

This New Harvest Eve

Celebrate Your Heritage

By Bob Ayres

**On the last day of October as the wind begins to blow,
I look out my bedroom window in the early evening glow.
Thinking of the coming eve when I will soon become,
a knight from a land across the sea,
of justice, pride, and chivalry,
defend what's right and then I'll be,
rewarded by the king for a job well-done.**

**Celebrate my history,
Celebrate your history,
Celebrate our history,
On this new Harvest Eve.**

**Down the street, we see and greet, many new people on our way.
Some from a book, cartoon, or legend; others from a dramatic play.
I see an African princess, inventors, musicians and more!
A scientist and a movie star, and a soldier from a distant shore.
They each leave behind a note that tells their history.**

**We all have such great fun
and learn from everyone!
So when the evening is finally done,
we eat our gathered candy on this new Harvest Eve.**

**Celebrate my heritage,
Celebrate your heritage,
Celebrate our heritage,
on this new Harvest Eve.**

**The night is finally over and I lie upon my bed,
Memories of the Harvest Eve are dancing in my head,
Somehow I feel a part of the past and part of the future, too.**

**Harvest Eve, O Harvest Eve,
Celebrate our history**

**Weave together a tapestry,
The stories of our families,
A sense of our community,
So on this night I want to say,
"Happy Harvest Eve"
to you, and you, and you!**

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