

## Thanksgiving Poetry

### Ballad of the Mayflower

There was a ship, Mayflower by name; Hey, Ho  
- Took a trip, she crossed the main; Hey, Ho -  
Full of people seeking peace, Praying for freedom  
to increase; Hey, Ho, Dee-o, Dee-o!



The Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock; Hey, Ho  
- Simple people, sturdy stock; Hey, Ho -  
To be free they crossed the sea,  
Thanked the Lord on bended knee; Hey, Ho, Dee-o, Dee-o!

How when the crops were gathered in; Hey, Ho  
- A dinner party did begin; Hey, Ho -  
Pilgrims, Indians, pumpkin pie, Turkey, venison, corn, oh my!  
Hey, Ho, Dee-o, Dee-o!

Bet you thought my song was done; Hey, Ho -  
But I've really just begun; Hey, Ho -  
Ever since that autumn day,  
Thanksgiving has been here to stay, Hey, Ho, Dee-o, Dee-o!

## Thanksgiving Every Day

The table is brimming with good things to eat;  
We're surrounded by family and friends; what a treat.  
The feelings that fill us today can't be beat;  
It's Thanksgiving Day, and it all feels complete.



But other days, sometimes things don't seem so fine;  
Those days are not polished and don't seem to shine. It's  
then in our minds, we forget all the good,  
And think of the things we would get, if we could.

On days when our thinking causes us dread,  
If we could remember, it's all in our head,  
And not let our minds take our gratitude away,  
Then we'd make every day like Thanksgiving Day.

## A Thanks to My Friends

Thank you for being there when I needed you. and  
even when I didn't,  
Thank you for being there through the good times...  
and the bad,  
Thank you for being there to encourage my dreams...  
and my crazy ideas,  
Thank you for catching me... before I fell down,  
Thank you for wiping away the tears...



when I was crying,  
Thank you for cheering me up... and  
making me laugh,  
Thank you for all the great memories...  
and the bad,  
But most of all... thank you... For  
being you!  
- Sarah R. Klein

## Heroes of Faith



By faith the voyaging Mayflower embarked  
From Old England and found harbor off the  
Bleak New England shores.

By faith the Pilgrim Fathers set up a government  
On a new continent dedicated to God and  
Inspired by a desire to do his will on earth as it is

Done in heaven.

By faith Thomas Jefferson was stirred to strike a  
Blow for political independence and wrote the  
Thrilling document that declared that all men are  
Created equal and endowed with certain Inalienable rights.

By faith he said, "Love your neighbor as Yourself  
and your country more than yourself."

By faith George Washington left his spacious  
Mansion at Mount Vernon and espoused the  
Cause of the tax-burdened colonists.

By faith he forsook ease and comfort, choosing  
Rather to suffer hardship with his men at  
Valley Forge than to enjoy the favor of a king.

By faith he became the President of the newly  
born republic and endured as seeing Him who  
is invisible.

By faith Alexander Hamilton established the  
Financial credit of the nation. In the eloquent  
Words of Daniel Webster: "He touched the  
Corpse of public credit and it sprang into life.  
He smote the rock of national resources and  
Abundant streams of revenue flowed."

By faith James Madison gave richly of his  
Scholarly mind to form the Federal Constitution.

By faith Andrew Jackson fought the battle of  
the Impoverished and underprivileged many  
against The privileged few.

By faith Abraham Lincoln bore the awful burden  
Of four purgatorial years seeking to preserve  
the Federal Union.

By faith he carried a dreadful war to its  
Conclusion without hate in his heart, saying,  
"I Have not only suffered for the South, I have  
Suffered with the South."

By faith Woodrow Wilson in the dreadful  
Heartbreak of a world war dreamed a dream of  
a War less world in which the nations should be

Leagued together to keep the peace.

By faith he glimpsed that promised land which,  
Like Moses, he might not enter. And what shall I more say?

For time would fail me if I should tell of that unnumbered  
host, The unnamed and obscure citizens who bore  
Unimagined burdens, sacrificed in silence and  
Endured nobly, that a government of the  
people, For the people, and by the people might  
not perish from the earth.

- Edgar De Witt Jones

### **How to Observe Thanksgiving**

Count your blessings instead of your crosses;

Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes;

Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears;

Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean;

Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth;

Count on God instead of yourself.

- Anonymous



## Thanksgiving Is

Thanksgiving is  
A time of gratitude to God, our Creator and Provider,  
Whose guidance and care go before us.  
And whose love is with us forever.

Thanksgiving is  
A time to reflect on the changes,  
To remember that we, too, grow and change From  
one season of life to another.

Thanksgiving is  
A time of changing seasons, when leaves turn golden In  
autumn's wake and apples are crisp  
In the first chill breezes of fall.  
Let us remember the true meaning of Thanksgiving.  
As we see the beauty of Autumn,  
Let us acknowledge the many blessings which are our...  
Let us think of our families and friends  
And let us give thanks in our hearts.

- Anonymous



## At Grandma's House

I like the taste of turkey  
Any time throughout the year But it never  
seems to taste as good  
As when Thanksgiving's here.



Could be it's all the trimmings That are  
cooked with it to eat-

But I think it's eating at Grandma's house  
That makes it such a treat!

~Author Unknown

## Thanksgiving

The Autumn hills are golden at the  
top, And rounded as a poet's silver  
rhyme; The mellow days are ruby  
ripe, that drop  
One after one into the lap of time.

Dead leaves are reddening in the woodland copse, And forest  
boughs a fading glory wear; No breath of wind stirs in their  
hazy tops, Silence and peace are brooding  
everywhere.



The long day of the year is almost done,  
And nature in the sunset musing  
stands, Gray-robed, and violet-  
hooded like a nun, Looking abroad  
o'er yellow harvest lands:

O'er tents of orchard boughs, and purple vines With  
scarlet flecked, flung like broad banners out Along the  
field paths where slow-pacing lines  
Of meek-eyed kine obey the herdboys shout;

Where the tired ploughman his dun oxen turns,  
Unyoked, afield, mid dewy grass to stray, While over  
all the village church spire burns-  
A shaft of flame in the last beams of day.

Empty and folded are her busy hands;  
Her corn and wine and oil are safely stored,  
As in the twilight of the year she stands, And  
with her gladness seems to thank the Lord.

Thus let us rest awhile from toil and care, In  
the sweet sabbath of this autumn calm,  
And lift our hearts to heaven in grateful prayer,  
And sing with nature our thanksgiving psalm.

