

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_



# Thanksgiving

Give Thanks

Imagine trying to pray your own way, but they say that you can't,  
Because religious freedom is not a right in your land.

You live in England, in September 1620,

You set sail for the land of plenty.

You're a Pilgrim on a religious trip,

Some are hoping for the opportunity to get rich.

On the Mayflower, after 66 days

Of storms and gales and endless waves,

You see land: a Massachusetts bay.

You name the land Plymouth after where you came from, OK.

That first hard winter, you just stay on the ship,

And most folks around you get sick.

Only half of the 100 make it to spring,

You finally go ashore, bring a few of your things.

But now, you need to survive with no house or stores,

Nothing but the stars, trees, shore.

Then, a friendly stranger from the Patuxet tribe,

A man called Squanto, he arrives.

And just when you think that you might die,

His interpretation skills help you stay alive.

I give thanks for those who came before,

Who offered peace instead of war,

Who helped the people come ashore,

On Thanksgiving.

I give thanks for family and friends

Who lend a helping hand.

I lend a hand right back to them

On Thanksgiving.

Imagine you're a member of the Wampanoag tribe,

From a big ship, folk in strange clothes arrive.

It's clear on their own they won't survive,

Do you help them get through the next winter alive?

Squanto helps your tribe forge an alliance

With the Pilgrims, and so you offer guidance,

And teach them how to fish and hunt,

How to harvest corn and beans for the winter months,

So, in the fall of 1621,

When the autumn harvest is nearly done,

You visit the Pilgrims' camp

For a three-day-long feast to help say thanks.

You and some 90 Wampanoag men

Join the 50 pilgrims in peace, and then

Eat deer, lobster, mussels and duck,

Wild turkey, corn, beans, pumpkin and such.

That feast is considered the first Thanksgiving,

Expressing gratitude for friends and that we're living.

I wish I could say that all the colonists and tribes

Got along like this, but dry your eyes.

Later, other Europeans push your tribe aside,

Over time, most Native Americans don't survive.

But we can keep friendship and peace alive,

Giving thanks and helping others to get by.

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Who offered peace instead of war,

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