

# The King's Largesse

*by David Ackley*

This little town lost its mill  
and all the folk began to wail,  
“Our work has fled, our lives go ill.”  
So the king in his kindness built them a jail.

For certain it is, when times are hard,  
half the folk must turn to crime,  
who, when they're sent to do their time,  
the other half will serve to guard.

