

Lawyers Lyrics

CRACKING HIS SHELL.

With profound apologies to a learned legal author.

(SEE LVII. C.L.J. 284).

How doth the little busy bee!—No, no, I don't mean that,
But how doth the busy lawyer, now and then,
Forsake the rigors of the Law, its mots and precepts pat,
To amuse himself with oddments of the pen.

For instance, here's the grave and reverend author E. D. A.
Whose time we all supposed to be engrossed
In pondering some ancient saw, or quip with time grown
gray,
Or wrestling with Coke or Blackstone's ghost.

A'bursting into poetry—Oh Laws! Can this be true?
It is, it is; I've seen it for myself—
Coquetting with the modest Lyric muse till all is blue,
While his legal tomes lie idly on the shelf.

How sweet with coy Enterpe, when the daily task is done,
To toy beneath the spreading linden trees!
To cast aside the tiresome tomes, whereby our bread is won,
And revel in one dignity and ease!

And that our grave and reverend friend has evidently
learned;
Subdued by the attractions of his charmer.
Ah! Well! Let us acknowledge that her wreath is fairly
earned,
She has clearly found the crevice is his armour.

F. P. B.

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