

We Have With Us Today

THANKSGIVING

BY GRANTLAND RICE
AND J. N. DING



When dreams of vanished years come back
Like wraiths that follow far,
Or phantoms where the night is black
Without a single star—
When all in vain I seek the spoor
Of old Thanksgiving thrills,
When Morning knocked upon my door
And light was on the hills—
One dream still leads me through the gate
To where contentment lies—
A turkey drum-stick on my plate—
And Mother's pumpkin pie



The sun has turned a deeper gold, the sky a deeper blue,
And where the light is on the hills a real Thanksgiving's due;
Where through the flame of Sciron's dawns and from the Argonne glen,
From Flanders where the poppies blow the elan is home again;
Home to remembered ways once more by street and stream and hill—
Back through the Rhenish fogs and mists to those who waited still.

The far winds whispered through the dusk—the dock lights crowned the shore—
For those who lived through crimson nights to come our way once more;
From old Cantigny to Sedan they held the shell-wrecked way
And now they gather at the board upon Thanksgiving Day;
Back where the last long hike is through—the final battle won,
Back where God's morning brings them peace beneath a friendly sun

So let the nations clamor still where down the golden world
Today we hear their voices call where all the flags are furled;
Where peace is in the autumn winds that drift across the span
Of rusting guns that blazed the way from Belleau to Sedan;
And where the cannon thundered long above the bloody loam
The autumn twilight echoes back—"The wanderer is home!"



You say that you have nothing left
For which to render thanks—
That life has left you little
But an endless line of blanks;
You say that luck has crossed you
And that fate has got your goat,
You say that trouble has you
With a death-grip on the throat;
But think it over, neighbor,
And just ponder it again—
Suppose you were

The fattest Turkey
Gobbler
In the Pen?

