The Spirit of Marie Laveau
Elaine McDermott

It’s whispered on a starless night
that when the fog rolls in,
Marie Laveau’s seen in the streets,
a woman wild with gin.

She had a lover long ago,
who proved to be untrue;
she made a doll that looked like him,
and practiced her voodoo.

At the Silver Slipper Palace,
a chorus girl named Belle
longed for Marie’s dark-skinned Creole
and placed him in her spell.

Marie then carved a man of wood;
she dressed him bold and smart.
she found a sharp and silver pin
and stabbed him in the heart.

He died that night in young Belle’s arms.
Marie went mad with pain.
She made a doll that looked like Belle;
she found her pin again.

It’s whispered on a stormy night
that above the thunder’s din,
Marie is heard out in the streets
repenting of her sin.