

Weird Tales

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Ol' Black Sarah

By BERNARD AUSTIN DWYER

Ol' Black Sarah come up outen de groun'—
 Go 'way, Black Sarah! go 'way!
 Don' yo' heah de yelp o' dat ol' black houn'f
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!

Fotch in de chilluns—shet de do'—
 Go 'way, Black Sarah! go 'way!
 Snack up de shutters—Ah heah her fo' sho'—
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!

De screech-owl screech—de moon am dim—
 Go 'way, Black Sarah! go 'way!
 De bat fly ovah de hick'ry limb—
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!

Her teef am sharp—her lips blood-red—
 Go 'way, Black Sarah! go 'way!
 Her eyes am white, turn back in her head!
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!

Ol' Sarah was a voodoo—long ago!—
 Go 'way, Black Sarah! go 'way!
 De pickaninny's bone an' de mistletoe—
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!

When de ol' houn' bark—de moon jus' gleams—
 Go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!
 Ol' Sarah's face fill de darkies' dreams—
 Ooh! go 'way! Black Sarah, go 'way!