**COME UP FROM THE FIELDS  
FATHER.**

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| 1   Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from           our Pete; |

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| And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter           from thy dear son. |

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| 2   Lo, 'tis autumn; |

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| Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder, |

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| Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering           in the moderate wind; |

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| Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on           the trellis'd vines; |

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| (Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines? |

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| Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately           buzzing?) |

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| 3   Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after           the rain, and with wondrous clouds; |

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| Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the           farm prospers well. |

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| 4   Down in the fields all prospers well; |

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| But now from the fields come, father—come at the           daughter's call; |

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| And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come,           right away. |

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| 5   Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous—           her steps trembling; |

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| She does not tarry to smooth her white hair, nor adjust           her cap. | |
| 6   Open the envelope quickly; |

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| O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd; |

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| O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken           mother's soul! |

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| All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she           catches the main words only; |

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| Sentences broken— *gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry*            *skirmish, taken to hospital,* |

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| *At present low, but will soon be better* . |

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| 7   Ah, now the single figure to me, |

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| Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities           and farms, |

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| Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint, |

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| By the jamb of a door leans. |

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| 8   *Grieve not so, dear mother,* (the just-grown daughter           speaks through her sobs; |

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| The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dis-           may'd;) |

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| *See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better* . |

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| 9   Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be           needs to be better, that brave and simple soul;) |

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| While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already; |

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| The only son is dead. |

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| 10   But the mother needs to be better; |

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| She, with thin form, presently drest in black; |

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| By day her meals untouch'd—then at night fitfully           sleeping, often waking, |

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| In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep           longing, |

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| O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life,           escape and withdraw, |

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| To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son. |