



PennState
Dickinson Law

DICKINSON LAW REVIEW
PUBLISHED SINCE 1897

Volume 48
Issue 4 *Dickinson Law Review - Volume 48,*
1943-1944

5-1-1944

In Memoriam - A Soldier Home From the War Came By

Robert Abrahams

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ideas.dickinsonlaw.psu.edu/dlra>

Recommended Citation

Robert Abrahams, *In Memoriam - A Soldier Home From the War Came By*, 48 DICK. L. REV. 192 (1944).
Available at: <https://ideas.dickinsonlaw.psu.edu/dlra/vol48/iss4/3>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Law Reviews at Dickinson Law IDEAS. It has been accepted for inclusion in Dickinson Law Review by an authorized editor of Dickinson Law IDEAS. For more information, please contact lja10@psu.edu.

**PRO PATRIA
IN MEMORIAM**

FRANK W. DAVIS

Lieutenant

Military Intelligence

Army of the United States

Class of 1921

May 12, 1943

HARRY C. POLK

Private

Signal Corps

Army of the United States

Class of 1935

April 24, 1943

HARRY L. BEVIS

Lieutenant

Tank Corps

Army of the United States

Class of 1941

June 2, 1943

ROBERT J. NEELY

Lieutenant

Air Corps

Army of the United States

Class of 1944

May 16, 1944

A SOLDIER HOME FROM THE WAR CAME BY

(For the sons of Dickinson, 1944)

By

ROBERT ABRAHAMS*

A soldier home from the war came by
And knocked at the schoolhouse gate.
"Oh say, will you let me in?", he asked,
"For the hour is dark and late."

"Come in, come in, my warrior son,
It's welcome here you are,
And what have you seen and what have you heard
And bear you a wound's red scar?"

"No wound have I," the young man said,
"No scar that an eye can see,
But what I have done and what I have viewed,
Oh, nevermore ask of me,"

"But let me walk the remembered streets
And the lanes where the old trees grow,
And let me feel a blossomy wind—
In the morning I must go."

"Oh, where must you go and why, my boy,
For it's far from the war you've come?"
The soldier stood with his face to the wind,
But the young man's voice was dumb.

Oh, good was the earth where the warrior stood,
And good was the night wind cool,
And the soldier breathed with an eager joy—
The scholar come back to his school.

Then he turned away from the flowery wind,
And he knelt and he touched the ground
And he rose again and he shook his head
And his young man's voice he found.

"One truth have I learned in a harder school,
In the terrible school of war,
(As many a cherished classmate learned,
Who now shall learn no more.)"

"Some men come home from the war," he cried,
"And some come home to fight on—
The war is done but the battle remains—"
In the morning the soldier was gone.

For he who comes as a warrior home,
Stays never at home at all:
He rests but a little time and then
Fights on outside the wall.

And soldiers in the battle's night,
Make this our earth their star:
Men fight to be what they hope to be,
And not to remain as they are.

*Graduate Dickinson School of Law, 1925, Member of the Philadelphia Bar.