

Weird Tales

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Under the Moon

By EUGENE C. DOLSON

In the hours of sunlight, ghosts are lazy;
They hide in caverns and sleep by day.
When the moon's at full and the winds are crazy,
Oh, then is the time ghosts have their way.

In the woods tonight are a thousand devils—
The trees are rocking with all their might;
And the sprites and goblins hold their revels
Under the moon this windy night.