

Weird Tales



The Occult • The Supernatural • The Bizarre

SUMMER 1974

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 4

47961

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Published quarterly by **Weird Tales** 8230 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, 90048. Vol. 47, No. 4, Summer 1974. In corresponding with this magazine, please include your postal zip code number. Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and are submitted at the sender's risk. © 1974 by **Weird Tales**. All rights reserved. Copyright secured under the International and Pan-American copyright convention. Printed in the United States of America at the Holyoke Magazine Press, 1 Appleton St., Holyoke, Mass. 01040.

August

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

Come, mellow month, whose full-blown charms
O'er mead and wood diffuse their grace;
Whose ardour all the valley warms,
And glads the grateful mountain's face.

The waving corn in yonder field,
Delighted, owns thy genial ray;
Whilst clover'd plains adoring yield
The frankincense of new-mown hay.

The sky a lovelier blue puts on;
The sun thro' Virgo proudly rides;
The lark sings sweeter at the dawn;
The stream with purer crystal glides.

The grove with tropic plenty flow'rs,
And Summer reigns in regal state;
Precious the boon of earlier hours,
Yet now doth each one culminate.

To youthful bards the Spring I give;
To sighing swains the June devine;
But I midst riper joys would live,
And choose the August days as mine!