



## Stones River National Battlefield

3501 Old Nashville Highway  
Murfreesboro, TN 37129  
Phone: (615) 893-9501, Fax: (615) 893-9508

### Regimental File Donation Form

Donor Name: C. Raymon Atwood

Address: 10681 Liberty St

City: Garrettsville State: Ohio Zipcode: 44231

Phone: 330-527-2746 Fax: \_\_\_\_\_

---

---

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

Unit: Co. D, 19<sup>th</sup> 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.

Our line was formed just after dark;  
We ate our scant repast,  
And then lay down upon the ground,  
Our weary limbs to rest.  
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—  
Our lines are giving way;  
Johnson's Division is falling back  
In terror and dismay.

Deep horror then each bosom filled;  
All's lost without relief!  
But yonder coming from the left,  
Was General Van Cleve.  
Two small brigades were quickly formed,  
Of men who had fought before;  
Who opened on the butternuts,  
With a tremendous roar.

Our General always right at hand,  
Cries; Charge—the day is won!  
When each with steady nerve obeyed,  
And back the rebels run.

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.  
In time of peace on noted days,  
We loved the cannon's roar;  
But then it brought no thrill of joy—  
We loved its sound no more.

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.

Old Bragg has gone with all his force  
And left his dead behind.  
For us to bury—which we did—  
At least what we could find  
But who can fill the vacant place  
Of father, brother, son,  
Or husband, who fell on that field  
Before the day was won.

Brave soldiers of the Cumberland,  
Your names are going forth,  
Together with your daring deeds,  
Throughout the loyal North.  
Then honor be to Rosecrans,  
Who us to victory led!  
Honor to all the living, and  
Tears for the noble dead.