



The Wandering Bard,

Prints Printer Wholesale Toy and Marble Ware-
house, 6, Great St. Andrew Street, 7 dials

I'm the Wandering Pard of Exeter,
From scribbling can't refrain
Its poverty compels me.
To come into the rain,
Hard is my fate I have no estate,
And must either sing or cry,
My lot is cast I am forced at last,
To ask of you to buy,

Cold winter is now approaching
But I have no clothes for to pack
None have I left behind me.
For they are all on my back
And I'll be bound that none around
Can tell me where they were made,
Nor can he be found in this town,
To name that man of trade

My coat cost ten and sixpence,
About six years ago,
I bought it of a clothes man,
But his name I did not know
This hat I had from a soldier,
But the lining from it was tore
An oil skin has covered it
For seven long years or more,

This old handkerchief about my neck,
Just to ornament the frame,
I bought it at a gin shop doot,
At the corner of Drury Lane,
My waist coat cost me three pence
You may think the price too high
I found my shirt among some dirt,
And hung it up to dry

Now for to beg these breeches
I had very much to do,
My stockings cost me four pence
In the year of ninety two
If these two shoes are fellows
I think it something rare
For one I bought at St. Gile's
And the other at Rag Fair,

O now then I am clothed
Friends you cannot say they're dear
I come into this alehouse
Just to take a cup of beer,
It always make me cheerful
Tho' the times are hard.
Now buy my song be it right or wrong
I will help a wandering Bard,

