

Thomas Hood (1799-1845)

13 *Mary's Ghost*

A Pathetic Ballad

1

'Twas in the middle of the night,  
To sleep young William tried,  
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,  
And stood at his bed-side.

2

O William dear! O William dear! 5  
My rest eternal ceases;  
Alas! my everlasting peace  
Is broken into pieces.

3

I thought the last of all my cares 10  
Would end with my last minute;  
But tho' I went to my long home,  
I didn't stay long in it.

4

The body-snatchers they have come,  
And made a snatch at me;  
It's very hard them kind of men 15  
Won't let a body be!

5

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. 20

6

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.

7

I vow'd that you should have my hand,                25  
    But fate gives us denial;  
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,  
    In spirits and a phial.

8

As for my feet, the little feet  
    You used to call so pretty,                        30  
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,  
    The t'other's in the city.

9

I can't tell where my head is gone,  
    But Doctor Carpue can:  
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up                35  
    To go by Pickford's van.

10

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.                    40

11

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

12

Don't go to weep upon my grave,                45  
    And think that there I be;  
They haven't left an atom there  
    Of my anatomie.

1827

(From *The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood*.  
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