

When the toot toot of the thresher,
 Which we've heard all round about,
 Seems ter stop all of a sudden;
 And the threshin' gang's let out,
 And it seems we've sure struck winter;
 'Long 'bout then the threshin' chap
 Feels that he's been treated shabby
 By this first cold snap.
 But on these same chillly even 's,
 When the fire's aroarin' loud
 Up the chimney, and the family
 Likes aronn' the stove ter crow,
 And you got some pop corn poppin':
 'Long 'bout then the farmer chap;
 Finds some sort of compensation
 Fer the first cold snap

THANKSGIVIN' ON THE FARM.

You ken talk about yer village an'
 Yer city an' yer town;
 About the great advantages
 They hev the whole year roun'
 But 'loog about Thanksgiving time
 They seem to loose their charm;
 Say, now! confess you'd ruther spend
 Thanksgiving on the farm.
 Especially when, like this past year,
 The crops is somethin' grand:
 An' all the roots we've gathered in
 The finest in the land;
 An' then the long fine fall should sure
 The grouchelest disarm,
 And wake him keen to celebrate
 Thanksgiving on the farm.
 Say! don't ye like the smell o' goose,
 A sizzling in the pan?
 An' apple sauce an' punkin pies
 Ain't very hard to stan'
 An' yet eat any other place
 They ain't just got the charm,
 Thet seems to hang 'round cookin', served
 Thanksgiving on the farm.
 An' then when eatin's over with
 You city folks is fahn
 To wander off to concerts in
 A mizzlin' drizzlin' rain;
 While we draw up aronn' the fire,
 So nice an' snug an' warm,
 A swappin' yarns to celebrate
 Thanksgiving on the farm.