

BRIEFLESS BALLADS AND LEGAL LYRICS

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Briefless Ballads and Legal Lyrics

Second Series

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Justinian at Windermere

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WE took a hundredweight of books To Windermere between us, Our dons had blessed our studious looks, Had they by chance but seen us.

Maine, Blackstone, Sandars, all were there, And Hallam's *Middle Ages*, And Austin with his style so rare, And Poste's enticing pages.

We started well: the little inn Was deadly dull and quiet, As dull as Mrs. Wood's *East Lynne*, Or as the verse of Wyatt.

Without distraction thus we read From nine until eleven, Then rowed and sailed until we fed On potted char at seven.

Two hours of work! We could devote Next day to recreation, Much illness springs, so doctors note, From lack of relaxation.

Let him read law on summer days, Who has a soul that grovels;