

# WHO IS

# GRANDPA THEOBOLD?

BY ROBERT E. HOWARD

Cities brooding beneath the seas  
Yield their chalcedon and gold;  
Ruthless hands the treasures seize,  
Rending the ages' mysteries,  
But who is Grandpa Theobold?

Secret of the eternal Sphinx  
Is a story worn and old,  
Like a tale too often told;  
All the ancient unknown shrinks--  
But who is Grandpa Theobold?

Fingers turn the hidden Keys,  
Looting wealth from lair and hold;  
Cast what shapes in what dim mold?  
Question now the Eternities.  
But who is Grandpa Theobold?

Prince, before you snare the stars,  
Speak, before the sun grows cold  
Scowling through the morning bars,  
Who is Grandpa Theobold?