For nothing they rise but to draw the fresh Air;  
For nothing at night to the Playhouse they crowd;  
For nothing on Sundays at Church they appear;  
Such, such is the life of a Beau.

Spend the Morning in nothing but curling their Hair.  
To mind nothing done there they always are proud;  
They have nothing to hope as they've nothing to fear;  
Such, such is the life of a Beau.

And do nothing all Day but sing, saunter and stare.  
But to bow and to grin and talk nothing aloud.  
For they're nothing hereafter who are nothing here.  
Such, such is the life of a Beau.

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