

*LAWYERS' LYRICS.**Street v. Craig (48 O.L.R. 324).*

(BY MR. BRIEFLESS.)

A dame was in her garden neat,
Upon a summer day,
When rushing wildly through the street
A cow came by that way.

Perhaps this cow foreboding had
Of its impending fate
And thought pretending to be mad
Might help its woeful state.

For to a railway yard they strove
To guide her on the way
To that fell place—no leafy grove—
Where butchers wait to slay.

The fatal pen she realized
Was not the place for her,
If she would keep the life she prized
Far from the city's stir.

So briskly turned she tail about,
And from the yard did run,
Followed by many a yell and shout
From men who thought it fun.

And when she spied the garden neat,
And saw the dame was there,
She hurt her stomach, with her feet,
And badly her did scare.

The luckless dame in this sad plight,
Whom thus the cow did maim,
Did naturally seek for light
On whom to lay the blame.

The chances that the cow could pay
Were surely very vague,
And so it seemed as clear as day
She must sue Mr. Craig.