Pero da Ponte

Rubrica
I saw a rich man being auctioned
by a dealer who called out loud,
"What do I hear for a rich man?",
but not a buyer could be found
who wanted him at any price.
"For that man there," they all cried,
"we wouldn't put a nickel down."

Anyone there could tell you why
the task of the auctioneer was futile:
the rich man never learned a trade,
and who would pay for a useless fool?
He doesn't do any kind of work
that might to a buyer be of worth,
nor can he fix the simplest food.

When they put him up for sale,
indeed they asked the man himself,
"Well, rich man, what can you do?"
"Nothing at all," the rich man said:
"I hate to work and hate to spend,
although I do like buying land,
if you have any you'd like to sell."

After they had heard all this,
not one man or woman present
offered even the slightest pittance.

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