
Weird Tales

September
1953

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Cover by JON ARFSTROM

Published bi-monthly by SHORT STORIES, INC., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. W. J. Delaney, President & Treasurer, E. M. Cogan, Secretary. Reentered as second-class matter January 24, 1940, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions \$2.00; two years \$3.50. Canadian: one year \$2.25; two years, \$4.00. Foreign: one year \$2.30; two years, \$4.10. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts.

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Printed in U. S. A.

Vol. 45, No. 4

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

SIX MERRY FARMERS

(A Kentucky Tale)

by LEAH BODINE DRAKE

SIX merry farmers
Lurching from a tavern,
Swaying down a village street
At midnight, arm in arm;
One tried to kiss the moon
Shining in a puddle,
Went to sleep and snored there
Miles from his farm.

Five merry farmers!
Two got to fighting,
The Sheriff came by
And hauled them off to jail.
The fourth roared a gospel-hymn
And went to look for women;
The fifth thought of little lambs
And sat down to wail.



The last merry farmer
Weaving up the hill-road
Met an old witch-woman
Who was anything but fair.
When he gravely cursed her
She up and be-spelled him,
And what had been a farmer
Was a wild buck hare!

Two merry farmers
Riding home in dawn-light,
One sees a wild buck hare
And lets off his gun:
Five merry farmers
Sleeping off their merriment,
And one not so merry
Lying dead in the sun.

