

The fluent, polished sentences
Are falling fast around,
The jury now confused mistake
For *sense* the cultured *sound*.
They imitate the lawyers
With an all-absorbing gaze,
As if they, too, could follow through
That weary legal maze !

And finally he charged them all
Their duty to fulfil—
In accordance with his dictatos,
In submission to his will !
The glamour of his sophistries
Invading ev'ry mind,
With vision dim, the verdict grim,
Of "Guilty, Sir!" they find.

Alas, for human reason and
The wisdom of mankind,
When lives hang on the verdict
Of twelve jurymen so blind.
The sentence coming after
Cut through hundreds like a knife—
Eighteen, that's all ! in grim St. Paul,
For 'fending his own life !