**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. |