

May 1954

THE EYRIE	Inside front cover
SONG IN THE THICKET (A novelette) Neither closer nor farther, the voices urged him calling, luring, promising, lulling.	<u>.</u>
THE PREDESTINED	Q. Patrick 38 ad
LORD OF THE TALKING HANDS An unusual man, indeed, and his statements were as his looks and manners.	
PREDICTION	in it; nor a
THE PLACE IN THE WOODS. In isolated country places, one is alone with sky, e and any invisible dwellers there may be in the tree.	arth and water—
THE RETURN OF SIMON CARIB	
WITCH WOMAN (Verse)	. Dorothy Quick 102
THE BANSHEE AND PATRICK O'BANNON of Though usually silent, the Banshee's wail could not it meant death—maybe that of the man who tried	t be stopped:
BEYOND THE DOOR. The whole affair had been a mystery of lips which faces which were averted at my approach.	Paul Suter 114 closed and

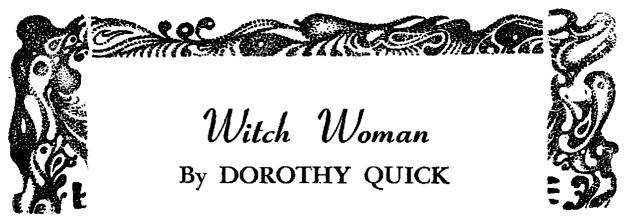
Published bi-monthly by Short Stories, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y. W. J. Delaney, President & Treasurer, R. M. Cogan, Scoretary, Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions \$2.00; two years \$3.50. Canadian: one year \$2.25; two years, \$4.00. Foreign: one year \$2.30; two years, \$4.10. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts.

Cover by W. H. SILVEY

D. McILWRAITH, Editor

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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."

