

Come up from the Fields, Father

for soprano
flute
clarinet
'cello
piano

Text by Walt Whitman from *Leaves of Grass*
Music by Brooke Joyce (1994)

toydogmusic

Come up from the Fields, Father

by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

COME up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete;
And come to the front door, mother—here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn;
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind;
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellis'd vines;
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky, so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds;
Below, too, all calm, all vital and beautiful—and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well;
But now from the fields come, father—come at the daughter's call;
And come to the entry, mother—to the front door come, right away.

Fast as she can she hurries—something ominous—her steps trembling;
She does not tarry to smoothe her hair, nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly;
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd;
O a strange hand writes for our dear son—O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes—flashes with black—she catches the main words only;
Sentences broken—*gun-shot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah, now, the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio, with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face, and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs;
The little sisters huddle around, speechless and dismay'd;)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas, poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul;)
While they stand at home at the door, he is dead already;
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better;
She, with thin form, presently drest in black;
By day her meals untouch'd—then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed—silent from life, escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

Come up from the Fields, Father

Music: Brooke Joyce (1994)
Text: Walt Whitman

Gently $\text{♩} = 52$

Flute

Clarinet in Bb (concert pitch)

Cello

Ped.

mf p

mf p

mf p

mp

6

6

6

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score for 'Come up from the Fields, Father'. It features four staves: Flute, Clarinet in Bb (concert pitch), Cello, and Piano. The time signature is 2/2. The tempo is marked 'Gently' with a quarter note equal to 52 beats. The Flute, Clarinet, and Cello parts play a half note with an accent and a fermata. The Piano part plays a triplet of eighth notes with a fermata, marked *mp*. Pedal points are indicated at the bottom of the piano staff.

Fl.

Cl.

Cel.

p

p

p

pp

p

4

3/4

3/4

3/4

3/4

3/4

3/4

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It features five staves: Flute, Clarinet, Cello, Piano (right hand), and Piano (left hand). The time signature changes to 3/4. The Flute, Clarinet, and Cello parts play a melodic line with a fermata, marked *p*. The Piano part plays a chord in the right hand, marked *pp*, and a melodic line in the left hand, marked *p*. The system ends with a 3/4 time signature.

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a tempo

14

Fl. *mf*

Cl. *mf*

Cel. *mf*

mf *mf* *mf* *mp*

19

Cel. *p*

p

With Motion ♩ = 112

24

Fl. *mf*

Cel.

mf *mp*

27 *mf*

S. Come up from the fields, fa - ther, here's a

Fl. *p.*

Cel. *pizz.*

28

S. let - ter from our Pete; And

Fl. *mp*

Cl. *mp*

Cel. *arco* *mf*

29

S. come to the front door, mo-ther— here's a let - ter from thy dear

Fl.

Cl.

Cel.

31

S. son. Lo, 'tis

Fl.

Cl.

Cel.

leggiere 3

rall.

rall.

34 *mp* *Sostenuto*

S. au-tumn; Lo, where the trees, deep - er green, yel - low - er and

Cl. *p*

Cel.

S. red - der, Cool and sweet-en O - hi - o's vil - la - ges, with

Cl. *p*

Cel. *p*

Ped. *Sub*