

The Beau's Life

Sung by Mrs. Clive at Drury Lane Theatre

♩ = 100

English 18th century

Minuet time

How brim-full of no-thing's the Life of a Beau, They have no-thing to think on; they've no-thing to do.

They have no-thing to talk on for no-thing they know. Such such is the life of a

Beau, a Beau a Beau. Such such is the life of a Beau.

For nothing they rise but to draw the fresh Air;
Spend the Morning in nothing but curling their Hair.
And do nothing all Day but sing, saunter and stare.
Such, such is the Life of a Beau.

For nothing at night to the Playhouse they crowd;
To mind nothing done there they always are proud;
But to bow and to grin and talk nothing aloud.
Such, such is the life of a Beau.

For nothing on Sundays at Church they appear;
They have nothing to hope as they've nothing to fear;
For they're nothing hereafter who are nothing here.
Such, such is the life of a Beau.