charge,
But soon was forced to yield;
While many dead and wounded,
Were left upon the field.

Still on they came and pressed us sore,
They thought the victory won;
But Rosey coming from the right
With full one hundred gun,
Sent death and terror through their lines,
And drenched the field with blood.
We charged again and drove them back
In panic through the wood.

Again the lowering shades of night,
Silenced the battle's roar.
We gathered up our wounded, who
Lay weltering in their gore.
Brave General Sill and Garesche,
And very many more,
Have fallen nobly at their post,
Whose loss we now deplore.