

f fear still thy heart hold close to the fire;  
the harvest moon rises and burns as the pyre  
Mock not the ancients, invite not their curse;  
misfortune or mirth do they hold in their purse

Samhain

When Summer greets Autumn and green turns to gold,  
when the barn is well laden stray not from the fold,  
when Morrigen circles, her fortune to bring,  
for does death treat the beggar more lightly than king?

Samhain

Summer's gone, the sun is dying;  
Winter draws so harsh and cold;  
gates of Hell stand wide and open,  
forgotten realm of days of old;  
hope-fires burn caressing moonlight,  
tongues of flame lick the sky  
Within the circle of the ancients  
the fattened calf prepares to die

The forest sleeps, awaits the Springtime;  
Beltaine's fire will bring new life;  
await the passing of the Winter;  
await the dawning of the new light  
You want to know what holds the future;  
you want to know of hope or fear?  
Beware the swords the gods are speaking,  
some things you may not want to hear...

Choose well thy words lest folly be thine  
Choose well desire lest suffer in time  
Choose well thy thoughts be less fleeting than rain  
case the gods to thy bidding when they walk at Samhain

Samhain