

To burn your widow's weeds?

'It's not so long since I have left
 For aye the mortal scene; 30
 My Memory — like Rogers's,
 Should still be bound in green!

'Yet if my face you still retrace
 I almost have a doubt —
 I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not, 35
 With all the leaves torn out!

'To think that on that finger joint
 Another pledge should cling;
 Oh Bess! upon my very soul,
 It struck like "Knock and Ring." 40

'A ton of marble on my breast
 Can't hinder my return;
 Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
 A-boiling in my urn!

'Remember, oh! remember, how 45
 The marriage rite did run, —
 If ever we one flesh should be,
 'Tis now — when I have none!

'And you, Sir — once a bosom friend —
 Of perjured faith convict, 50
 As ghostly toe can give no blow,
 Consider you are kick'd.

'A hollow voice is all I have,
 But this I tell you plain,
 Marry come up! — you marry, Ma'am, 55
 And I'll come up again.'

More he had said, but chanticleer
 The spritely shade did shock
 With sudden crow, and off he went,
 Like fowling-piece at cock! 60

1839

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