



Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Sable Revery

(Written to music)

By ROBERT NELSON

Black roses sprout across the sky,
 Pipes sing insensate 'neath the sea,
 The clamant heads of madmen fly
 And shatter with a dark outcry,
 As tones transpose to deeper dye
 And leaves whirl wild with jubilee
 Through the mad organist's rambling brain;
 In the disordered sepulcher
 A lady's dead eyes strive to stir,
 She dares to laugh, but all in vain;
 Three-fingered hands paint a far frieze
 With the black blood of vanquished devils,
 Who sway and slay the music-breeze
 In their daft and dying revels.

Now ebon fluids 'gin to flow
 And drip with waxen candle-men;
 Black disks of stone are trundling low;
 From the organ's bosom fuming slow,
 Fouler and sadder perfumes blow
 To drown the bourns of demon ken;
 Skulls flown from swarthy corpses kiss

And feed upon the organist's soul,
 Which ne'er doth cease to toll and roll
 Bell-like within this dusk abyss;
 Fell plants and flowers writhe in wombs
 Of blighted worlds remote from morn,
 And musty myrrh exhales from tombs
 Whirling in utmost stars forlorn.

Swart suns on sounding waters swell
 The turgid notes to direr din,
 And murky spirits soar from hell
 To flap their cerements paipable
 In the wild player's face, and tell
 Jet jewels into his mouth, and spin
 Mad gossamers amid his hair;
 Swift raven locks entwine his throat,
 His eyes no longer glare and gloat;
 As from a tower high in air,
 The console wakes a weirder fear;
 His flaming, fitful fingers chill;
 One tear he weeps, a dead man's tear:
 The sable revery is still.