

**ODES AND  
ADDRESSES TO  
GREAT PEOPLE**

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Odes and Addresses to Great People by Thomas Hood & J. H. Reynolds

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**THOMAS HOOD & J. H. REYNOLDS**

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ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

GREAT PEOPLE.

"CATCHING ALL THE ODDITIES, THE WHIMSIES, THE ABSURDITIES  
AND THE LITTLENESS OF CONSCIOUS GREATNESS BY THE WAY."

*Citizen of the World.*

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1826.

FROM the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words;" and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory or recommendatory of the present portion of the Work. It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured, that they will ultimately be paid in full.

No material alterations have been made in this third Edition,—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate;—and the omission of the three puns, which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humour of the publication.

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ODES AND ADDRESSES.

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ODE TO MR. GRAHAM,

THE AERONAUT.

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"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"

WORDSWORTH—ON A LARK!

---

I.

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,  
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,  
Their meaner flights pursue,  
Let us cast off the foolish ties  
That bind us to the earth, and rise  
And take a bird's-eye view!—



## 2.

A few more whiffs of my segar  
 And then, in Fancy's airy car,  
 Have with thee for the skies :—  
 How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd  
 Hath borne me from this little world,  
 And all that in it lies !—

## 3.

Away !—away !—the bubble'fills—  
 Farewell to earth and all its hills !—  
 We seem to cut the wind !—  
 So high we mount, so swift we go,  
 The chimney tops are far below,  
 The Eagle's left behind !—

## 4.

Ah me ! my brain begins to swim !—  
 The world is growing rather dim ;  
 The steeples and the trees—  
 My wife is getting very small !  
 I cannot see my babe at all !—  
 The Dollond, if you please !—

## 5.

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,  
Lord! what a Lilliput it is.

That little world of Mogg's!—  
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,  
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel  
For that small Isle of Dogs!—

## 6.

What is that seeming tea-urn there?  
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,  
Wren must have been a Wren!—  
And that small stripe?—it cannot be  
The City Road!—Good lack! to see  
The little ways of men!

## 7.

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache  
To find a turapike.—I must take  
Their tolls upon my trust!—  
And where is mortal labour gone?  
Look, Graham, for a little stone  
Mac Adamiz'd to dust!

## 8.

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—  
 Oh, what a waste it was of sighs  
 To wish to be a Mayor!  
 What is the honour?—none at all,  
 One's honour must be very small  
 For such a civic chair!—

## 9.

And there's Guildhall!—'tis far aloof—  
 Methinks, I fancy through the roof  
 Its little guardian Gogs,  
 Like penny dolls—a tiny show!—  
 Well,—I must say they're rul'd below  
 By very little logs!—

## 10.

Oh! Graham, how the upper air  
 Alters the standards of compare;  
 One of our silken flags  
 Would cover London all about—  
 Nay, then—let's even empty out  
 Another brace of bags!