FRONTISPIECE

This is Bampfylde Moore Carew,
That changd to Sailor, Beggar, Jew.
Wholeft his Parents and his home,
With meanly Mendicants to roam,
Thought so complete in ev'ry thing
The Beggars crown him as their King

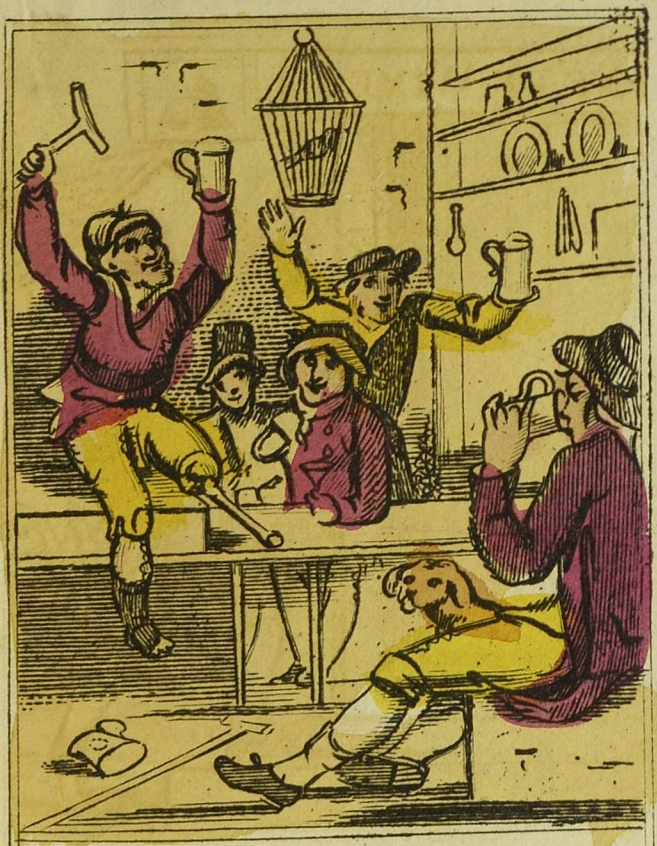
BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW,

King of the BEGGARS.

Studious he works to aid their cause,
And writes them soon a Book of Laws.
What'er his other faults may be,
There have been Monarchs worse than he.

LONDON
Pub.d by J. FAIRBURN, 110, Minories.

He left his School, his Slate, his Book,
And went for other sport to look,
He flies to shelter for some fault
And breathless he's afraid to halt.
The Inn-door now appears in sight
And there he means to rest to-night.



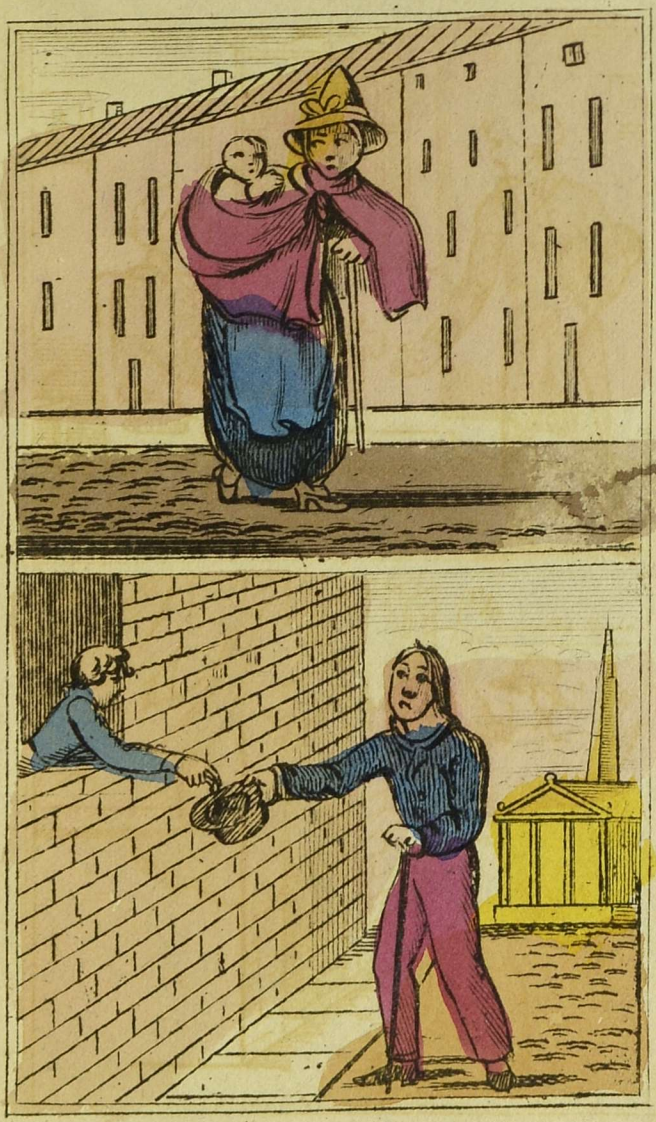
When in our Hero soon can see,
A Party met for jollity,
He likes their jokes, their fun and glee,
And says one of their Band he'll be,
They all consent and he is made,
A Partner in the Begging trade.

