

Weird Tales

May
1954

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- THE EYRIE Inside front cover
- SONG IN THE THICKET (A novelette) Manly Banister 2
*Neither closer nor farther, the voices urged him onward—
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How long had they thus shone?*
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*The whole affair had been a mystery of lips which closed and
faces which were averted at my approach.*

Cover by W. H. SILVEY

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Witch Woman

By DOROTHY QUICK

WITCH woman, witch woman, the necklace you wear
 Is brighter than rubies, as red and as rare.
 Of dark rowan berries strung taut as a wire
 From whom did you get them? And for what strange hire?

Witch woman, witch woman, those earrings of gold,
 What service won them? What deed can't be told?
 Never had gypsy so pretty a pair
 Nor lady in castle such glitter to wear.

Witch woman, witch woman, the great silver ring
 That circles your finger, whence came such a thing?
 A melting of silver, of bone, and of gem,
 Only a witch could be sporting of them.

Witch woman, witch woman, what hangs at your sash?
For that whip of leather whose heart did you smash?
For that whip of leather whose back will you break,
And where is the treasure your fingers will take?

Witch woman, witch woman, your eyes open wide,
What will their blackness lure to your side?
*"Stop asking questions I can't answer true,
Or the day might come when I'll question you!"*

Witch woman, witch woman, come weave me a spell,
To bring back my lover, that I can keep well,
*"No, no, do not tempt me, no spell for your whim
Could ever be keeping a good man like him."*

Witch woman, witch woman, then what will you make,
A spell or a potion for your true love's sake?
*"Never a potion and never a brew
To bind such as him to the likes of you!"*

*He gave me my necklace, my earrings of gold
My ring of bright silver and monies untold,
And yet you have caught him by book and by bell.
And I, the witch woman, am under his spell."*

Witch woman, witch woman, now what have I done
By bell, book and candle what have I won?
My good man loves you, he's under your grip.
Oh no! Don't be raising that terrible whip.

*"Go home to your good man with blood on your hide.
And never again let him stray from your side
Remember the lashing, remember the pain
And come near the witch woman never again."*

