

*The BEAU'S Ballad. Occasioned by the
sight of a White Marble SIDE-TABLE.*

A Pox on the Fool, Who could be so dull, To con -

trive such a Ta - ble for Glas - ses: Which at the first sight, The

Guests must af - fright, More by half than their Li - quor re -

joy - ces. More by half than their Li - quor re - joy - ces.

'Tis so like a Tomb,
That whoever does come
Can't look on't without thus reflecting;
Heaven knows how soon,
We must lye under one,
And such Thoughts must needs be perplexing.

Then away with that Stone.
Break it, throw it down,
To some Church or other, else fling't in:
'Tis fitter by far,
To have a place there,
Than stand here to spoil Mirth and good Drinking.

There Death let it show,
To those who will go,
And Monuments there gaze and stare at;
We come here to live,
And sad Thoughts away drive,
With good store of immortal Claret.

Tho' the Glasses stand there,
They shan't do so here,
'Tis the only kind Lesson that teaches;
Whilst it seems to say,
Life's short, Drink away,
No time o'er your Liquor to Preach is.

Then fill up the Glass,
About let it pass,
Tho' the Marble of death doth remind us;
The Wine shall ne'er die,
Tho' you must and I,
We'll not leave a drop of't behind us.