Counsellors’ Chorus.

Words by
J.H. Wigmore.

Air
LA SPAGNUOLA.

Rhythmically.

If I were free to choose
Where are the summons we’ve
Where are the Websters, the

-- Nothing but prizes to draw;
-- Bringing them round one by one?
-- Lavish more than its meed?

over?
Would I take up with the
scattered?
Where are the judgments we’ve
Marshalls,
Choates, and the rest of that

Jugfuls of work and of glory,
Clients and
Clients may frown at our modest bills,
Here’s to the Genius that’s ours to-day!
None of the

lawn?
Laymen think law is all clover;
won?
Where are the jurors we’ve flattered;
breed?
Was fate to that age too partial,

luck and good cheer.
But is it a different
may grow more dear;
Judges may
past is its peer.
Here’s to the courage that
Story? No matter, now we're all here! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Here's to us all, now we're here!

Where is the law that we used to learn? Where are the fees we're going to earn? Old Northwestern!

That's where we learned our law. Ex delicto ex contractu, This, oh! this is law.