

A parody on [Thomas Hood's] 'Mary's ghost'; or, the doctors and body-snatchers. A pathetic tale, with numerous additions.

Contributors

Hood, Thomas, 1799-1845.

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A

P A R O D Y

ON

“MARY’S GHOST;”

OR,

The Doctors

AND

BODY-SNATCHERS.

A

Pathetic Tale,

WITH

Numerous Additions

NORWICH;

Printed by Christopher Berry, Chettleburgh’s Court, Rampant
Horse Street, St. Stephen’s.

FABRY

1881

MALBY

314760



Printed by Christopher Hart, Cambridge, 1901

A PARODY
ON
"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 bed-side."

" 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 did not 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 to the eye;
 With roses growing o'er my grave,
 In *Dr-mm-nd's Rosary*.

But William dear, my rest was short,
 It was not very chary;
 Them boney-men, they did march in,
 And bone away your Mary.

I wish you'd speak to Mr. D.
 Who owes the *patent* ground;
 And tell him that his *patent* graves,
 Are neither safe nor sound.

I vow that his *new* land-of-tombs,
 Made so genteel and pretty;
 Is not a bit more safer than,
Old Tombland in the City.

Alas! it is a joint-stock-thing,
 The shares are down so *low*;
 E're long they'll break up all the *banks*,
 Of *Dr-mm-nd, Son & Co.*

My tender body was pack'd-up,
 And in a sack did go ;
 To be a *little* body at,
Sir Dalley's great depôt.

I was cut up as *Stratford* was,
 And *Y-ll-ly* from *Carrow* ;
 Came stealing in—and stole away,
 My brains and spinal-marrow.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
 But fate gives us denial ;
 You'll find it there at *Doctor Wr-ght's*,
 In spirits and a phial,

How very hard my *William* dear,—
 How very hard the loss is ;
 That both my legs should have to walk,
 The *Surgery* at *Cr-ss's*.

And that my arms,—the tender arms,
 That now in death do part us ;
 Should both of them be taken down,
 To dwell at *Doctor C-rt-r's*.

As for my eyes,—the lovely eyes,
 That once beam'd from their sockets;
 You'll find them both at Mr. *H-ll's*,
 In his *large* breeches-pockets.

My very skull was lent to *St-rk*,
 Without any apology ;
 And all my lumps and bumps he found,
 That are in Craniology.

But when my skull came back from *St-rk*,
 That clever *organ-finder* ;
 It was found out that *Cr-wo-r* had,
 Pluck'd out—every grinder.

As for my feet,—the little feet,
 You used to call so pretty ;
 There's one I know at the *Town-close*,
 The t'other's in the *city*.

The *Pupils* dear, them sweet young men,
 I vow they wrote on vellum ;
 A letter to the Doctors *big*,
 And got my cerebellum.

As for my hair—the auburn hair,
 You used to love so well ;
 Alas ! it's gone to deck the head,
 Of lovely *Mrs. B-ll.*

My very liver and my lungs,
 E'en them were not forgot ;
 But given to them cruel men,
Long J-hns-n and *Page Sc-tt.*

I thought I should have lost a rib,
 And many other stores ;
 But Doctor *Ev-ns* took instead,
 A rib from Brazen-doors.

To say where my soft kidneys are,
 The *Newspapers* will tell ;
 Therefore you need not ring at night,
 At “*Doctor Engl-nd's Bell.*”

To boil me down—did Doctor *Pure,*
Affirm 'twould be a sin ;
 And then Old *J-rv-s* wink'd his eye,
 And swore he'd tan my skin.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
 But *M-lls* and *N-ch-ls* can ;
 Also my trunk which is to go,
 By *M-n-ym-nt's* night-van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. M.
 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—altho'
 Sweet *N-rg-te* has my heart."

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