

Prelude to Glory  
Narration by  
Kenneth A. Jarvis

*Prelude to Glory* was a cantata based on the Revolutionary War novel series of the same name by Ron Carter.

A love letter was needed at one point in the narration. Unable to find a suitable Revolutionary War letter, I used a letter that I remembered from the documentary series, "The Civil War" by Ken Burns. This letter was from a Major Sullivan Ballou to his wife. The letter, in its entirety can be found after my edited version.

I felt somewhat justified in using this letter because in it Major Ballou expresses his love for his new country and his willingness to give his life for it. He did and, unknowingly, contributed a letter to his wife that touched the hearts of many.

You will quickly see that the original is far more beautiful than my edited version. Regrettably, time did not permit using all of it. I tried as best I could to respect the spirit of this letter. As a veteran of two tours in Vietnam I sent home literally boxes of letters to my wife. Thus, I consider Major Ballou more of a comrade in arms than a simple source of material. I hope I respected his memory.

The names "Emily" and "Matthew" were chosen because they are the names of the two children that my wife and I lost. It was just my way of keeping them alive in my mind. -kj-

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My very dear Emily;

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days—perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged. And I am willing, perfectly willing, to lay down all my joys in this life, to help create this new nation.

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them, perhaps for the last time before death.

Emily, my love for you is deathless and yet my love for our new country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give up the hope of future years, when, God willing, we might have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood.

My dear wife, if I do not return, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and our children from harm. But I cannot, for I can only watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Emily, if the dead can come back to this earth and exist unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in that light of day and in the darkest night—amidst your happiest moments and gloomiest hours—always, always. And if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Emily, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again. As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, never knowing a father's love and care. Emily, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters.

Oh Emily, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Your loving husband, Matthew.

Corporal Matthew Parker did not return home.

## The Original Letter

Major Sullivan Ballou of the Union Army wrote this letter home to his wife, Sarah, in Smithfield, Rhode Island. It is considered to be one of history's most beautiful and moving love letters.

*July 14, 1861  
Camp Clark, Washington*

*My very dear Sarah,*

*The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days -- perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.*

*Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure -- and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing -- perfectly willing -- to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.*

*But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows -- when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children -- is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?*

*I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.*

*I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles have often advocated before the people and "the name of honor that I love more than I fear death" have called upon me, and I have*

obeyed.

*Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.*

*The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us. I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me -- perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar -- that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed. If I do not return, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.*

*Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been! How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm. But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.*

*But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night -- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours -- always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or if the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.*

*Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.*

*As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue-eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood. Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters.*

*Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God's blessing upon them. O*

*Sarah, I wait for you there! Come to me, and lead thither my children.*

*Sullivan*

Sullivan Ballou, age 32, was killed on the battlefield in the 1st Battle of Bull Run seven days after writing this letter.