

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 3



Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 460 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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Cravetheen the Harper

By A. LESLIE

Cravetheen the Harper plays a ghostly tune,
When the earth is barred and speckled
With silver o' the moon.
The fretted fires flow over him,
And from his moaning harp
Pour floods of singing moonlight
Keening high and sharp.

Cravetheen the Harper
Plays the harp that grieves,
And the souls of murdered women,
Like little rustling leaves,
Come and follow after,
Moaning in the storm,
But the harp of Cravetheen
Keeps him safe from harm.

When the ghost-strings murmur
Their feet must tread the tune,
When the earth is barred and
speckled
With silver o' the moon.

Cravetheen the Harper
Comes not in the sun,
For his harp is voiceless
Till the day is done:
Leprechaun and banshee
Listen to the croon,
When the earth is barred and
speckled
With silver o' the moon.