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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1938

Number 6

Cover Design	M. Brundage	
<i>Illustrating a scene in "Suicide Chapel"</i>		
The Skeleton in Armor	Virgil Finlay	641
<i>Pictorial interpretation of a poem by Longfellow</i>		
Suicide Chapel	Seabury Quinn	643
<i>A Jules de Grandin story of fearful murders, lovely girls and a giant ape</i>		
The Last Hour	Robert E. Howard	664
<i>Verse</i>		
From the Beginning	Eando Binder	665
<i>An utterly strange tale of the origin of the human race</i>		
H. P. Lovecraft	Frank Belknap Long, Jr.	683
<i>A tribute in verse</i>		
The Black Drama	Gans T. Field	684
<i>An eldritch tale about the eery personality called Varduk—a tale of Lord Byron</i>		
Slave of the Flames	Robert Bloch	700
<i>A weird tale of the great Chicago fire</i>		
Song of Death	A. W. Calder	713
<i>Over the ether waves rode a sensuous song that carried death to its listeners</i>		
Thunder in the Dawn (end)	Henry Kuttner	723
<i>A tale of warlocks and wizards and valiant men of might in the far-off olden time</i>		
The Doom that Came to Sarnath	H. P. Lovecraft	742
<i>Another weird fantasy by a late great master of bizarre and fantastic literature</i>		
Outlanders	Clark Ashton Smith	746
<i>Verse</i>		
Death Dallies Awhile	Leslie F. Stone	747
<i>The story of a microscopic universe created by the genius of a great scientist</i>		
Weird Story Reprint:		
The Gray Champion	Nathaniel Hawthorne	754
<i>A classic weird tale of old New England</i>		
Farewell to Eros	Clark Ashton Smith	759
<i>Verse</i>		
The Eyrle		762
<i>The readers of WEIRD TALES express their opinions</i>		

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Farewell to Eros

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Lord of the many pangs, the single ecstasy!
 From all my rose-red temple builded in thy name,
 Pass downward with no blasphemies of praise or blame,
 No whine of suppliant or moan of psaltery.

Not now the weary god deserts the worshipper,
 The worshipper the god . . . but in some cryptic room
 A tocsin tells with arras-deadened tones of doom
 That hour which veils the shrine and stills the chorister. . . .

Others will make libation, chant thy litanies. . . .
 But, when the glamored moons on inmost Stygia glare,
 And quenchlessly the demon-calling altars flare,
 I shall go forth to madder gods and mysteries.

And through Zothique and primal Thule wandering,
 A pilgrim to the shrines where elder Shadows dwell,
 Perhaps I shall unveil such lusters visible
 As turn to ash the changeful opal of thy wing.

Haply those Islands where the sunsets sink in rest
 Will yield, O Love, the slumber that thou hast not given;
 Or the broad-bosomed flowers of some vermilion heaven
 Will make my senses fail as on no mortal breast.

Perchance the fountains of the dolorous rivers four
 In Dis, will quench the thirst thy wine assuages never;
 And in my veins will mount a twice-infuriate fever
 When the black, burning noons upon Cimmeria pour.

Yea, in those ultimate lands that will outlast the Earth,
 Being but dream and fable, myth and fantasy,
 I shall forget . . . or find some image reared of thee,
 Dreadful and radiant, far from death, remote from birth.