THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD: WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR. IN FOUR VOLUMES. VOLUME III

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The Poetical Works of Thomas Hood: With Some Account of the Author. In Four Volumes. Volume III by Thomas Hood

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Trieste

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VOLUME III.

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POEMS.

THE LOST HEIR.

* Oh where, and oh where Is my bonny laddle gone ? "—OLD Song.

ONE day, as I was going by That part of Holborn christened High, I heard a loud and sudden ery That chilled my very blood ; And lo ! from out a dirty alloy, Where pigs and Irish wont to rally, I saw a crazy woman sally, Bedaubed with grease and mud. She turned her East, she turned her West, Staring like Pythoness possest, With streaming hair and heaving breast As one stark mad with grief. This way and that she wildly ran, Jostling with woman and with man-Her right hand held a frying pan, The left a lump of beef. At last her frenzy seemed to reach A point just capable of speech, And with a tone almost a screech, As wild as ocean birds, Or female Ranter moved to preach, She gave her "sorrow words."