

Whittier's Pumpkin Pie

Served Artistically

By F. S. Mathews

L. PRANG & Co. BOSTON, U.S.A.

9681



The

Pumpkin
Pie

Illustrated
by

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by
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L. Prang & Co.
Boston
U. S. A.



The Pumpkin Pie

O greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage
enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms
all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet
once grew,
While he waited to know that his
warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and
listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind
and red fire-rain.




Yet with dearer delight from his home in
the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee
looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow
fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down
on his vines.





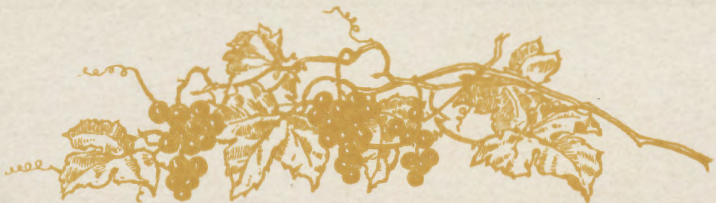
Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when, from
East and from West,
From North and from South come
The pilgrim and guest,



On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish
maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled
vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to
behold
Through orange-leaves shining the
broad spheres of gold;



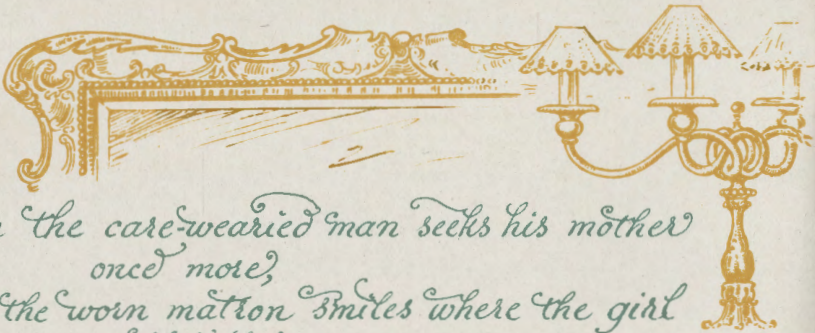




O, — fruit loved of boyhood! — the old
Days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown
nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its
skin,
Glaring out through the dark with
a candle within!



When the gray-haired New-Englander
sees round his board
The old broken links of affection
restored,



When the care-wearied man seeks his mother
once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl
smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens
the eye?
What calls back the past, like the
rich Pumpkin pie?





When we laughed round the corn-heap, with
 hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern
 the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled
 like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with
 two rats for her team!



Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter
 or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a
 platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry
 more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its
 baking, than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too
 full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow
 may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be
 lengthened below,



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And the fame of thy worth like
a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its
last sunset sky
Gold-tinted and fair as thy
own Pumpkin pie!

