

From: STRI Administration
Sent by: Teresa Watson/STRI/NPS
To: Gib Backlund, Jim B Lewis
cc: Stuart Johnson
Date: Monday, August 09, 2004 12:35PM
Subject: Stones River Poem

-----Forwarded by Teresa Watson/STRI/NPS on 08/09/2004 12:40PM -----

To: STRI_Information@nps.gov
From: GramPeg56@aol.com
Date: 08/07/2004 02:05AM
Subject: Stones River Poem

I am the great-great granddaughter of a Civil War soldier.
Our family is in possession of a poem entitled "Stone River" in our ancestor's handwriting, but perhaps not of his origination.
I have done an Internet search in an effort to find the real author of the poem, but find none.

I am attaching the transcription of the poem for your perusal. Please advise if you know know the author of the poem, or if it can be original.

Thank you.

Peggy McNary
Descendant of David McKinney, soldier for the 47th Illinois Infantry

Attachments: (Click the filename to launch)

Stone River (poem).doc

Stone River

(The following poem was written in David McKinney's handwriting and is in the possession of his descendents 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.)

*Amonst the pine that overlooks
Stone rivers rocky bed
Ohio knows full many a Son
There numbered with the dead*

*Tis hard to die mid scens 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
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
Returning over the ground
I heard the pitiful mornes of one
Lay low by mortal wound*

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

*This wounded Soldiers 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
My friends would like to hear
It would fill my Sisters heart with Joy
My Mothers heart would cheere*

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

*And ear I die there Colors fell
There Colums broke at then
I heard the wild victorious Shouts
Of Neglies Valient men*

*But most of all I woul dhave you know
Tis with my latest breath
He spoke of him I loved on earth
Twas Joy and peace in death*

*Tell Sister I have read with care
For hold lies endeared
The bible 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
I raised his head with care
He closed his eyes as if to Sleep
But clasped his hands in prair*

*In Silence conversed with his god
This dying hero lay
It Seemed to him communion Sweet
No agony to pray*

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

*My Captain dead the boy replyed
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 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 that way
Where fell so mahy brave
Amonst the cedars on the hill
There lays his Silent grave*

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

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