

Lex Talionis

Forth rode King Order,
With law his Recorder,
To visit the traitors on anarchy's border;
Rich were his trappings and royal his steed,
Hurrah! Good King Order rode bravely indeed.

The rebel King Mob
Rode forth on a cob;
No spurs on his heels and no watch in his fob;
His nag was all jaded, his garments all torn,
Alas poor King Mob was looking forlorn!

“Order's the King
Who doth happiness bring,”
So spake Common Sense I am sure, of the thing,
“I have known him so well, I have known him so long
“He is gracious alike to the weak and the strong.”

“For King Mob let us fight”
Cried Seditio; “for Right,
“Is surest secured by the logic of Might.
“So come let us cut off this King Order's head
“And siege on his wealth, then we ne'er shall want bread.”

So King Order died,
And Law by his side
Was slain by the blow, for they never divide.
Then the rule of the Kingdom was usurped by King Mob
With no spurs on his heels and no watch in his fob.

Love and Peace fled away,
On that very same day,
For in Mob's wild dominions they never could stay,
And their place was supplied in the new ordered state
By Murder's twin brethren Rapine and Hate.

Then Mob held command
With a tyrannous hand.
And Sorrow and Suffering prevailed in the land,
While the dupes of the despot looked back but to sigh
For the reign of good Order for ever gone by.

And long 'neath his sway
They repined, day by day,
And the Kingdom sank down in a hopeless decay,
Till a giant called Famine while passing along,
Devoured poor King Mob, and thus endeth my song.