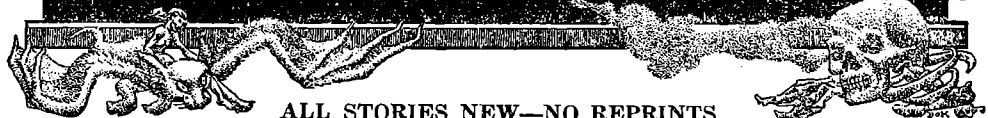


Weird Tales



MAY, 1941

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Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use of the name of any living person or reference to actual events is purely coincidental.

Published bi-monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Reentered as second-class matter January 26, 1940, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, 90c. Foreign and Canadian postage extra. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London, W.C.2, England. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. Copyright, 1941, by Weird Tales. Copyrighted in Great Britain. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

Vol. 35, No. 9

D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

H. AVELINE PERKINS, Associate Editor.

The Ballad of Lalune

By LESLYN MACDONALD

THE grey worms blinked at the little green frogs,
And the pale mists rose from the age-old bogs,
Shrouding the trees in perpetual fogs,
And this is the tale of Lalune,
Lalune,
And this is the tale of Lalune.

Her white robe dragged on the dank, sour ground
And the will-of-the-wisp fires circled her round,
While her hurrying feet made never a sound
To tell that there passed Lalune,
Lalune,
To tell that there passed Lalune.

Her eyes were topaz, her hair was bronze,
Her step was light as a frightened fawn's
As she went through this place of colorless dawns,
The fair feckless lady Lalune,
Lalune,
The fair, feckless lady Lalune.



Over and over she muttered The Word,
Searching in vain for the purple bird,
And her own voice the only sound to be heard,
The low, sobbing voice of Lalune,
Lalune,
The low, sobbing voice of Lalune.

Why does she seek in this place of shame,
Why does she call on that blasphemous name,
Why is she followed by quivering flame?
And what is the curse of Lalune,
Lalune,
And what is the curse of Lalune?

Forever she moves in this grim charmed trance,
Forever she seeks with her terrified glance,
And forever about her these fires must dance,
The ghostly, immortal Lalune,
Lalune,
The ghostly, immortal Lalune.

