

# Yule-Horror

*By* H. P. LOVECRAFT

There is snow on the ground,  
And the valleys are cold,  
And a midnight profound  
Blackly squats o'er the wold;  
But a light on the hilltops half-seen hints of feastings unhallowed and old.

There is death in the clouds,  
There is fear in the night,  
For the dead in their shrouds  
Hail the sun's turning flight,  
And chant wild in the woods as they dance round a Yule-altar fungous and white.

To no gale of Earth's kind  
Sways the forest of oak,  
Where the sick boughs entwined  
By mad mistletoes choke,  
For these pow'rs are the pow'rs of the dark, from the graves of the lost  
Druid-folk.