THANKSGIVING
FOR
YOUTH By Berton Brailey AGE

Youth

This is our home with its coziness
Lighted and filled by our love,
All the world's sordidness, prosiness
We two have risen above;

Thankful are we for the tenderness
Sweetness and glory we know
Spite of our purse and its slenderness
Life is aglow!

Fortune is good for she sends to us
Joy and content that are rare
Love—and the finest of friends to us
True in foul weather or fair;
Now—and when aged and gray you are
Thankful for you I shall be.
Sweetheart, I fervently pray you are
Thankful for me!

* * *

Age

It's fifty years since you and I
Joined hands and hearts with courage high
And in youth's confidence and glee
Sought out the road to Arcady
And hoped to find it. bye and bye.
But life turns visions all awry
And sorrow came and toil was nigh
And so we labored for—let's see—
It's fifty years!

Thanksgiving day! A thankful sigh,
A hand-squeeze somewhat on the sly)—
We've learned our lesson faithfully
And ceased to search for Arcady
Because we've BEEN there—that is why
For fifty years!