

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XI

NUMBER 1

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 450 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.
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The Chant of the Grave-Digger

By ROBERT S. CARR

I'm the one who gets you all,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Lean ones, fat ones, short or tall,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Rich and poor I lay you deep
Where the grave-worms writhe and creep
In the cold earth's oozy seep,
Ho! I swing my shovel!

Coffin-lids are bright and new,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Mausoleums mighty few,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Hear the wet clods tumble down,
Preacher, thief or circus clown,
Tattered rags or ermine gown,
Ho! I swing my shovel!

Far away from mortal woes,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Maggots nibble at your toes,
Ho! I swing my shovel!
Born to die—a monstrous jest!—
Sordid four-score years at best,
Then you're rotting with the rest.
Ho! I swing my shovel!