

Weird Tales

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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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MASQUERADE

By R. JERE BLACK, JR.

Last night I started from a dream,
And saw within the moonlight's gleam
A shrouded figure by my bed,
All robed in black, with muffled head.
I stared awhile with fearful eyes
Before I pierced my friend's disguise;
Then, banished all my foolish fear,
I welcomed him with hearty cheer:
"Hast come at last, old friend?" I cried.
"Long for thy greeting have I sighed;
My house is empty, pleasures few;
The only friend now left is you.
And art thou really come for me,
To bid me journey forth with thee?"
With solemn nod my friend replied,
Then touched my brow—and so I died.