

## David McKinney Poem

### 47th Illinois Infantry

Stone [sic] River

(The following poem was written in David McKinney's handwriting and is in the possession of his descendents [sic] in Wisconsin. It is doubtful, but not impossible, that David was the author, judging by the improved spelling and impeccable rhythm of the poem. It is transcribed authentically, with mistakes intact.)

Amongst [sic] the pine that overlooks  
Stone [sic] rivers [sic] rocky bed  
Ohio knows full many a Son  
There numbered with the dead

'Tis hard to die mid scens j[sic] of strife  
No friend nor kindred near  
To wipe the death damp from the brow  
Or Shed the affectionate tear

To sooth the Sufferer in his pain  
In words of holy cheer  
Or bend the knee in earnest prair [sic]  
For the dying Volunteer

That day when all a long the line  
Rained Showers of Shot and Shell  
Full many a brave young Soldier died  
And many a hero fell

The night closed over the bloody ceen [sic]  
Returning over the ground  
I heard the pitiful mornes [sic] of one  
Lay low by mortal wound

It was by the ford we crossed that day  
The ground So dearly bought  
Whear [sic] Miller led his Stalwert [sic] men  
And galient [sic] Moodo [sic] fought

This wounded Soldiers [sic] cheeks was wan  
And beamless was his eye

I knew before another morn  
This wounded man would die

I built a fire of cedar rails  
The night was cold and damp  
I filled his canteen from the Spring  
Below the river bank

And then I Sit me down to ask  
If he would wish to send  
A last request or parting word  
To Mother Sister friend

I have some word the boy replied [sic]  
My friends would like to hear  
It would fill my Sisters [sic] heart with Joy  
My Mothers [sic] heart would cheere [sic]

Tell them I died a Soldiers [sic] death  
Upone [sic] the battle field  
But I lived to know the day was ours  
And saw the rebels yeald [sic]

And ear [sic] I die there Colors fell  
There Colums [sic] broke at then  
I heard the wild victories Shouts  
Of Neglies [sic] Valient [sic] men

But most of all I would have you know  
Tis with my latest breath  
He spoke of him I loved on earth  
Twas [sic] Joy and peace in death

Tell Sister I have read with care  
For hold lies endeared  
The bible [sic] Mother gave to me  
Before I Volunteered

I am very tired of talking now  
Do raise my head some higher  
And fold my blanket closely down  
And build a larger fire

The air is very cold to night [sic]  
I raised his head with caire [sic]  
He closed his eyes as if to Sleep

But clasped his hands in prair [sic]

In Silence covered [sic] with his god  
This dying hero lay  
It Seemed to him communion Sweet  
No agony to pray

I knew that death was comeing [sic] fast  
For his mind was all on pair  
I asked him for his regiment  
And where his comrades wer [sic]

My Captain dead the boy replied [sic]  
With actions Slow and mild  
I have heard my Mother Speak of him  
When I was but a child

I knew his mind was wandering  
For he was thinking then  
Of him who gave his life to Save  
His faithful Valient [sic] men

And thus he died that Stormy Night  
No friend nor kindred near  
To wipe the death damp from the brow  
or Shed a Smiling tear

Thus have I known the love of god  
Joy peace and comfort found  
To one who fell by moral wound  
On the bloody battle field

Now should you wander ear [sic] that way  
Where fell so many brave  
Amonst [sic] the cedars on the hill  
There lays his Silent grave

The flowers will Soon bright up in Smiles  
Stone [sic] Rivers [sic] rocky Shore  
But his Spirit knows a briter [sic] clime  
Where flowers Bloom ever more

But mild eyd [sic] peace will visit Soon  
Stone [sic] Rivers [sic] rocky bed  
But Murfys [sic] Sabath bells  
Will never wake him more