Heart's Ease

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Sing care away with sport and play for past time is a pleasure
If well we fare for naught we care, in mirth consists our treasure
Let stupids lurk and drudges work, we do defy their slav'ry
He is a fool that goes to school, all we delight in brav'ry

What doth avail, far hence to sail, and leave our life in toiling
Or to what end should we here spend our days in irksome moiling
It is the best to live at rest and tak't as God doth sent it
To haunt each wake and mirth to make, and with good fellows spend it

AJS