

The background of the entire image is a photograph of a water splash. The splash is captured in mid-air, with many small droplets frozen in time. The water is a deep blue-grey color, and the sky in the background is a warm, hazy orange and yellow, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall mood is serene and dynamic.

***HORATIO JR.
ALGER***

***GRAND'THER
BALDWIN'S
THANKSGIVING,
WITH OTHER
BALLADS
AND POEMS***

Horatio Jr. Alger

Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, with Other Ballads and Poems

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GRAND'THER BALDWIN'S THANKSGIVING

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UNDERNEATH protected branches, from the highway just
aloof;
Stands the house of Grand'ther Baldwin, with its gently
sloping roof.

Square of shape and solid-timbered, it was standing, I have
heard,
In the days of Whig and Tory, under royal George the Third.

Many a time, I well remember, I have gazed with Childish
awe
At the bullet-hole remaining in the sturdy oaken door,

Turning round half-apprehensive (recking not how time had
fled)
Of the lurking, savage foeman from whose musket it was
sped..

Not far off, the barn, plethoric with the autumn's harvest
spoils,
Holds the farmer's well-earned trophies—the guerdon of his

toils;

Filled the lofts with hay, sweet-scented, ravished from the meadows green,
While beneath are stalled the cattle, with their quiet, drowsy mien.

Deep and spacious are the grain-bins, brimming o'er with nature's gold;
Here are piles of yellow pumpkins on the barn-floor loosely rolled.

Just below in deep recesses, safe from wintry frost chill,
There are heaps of ruddy apples from the orchard the hill.

Many a year has Grand'ther Baldwin in the old house dwelt in peace,
As his hair each year grew whiter, he has seen his herds increase.

Sturdy sons and comely daughters, growing up from childish plays,
One by one have met life's duties, and gone forth their several ways.
Hushed the voice of childish laughter, hushed is childhood's merry tone,
the fireside Grand'ther Baldwin and his good wife sit alone.

Turning round half-apprehensive (recking not how time had fled)
Of the lurking savage foeman from whose musket it was sped.

Not far off, the barn, plethoric with the autumn harvest spoils,
Holds the farmer's well-earned trophies—the guerdon of his