

Cracker Night

On a farm, many years ago,
farmers came together to put on a show.

They cut down a tree and piled up the wood,
then set it alight where the old tree stood.

Families came to watch and to see
just how spectacular the fireworks would be.

It was tradition for the host to light each fuse.
Pin wheels and sparklers never failed to amuse.

But the rockets, no doubt, were the best of them all,
they lit up the sky and coloured embers would fall.

Little ones carefully covered their ears,
then showed their awe with boisterous cheers.

There’s no doubt in my mind, cracker nights were fun
But the sense of community… rated number one.