
The Moor Ghost

By ROBERT E. HOWARD

They haled him to the crossroads
As day was at its close;
They hung him to the gallows
And left him for the crows.

His hands in life were bloody,
His ghost will not be still;
He haunts the naked moorlands
About the gibbet hill.

And oft a lonely traveler
Is fanned upon the fen
Whose dead eyes hold a horror
Beyond the world of men.

The villagers then whisper,
With accents grim and dour:
"This man has met at midnight
The phantom of the moor."¹