

Excellent new BALLAD,

ENTITLED,

Take your ald Cloak about you.

To its own Proper Tune.

IN Winter when the Rain rains cold,
 And frost and snaw on Elka Hill :
 Ann Boaras wee his Blasts so ball
 He threatens a our Cay to kill :
 Ann Bell my wife she loves not strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up Good-man save Cromies Life.
 Ann take your ald Cloak about you.
 My Cromet Cow is a good Cow,
 Ann she is come of a good kind ;
 Oftt hath she help't to teath the Fall ;
 Ann I am leath that she should tine :
 Get up Good-man it is fow time,
 The Sun shines in the List so hie,
 Slouch never took a gracious end :
 Take your ald Cloak about you.
 My Cloak was once a good ald Cloak,
 When it was siting for my wear,
 But now it's scantly worth a Groat,
 For I have had it this thirty Tear ;
 It was made o'the Bonny Cleath o' Gray
 As fow of Sithers as you may see,
 Ann now it will turn neither wind or Rain,
 Ann I will have a new Cloak about me
 My Cloak it was a good ald Cloak,
 But now it is worn wondrous thin :
 A louse can scarce hold feet on it,
 A Cricket out through it may run,
 We will spend some Gear that we have won
 We little ken of the Day we'll Die ;
 Ann I will be proud fre I have sworn,
 Ann I will have a new Cloak about me.
 If ye'll be proud fre ye have sworn,
 Search the good books and they will tell,
 Old Lucifer was an Angel Bright,
 Ann with his pride from Glory fell :

Wee his full train frae Heaven to Hell,
 Ann there remains perpetually,
 Ann cast away that foul thief pride,
 Ann take thy ald Cloak about ye.
 First when King Henry he came o'er
 His Breaks they cost him but a Crown,
 He said they were twa pennies Dear ;
 He call'd the Taylor chief and Lown,
 Ann he's the King that wears the Crown,
 Ann thou's a Man of low degree
 Ann Pride puts all this Country down :
 Ann take thy ald Cloak about thee.
 Ann every Land it has it's Lough,
 Ann every Corn it has it's chaff :
 I think the world is a gan wrang,
 When our ald carle begins to Daff ;
 Do ye not see Rob, Hob and Jock,
 As they are girded gallantly
 Ann I lay spaltring in the ass,
 Ann I will have a new Cloak about me.
 Ann well I wat, it is thirty Tears
 Sin we the tean the tither Kend,
 An we have had between us beth,
 Of Lads ann Lasses nine or ten,
 Ann they are come to be women ann men
 Ann I wisb with them it may well be :
 Ann if you prove a good Husband,
 You will take your ald Cloak about ye.
 Bell my wife she loves not strife,
 Ann she wad guide me ann she can,
 Ann she wad live a gracious Life,
 She is the Woman I am the Man :
 There is no good got at a Woman's hand,
 Unless you do give her all the Plea :
 Ann I'll leave off where I began ;
 Ann I'll take my ald Cloak about me.
 F I N I S.