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THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

(PARODY.)

I

How dear to my heart are the scenes of Thanksgiving,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The apples, the doughnuts, the cakes and rich puddings;
And every loved thing which my appetite knew.
The wide-spreading platter, the cranberries by it,
The deep pumpkin pie which a boy loves so well;
The hand of my father, the carving knife nigh it,
And e'en the roast turkey that tasted so well—
That lovely roast turkey, that tender young turkey,
That Thanksgiving turkey that tasted so well.

II

That overgrown turkey I hailed as a treasure;
And often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I fed him his corn with an exquisite pleasure,
The sweetest, yet saddest, that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized him, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the block on the wood-pile he fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
There lay that young hopeful I'd tended so well;
That lovely roast turkey, that tender young turkey,
That Thanksgiving turkey that tasted so well.