

MARY'S GHOST

'Twas in the middle of the night.
to sleep young William tried;
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bedside.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
 Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
 I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
 And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
 Won't let a body be!

You thought that I was buried deep,
 Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone,
 They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
 Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
 The hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
 But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
 In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
 You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
 The other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
 But Dr. Carpue can;
As for my trunk it's all packed up
 To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows — I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, although
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

— Thomas Hood (1799-1845)