

Hallows' Eve

Show of Hands

Hallows' Eve

Written by Chris Hoban

Go light the lantern at your door
and honor those who've gone before.
The worlds that part us now are twain
for Hallows' Eve is here again.

The westering sun grows pale and wan.
The day grows dark, the nights draw long.
The autumn leaves are ticked with fire;
fruit hangs ripe upon the brier.

Go light the lantern at your door
and honor those who've gone before.
The worlds that part us now are twain
for Hallows' Eve is here again.

Sweep out the hearth and clear the grate
and bid fond welcome at your gate.
Gather the final harvest in
for all the hardship winter brings.

Go light the lantern at your door
and honor those who've gone before.
The worlds that part us now are twain
for Hallows' Eve is here again.

Between the bonfires, lightly tread
and bless the year that lies ahead.
The seasons turn to frost and dew
Before the sun its strength renews.

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