

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

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### GROUP 1:

One dressed in linen,  
sitting in a tree,  
dreaming of the tall, strong ship  
on which he crossed the sea.

### GROUP 2:

Two dressed in deerskin,  
gathering nuts below,  
giggling as they tiptoe by,  
too shy to say hello.

### GROUP 3:

Three in the garden,  
pulling up some roots--  
turnips for the pottage pot  
and parsnips for the soup.

### GROUP 4:

Four helping Father--  
catch fish in the bay--  
some to dry for wintertime  
and some to eat today.

### GROUP 1:

Five in the forest,  
searching as they roam--  
finding sticks to light the fire  
that keeps them warm at home.

GROUP 2:

Six stepping softly  
with small bows in hand,  
following a rabbit's tracks  
across a patch of sand.

GROUP 3:

Seven fetching water  
run with pails to fill,  
then walk home with careful steps  
so not a drop will spill.

GROUP 4:

Eight on the sandbar,  
working in a crew--  
digging for some tasty clams  
to make a steaming stew.

ALL:

Nine in the cornfield,  
bringing in the maize,  
sowed with care as  
Squanto taught  
last spring on planting days.

All:

Ten making baskets  
by the fire's glow,  
weaving slender cattail reeds  
while singing soft and low.

All:

Eleven rejoicing  
in the autumn sun--  
laughing, shouting, playing tag,  
their chores at last all done.

All:

Twelve tables groaning  
beneath a harvest spread--  
Wampanoag and Pilgrim friends  
together will break bread.

All:

Joined under one sky  
with one prayer to say--  
a prayer of thanks for all they have  
this first Thanksgiving Day.