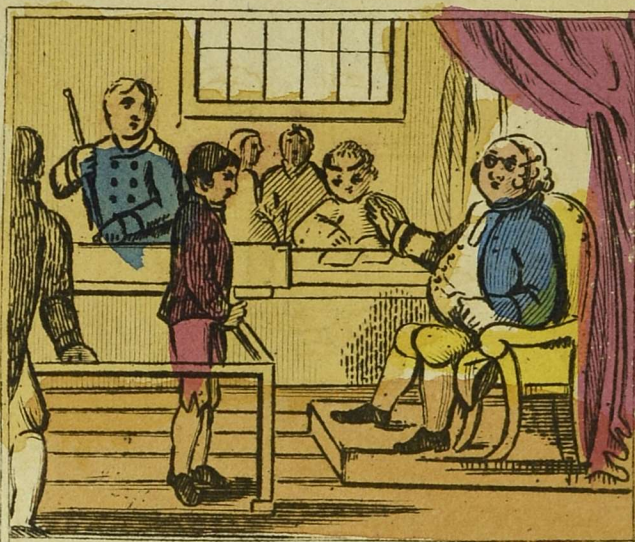
He takes disguise as Farmer Jolly,
And tells a tale so melancholy,
Pictures a life of bitter grief,
And cheats the feeling of relief,
Then meets a Playmate bold and gay,
And both as Beggars trudg'd away.

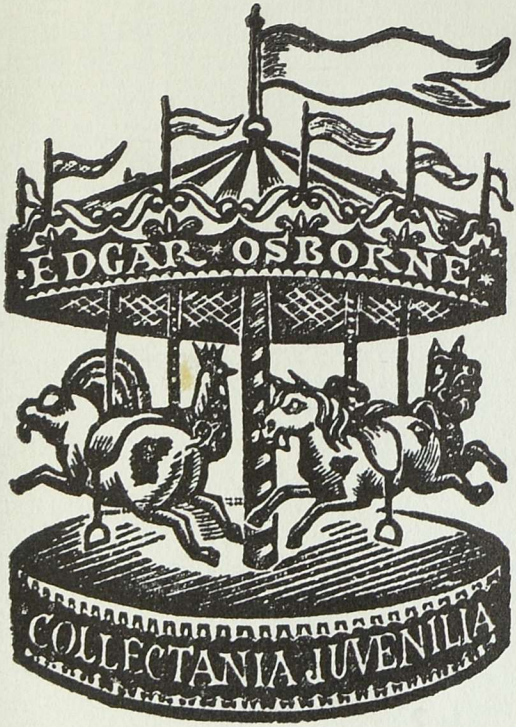
To raise new taxes he's intent,
So as Rat-catcher, of he went,
The Beggar King rewards his might,
And seats young Bamfyld on his right,
But he delights in busy range,
So sets to work and finds a change.

With hay-crown, Blanket, weeds, therefrom
He wanders now as Silly Tom,
And tho' his wits are calm and true,
He cries out Do de do de do,
And mice and Rats and such small geer,
Have been Tom's food for Seven long year.

But not Contented now at home
With his companion he must roam
They leave their friends and hand in hand
Set sail with speed for Newfoundland
E'en there he works and raises store
To spend on Englands happy shore







III