

The Learned Rascals

Professor, fakir, beggarman, charlatan, thief -
Avoid them, they bring nothing but grief.
The professor is the worst, for he claims
Nothing but the truth, which he confesses,
Is whatever rubbish that he thinks to say
No matter that it won't stand the light of day.

The fakir is sly, seeking to fool the population
With the outward show of self emulation
And piety, stoic, firm, unyielding, and a fraud
Through and through, and you and I applaud
While he befuddles our minds, even our souls.
He the knowing duper, and we the dumb fools.

I suppose that the beggarman is some better
Of them, I reckon, with a silver line of patter.
Asking everyone that passes by for just a tittle
Not so very much, you see, just a bit, a little.
All the while sneering inside at the timorous
Who salve their conscience by being generous.

Beware the charlatan, too; trickery is his design
As he seems to appear caring, kind, and benign
Outwardly, he wants to help, asking for naught
Inwardly, he sneers at all who become caught
In his snare, for he is a clever fellow, likable too.
And he knows that there is nothing we can do.

Of them all, I most worry about the thief
He takes from others, for it is his belief
That whatever he wants is his to take
Whether it be riches or just a piece of cake
It is his due, you see, and we have to play
The game by his rules, for he will have his way.

Pedant, fakir, beggarman, charlatan, thief -
Avoid them, they are nothing but a lot of grief.
By now I'm sure you know what I have to say
We are all of them, the same; there is no way
To avoid what we are, for it is part of the game
That we who they are, we are all the same.