

Weird Tales

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Cravetheen the Harper

By A. LESLIE

Cravetheen the Harper plays a
ghostly tune,
When the earth is barred and speck-
led
With silver o' the moon.
The fretted fires flow over him,
And from his moaning harp
Pour floods of singing moonlight
Keening high and sharp.

Cravetheen the Harper
Plays the harp that grieves,
And the souls of murdered women,
Like little rustling leaves,
Come and follow after,
Moaning in the storm,
But the harp of Cravetheen
Keeps him safe from harm.

When the ghost-strings murmur
Their feet must tread the tune,
When the earth is barred and
speckled
With silver o' the moon.

Cravetheen the Harper
Comes not in the sun,
For his harp is voiceless
Till the day is done:
Leprechaun and banshee
Listen to the croon,
When the earth is barred and
speckled
With silver o' the moon.