



## Frances Harper: "Going East"

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She came from the East a fair, young bride,  
With a light and a bounding heart,  
To find in the distant West a home  
With her husband to make a start.  
He builded his cabin far away,  
Where the prairie flower bloomed wild;  
Her love made lighter all his toil,  
And joy and hope around him smiled.  
She plied her hands to life's homely tasks,  
And helped to build his fortunes up;  
While joy and grief, like bitter and sweet,  
Were mingled and mixed in her cup.  
He sowed in his fields of golden grain,  
All the strength of his manly prime;  
Nor music of birds, nor brooks, nor bees,  
Was as sweet as the dollar's chime.  
She toiled and waited through weary years  
For the fortune that came at length;  
But toil and care and hope deferred,  
Had stolen and wasted her strength.  
The cabin changed to a stately home,  
Rich carpets were hushing her tread;  
But light was fading from her eye,  
And the bloom from her cheek had fled.  
Her husband was adding field to field,  
And new wealth to his golden store;  
And little thought the shadow of death  
Was entering in at his door.  
Slower and heavier grew her step,  
While his gold and his gains increased;  
But his proud domain had not the charm  
Of her humble home in the East.  
He had no line to sound the depths  
Of her tears repressed and unshed;  
Nor dreamed 'mid plenty a human heart  
Could be starving, but not for bread.  
Within her eye was a restless light,  
And a yearning that never ceased,  
A longing to see the dear old home  
She had left in the distant East.  
A longing to clasp her mother's hand,  
And nestle close to her heart,  
And to feel the heavy cares of life  
Like the sun-kissed shadows depart.  
The hungry heart was stilled at last;  
Its restless, baffled yearning ceased.  
A lonely man sat by the bier  
Of a corpse that was going East.

