

# “THE LAWYER’S WAY”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

I ‘ve been list’nin’ to them lawyers  
In the court house up the street,  
An’ I ‘ve come to the conclusion  
That I’m most completely beat.

Fust one feller riz to argy,  
An’ he boldly waded in  
As he dressed the tremblin’ pris’ner  
In a coat o’ deep–dyed sin.

Why, he painted him all over  
In a hue o’ blackest crime,  
An’ he smeared his reputation  
With the thickest kind o’ grime,  
Tell I found myself a–wond’rin’,  
In a misty way and dim,  
How the Lord had come to fashion  
Sich an awful man as him.

Then the other lawyer started,  
An' with brimmin', tearful eyes,  
Said his client was a martyr  
That was brought to sacrifice.  
An' he give to that same pris'ner  
Every blessed human grace,  
Tell I saw the light o' virtue  
Fairly shinin' from his face.

Then I own 'at I was puzzled  
How sich things could rightly be;  
An' this aggervatin' question  
Seems to keep a-puzzlin' me.  
So, will some one please inform me,  
An' this mystery unroll—  
How an angel an' a devil  
Can persess the self-same soul?