

Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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The Haunted Forest

By EDITH HURLEY

There is a forest deep and dark,
Where never sunbeam strays;
Untraveled are its winding paths,
And all untrod its ways.

And there are dusky violets
In little, silent dells,
And a dim cave within a rock
Where Pan, the goat-god, dwells.

And in one still and hidden spot
There is a crystal pool;
Serene its surface as a glass,
And weirdly beautiful.

No wind disturbs those ancient trees,
And nothing living stirs;
For broken are the shrines of Pan,
And gone his worshipers.

Yet on some mystic nights in May,
Safe from the eyes of man,
Above a strange wind's crying,
Long call the pipes of Pan.

And from the hills and hollows
The fairy people come,
With flute and lute and viol
And beat of tiny drum.

Near by the pool's green edges
They dance the long hours through,
And golden is the moonlight,
And silver is the dew.

Their songs are all sung softly,
And gently do they tread;
For lo, the place is haunted
By ghosts of men long dead.