

# Heather Alexander, Samhain

As the sun bleeds through the murk  
'Tis the last day we shall work  
For the veil is thin and the spirit wild  
And the crone is carrying harvest's child

Samhain turn away  
Run ye back to the light of day  
Samhain hope and pray  
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Burn the fields and dry the corn  
Feel the breath of winter born  
Stow the grain 'gainst season's flood  
Spill the last of the livestock's blood

Samhain turn away  
Run ye back to the light of day  
Samhain hope and pray  
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Let the feasting now begin  
Careful who you welcome in  
The table's set with a stranger's place  
Don't stare openly at his face

Samhain turn away  
Run ye back to the light of day  
Samhain hope and pray  
All ye meet are the gentle Fae

Stranger, do you have a name?  
Tell us all from whence you came  
You seem more like god than man  
Has curse or blessing come to our clan?

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