

# Weird Tales

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1953

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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.