

When the night winds whistle through the trees
and blow the crisp brown leaves
a-crackling down,
When the autumn moon is
big and yellow-orange and round,
When old Jack Frost is sparkling on the ground,
It's Thanksgiving Time!

When the pantry jars are full of mince-meat and
the shelves are laden with sweet
spices for a cake,
When the butcher man sends up
a turkey nice and fat to bake,
When the stores are crammed with everything
ingenious cooks can make,
It's Thanksgiving Time!

When the gales of coming winter outside your
window howl,
When the air is sharp and cheery so it drives away
your scowl,
When one's appetite craves turkey and will have
no other fowl,
It's Thanksgiving Time!



Thanksgiving Time

Langston Hughes