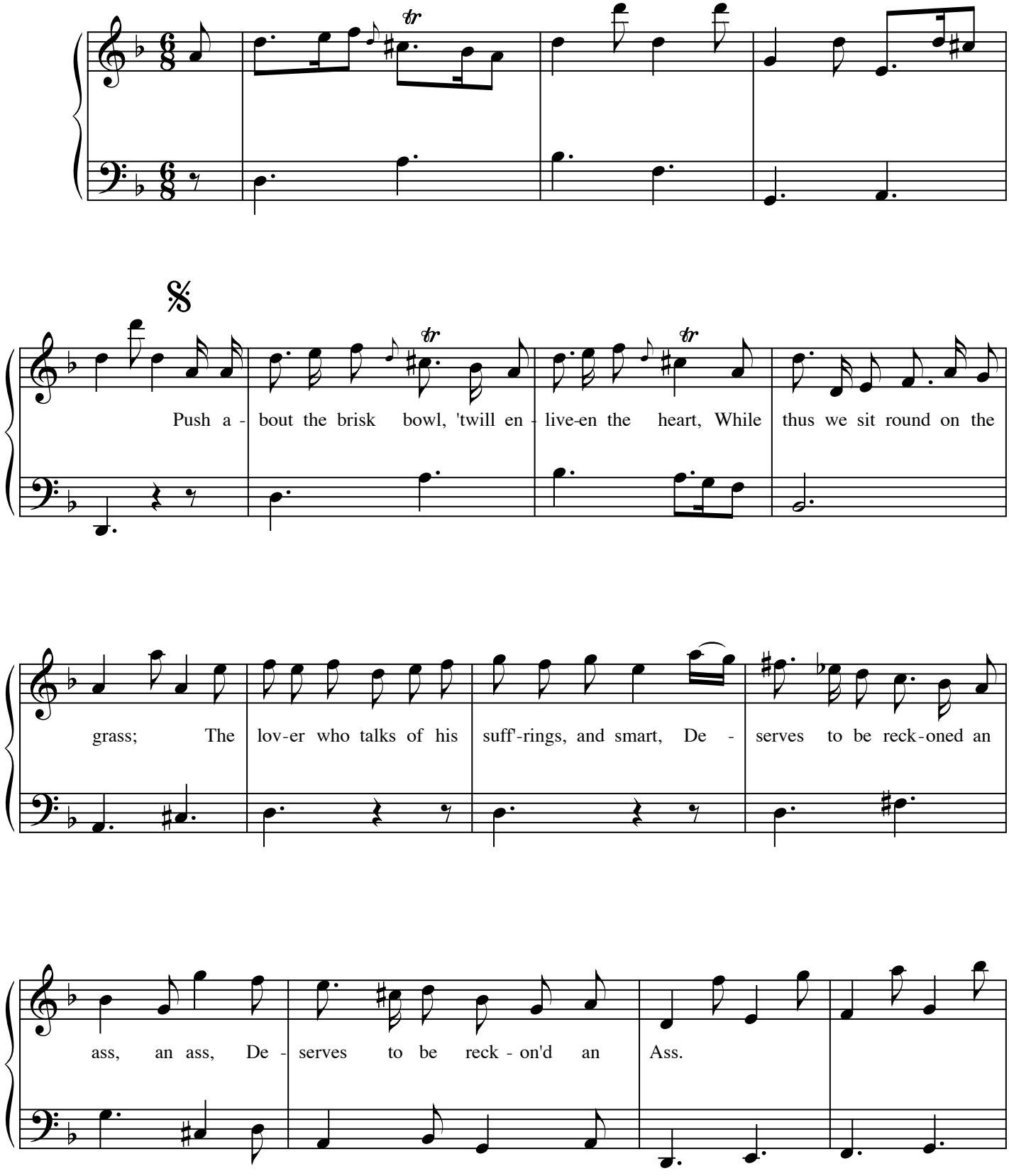
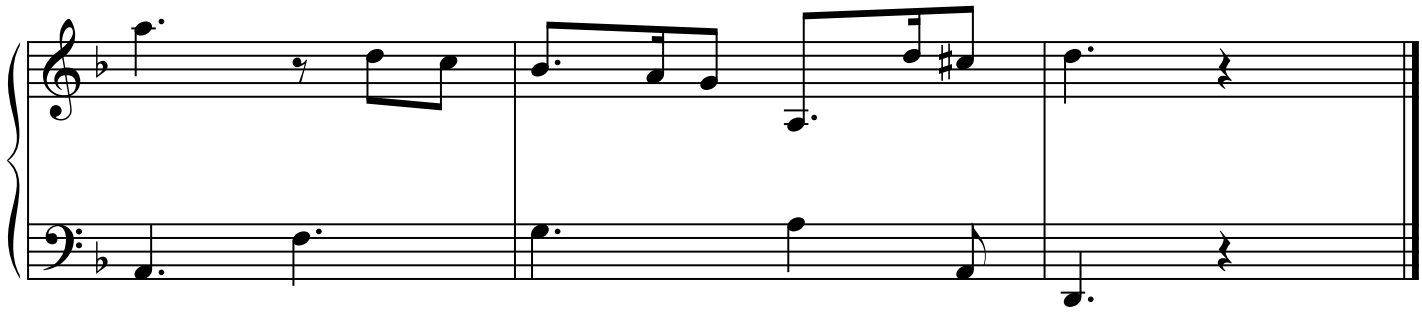
A new Song in the Chaplet, sung by Mr. Beard.

Boyce



Gentleman's Magazine March 1750



The wretch who sits watching his ill gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass;
Whate're the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, &tc.

The beau, who so smart with his well powder'd hair,
An angel beholds in his glass;
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
May justly be reckon'd an ass, &tc.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
King Croesus in wealth to surpass;
And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
Claps the horns of an ox on an ass, &tc.

The lawyer so grave; when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brass;
Tho' he talk to no purpose, he pockets your fee,
There you, my good friend, are the ass, &tc.

The formal physician, who knows every ill,
Shall last be produc'd in this class;
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
But death proves the doctor an ass, &tc.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
By turns take our bottle and lass;
For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, &tc.

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