

"Legal Aid"

(A Brief History)

When Good King Alfred singed the cake,
That was a picayune mistake,
To fright the Danes? For Heaven's sake!
Threaten 'em with a lawyer!

Old King Canute made Royal Sport,
Commanding waves, at Plymouth Port,
Then fined them; for Contempt of Court,
Without advice of lawyer.

When Thomas Becket sought retreat,
Beneath a fat churchwarden's seat,
Came knights (with swords) and made cat's meat
Of 'om. He had no lawyer.

The Duke of Clarence came to dine;
They drowned the bloke in Malmsey wine,
Then proved it "wasn't by design",
Through some ingenious lawyer.

And Mary, Queen of Scots, they say,
Might be alive unto this day,
But (being Scottish) wouldna pay
A bawbee tae her lawyer.

And but for George the Third, gor' blimey!
Whose tea-tax caused a legal stymie,
All Yanks might yet be talking "Limey"
But George rebuffed his lawyer.

Ye Monks! Ye Merchants! Dukes and Queens!
When full of Malmsey, guile, (or beans)
Dig deeply in thy nether jeans,
And fee a brilliant lawyer.

Herman Lordly, Librarian.

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