

At length the fatal day arrived—  
The day that sealed his doom ;  
I doubt if ever throng so great  
Had graced that august room.  
Grave judges, eager advocates,  
In legal looks arrayed,  
With learned din essayed to win  
The jury's potent aid.

Uprose his senior mightiness  
To give the final charge,  
On mouldy laws long obsolete  
He needs must now enlarge.  
Old Roman statutes dim with dust  
He quoted word by word ;  
Laws that allowed a hellish crowd  
To crucify their Lord !

The prisoner is guilty and  
His punishment should come,  
Was the burden of each sentence  
As the cold stern judge went on !  
He charged the jury till their brains  
With legal dust were clogged !  
Yea, learned looks, as known to Brooks,  
The jurymen befogged !