

IT'S HALLOWEEN

(Poem & Song)

T'was almost Halloween, what shall I say?
It's just about to be what some call, Samhain . . .
when ghosts shall rise up, free from their graves.
It's time for some treats—the tricks on Its way.

And our little story, set in the most ghoulish of moods
—it's a devilish rhyme with a ghostly like tune.
So gather 'round, Fires, as you toast in good cheer.
I'll tell you 'bout this night as Its darkness draws near.

So listen up closely. See the sky turning red.
The tombstones are turning to call forth their dead.
The Star, it is falling. Fire, abounds.
Time to tell you the story as I ride the Hell-Hound . . .

Knee deep in the Hallow, past the ruins and the graves,
There's a place of dark shadows, in the Queen Witch's cave . . .
where they're carving up pumpkins to harvest the moon.
Yes, my Halloween-children, it will arrive soon.

For the houses, they're haunted. The dead leaves they blow.
All the ghosts are now taunted, for the moonlight's aglow.
I see cauldrons are boiling. The brooms are all fixed.
So get your costumes together. Get your treats and your tricks.

Behold! The shadows have substance—each skeleton, bat eyes.
The black cat now howls that the dead never die!
See them dance in the Circle. Watch bonfires glow.
The raven has come. The Hallow-wind blows.

The witch-hour is nearing as each monster sings,
the song that plays on All Hallows' Eve's.
So gather your candles. Open your eye.
It is now here. Sow on your disguise.

And I'll sing you the song in the darkness that dreams.
It's time for the tricks, O' my children,

It's Halloween . . .



IT'S HALLOWEEN (The Song)

When the devil comes around
and you're not home,
you better leave the dog
a juicy bone.

When witches fly,
and pumpkins dream,
I'm thinkin' to myself
it's Halloween.

Well the skeletons dance
as the fire shines.
Every haunted house
is filled with fiends of mine.

It's a graveyard dance
spun 'round the world.
The Spirits are a drinkin'
from skulls and urns.

Halloween, O' Halloween,
tell me baby trick or treat?

So when the devil comes around
and you're not home,
you better leave the dog
a juicy bone.

When witches fly
and pumpkins dream,
you'll understand it's Halloween.
It's Halloween. It's Halloween.