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Barnyard Thoughts

Mary Graham Bonner

"I can celebrate Thanksgiving time," said the pig,
"for I am so thankful I do not live in the city."

And then the pig squealed this song:

"Grunt, grunt," he said, "I'd think it a pity
If I were forced to live in the city.
There would be no nice mud in which to dig —
A poor place indeed for a sensible pig!"

"Quack, quack," said the ducks, "and what is more
There'd be no place to swim!
In the city we'd lose our life, I'm sure,
And certainly our vim."



"And," said the cow, "I agree with you too!
In the city I'd not have the spirit to moo.
There'd be no green meadows and nothing to chew —
Oh, what in the world would a poor cow do?"

And all the animals joined in together — grunting, mooing, squealing, quack-quacking — and they all agreed, in their different ways:

"We'll never, never leave the farm; we'll stay here all our days!
We'd hate it in the city where they say it's crowded so —

We'll never add to the crowds, we say: to the city we'll never go!"

"A fine chorus," said the pig with great satisfaction. "And a fine song of Thanksgiving."

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