

Kristen Lawrence

"Souling Song - Samhain Version"

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Chorus:

Soul, soul, soul cakes!
We come hunting for soul cakes!
We are dead, but like we said,
On this night weâ€™ll take your bread
And while youâ€™re out of your abode,
Lighting fires of Samhain old,
Think of us, out of body â€™
As we are, you, too, shall be.

Samhain Night, at long last,
We parade from ages past â€™
A journey from the Otherworld â€™
Oh, the hairs that we have curled!

Winterâ€™s Eve surrounds us,
Its open portal astounds us.
We creep into the living sphere,
And see where memories summon here.
Find us in this coldness,
Visiting with much boldness.
Share your food; weâ€™ll share our power
To discern a future hour.

Summerâ€™s End, Summerâ€™s End â€™
Will the sun return, vital warmth to send?
Summerâ€™s End, Summerâ€™s End â€™
Darkness lengthens in its stride across the sleeping
land.

Little Jack, Jack sat on his gate,
Offering goblins and demons his cake.
Up with the chill and down with the sun,
Waning and waning, the Dark Halfâ€™s begun.
All this night as boundaries untie,
Visitors friendly and frightful stop by.
Up with your mask and down with your feet,
Marching and marching to lead out the fleet.

How about this dwelling?
Its offerings are compelling,

With drinks and cakes and porridge,
And cherries and berries from storage.
Rattles at your door!
Donâ€™t be scared, but give us some more!
A banshee or a fershee might delight by new firelight.

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