

# ON PICKET GUARD, AT STONE RIVER.

BY SERGEANT T. HOLLINGSWORTH, SECOND BATTALION, PIONEER BRIGADE.

AIR, "Poor Old Slave."

'Tis midnight and the twinkling stars  
Shine brightly from on high;  
And not a cloud is shadowing now  
The warlike Southern sky.  
I am stationed in a cedar grove,  
The picket post to stand,  
And listening for the stealthy tread  
Of traitors close at hand.

### CHORUS.

How many thousands gone to rest,  
We know that they are free,  
Their bodies mouldering in the dust,  
On the plains of Tennessee.

I see their burning camp fires now  
Upon the distant hill,  
And hear the screech-owl's dismal cry,  
And feel more lonely still.  
I hear the groans of wounded men,  
That still lie on the field,  
And many more my eyes can see  
With lips forever sealed,

And thus! far through this dismal night  
These mournful sounds arise,  
And many a patriot finds a grave  
Beneath this Southern sky.  
The light of day doth now appear,  
All beautiful and bright,  
I see the movements of our troops,  
'Tis to renew the fight.

Our picket line is now engaged  
With the rebel skirmishers,  
And now the order comes to us,  
Fall back on your reserve.  
Oh! yonder comes the rebel line,  
They're marching on our flank,  
Stand fast, brave boys, our Gen'ral cries,  
We'll soon thin out their ranks.

Our battery stationed on the right,—  
The Chicago Board of Trade,  
Now opens fire on their ranks,  
And with them havoc made,  
And now the battle rages on,  
In all its horrid night,  
And soon the traitors see they can  
No farther turn our right.

'Tis mid-day and the sun beams forth,  
On this bright-New Year's day,  
And thousands find a soldier's grave.  
In Tennessee's cold clay.  
Upon our center lines they come.  
They think to make them break.  
But there! the traitors find that they  
Have made a sad mistake.

Again, that dreaded hour comes on,  
The cold ground is our bed,  
Another sleepless night have we  
To spend among the dead.  
And now I think of a happy home,  
Of friends so dear to me,  
And wonder if 'twill be my doom;  
To die in Tennessee.

Again, the light of day appears,  
The clouds obscure the sky,  
A drenching rain is pouring down  
Upon us from on high,  
But still the battle is renewed,  
The bloody strife goes on,  
The rebels swear we shall not  
Enter Murfreesboro town.

The battle rages fiercely now  
Along Stone River's shore,  
And hundreds of the traitors there  
Fall, to rise no more.  
Now, the traitors see they can  
No longer hold their ground,  
And in dismay, confusion flee,  
From Murfreesboro town.

Our glorious flag's now floating  
Above the Court House tower,  
A warning to all traitors,  
Who seek that flag to lower.  
Oh God! forbid such men to live  
In honor, wealth and fame,  
To spill the blood of honest hearts,  
To win themselves a name.