

WEIRD TALES




NOVEMBER

1940

Cover by
Margaret Brundage

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Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. *Subscription rates:* One year in the United States and possessions, 90c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. Copyright, 1940, by Weird Tales. Copyrighted in Great Britain.  173

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 35, No. 6

D. McILWRAITH, *Editor.*

H. AVELINE PERKINS, *Associate Editor.*

The Great God Death

By EDITH HURLEY

Upon a mountain in a secret place,
On a gigantic crag of ebon stone,
The Great God Death sits brooding and alone,
Far from the centers of the human race;
About him blow the winds of timeless Space
And at the foot of this titanic throne
Low bend the souls that he has called his own
For no one lives who looks upon his face.

And he, the ruler of this bitter land
Wherever flower blooms nor song is heard,
But Fear and Silence weigh upon the air,
Regards with sadness his puissant hand
Where lies the body of a buoyant bird
That came upon his kingdom unaware.