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• • • The Lawyer. • • •

I.

hE'S not at all "gay," but rather *passé*,
And his smile and his bows condescending,
The raw Freshman looks, with awe at his books,
Though his ignorance is really heartrending.

II.

He tries to go out to each social "rout,"
And wishes to seem "awful swell,"
But his tailor bill's due and Blumy's bill, too,
And his creditors all give him—well.

III.

In the beautiful spring he "don't do a thing"
But parade all around in fine raiment;
Though he looks quite a "dear," you can't help but hear
His long-forgot landlord's sad lament.

IV.

He sleeps all through class and yet hopes to pass—
Oh! the strength of his strong legal cheek—
But I fear that in June, he'll sing a sad tune,
And begin for his sheepskin to seek.

B.