

Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, 1891-92 edition.

**COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER.**

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?)

Walt Whitman Archive

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