To Mrs. Anna J. Kinsdale

We All Wear Cloaks

Song full of fun and good nature

composed by

S.M. Grannis

Author of "Do they miss me at home" & c.

arranged by Geo. W. Chamberlain for Voice Piano

transcribed by Duncan Cameron for Ontario Traditional Music Library

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Music by S.M. Grannis

Arranged by Geo. W. Chamberlain





1.

When I came to town lately, I found it no joke For men, women and children were all wearing cloaks

So says I to myself, do as other folks do To be in the fashion, I'll wear a cloak too.

Chorus:

We all wear cloaks, we all wear cloaks To be in the fashion, we all wear cloaks

2.

Why not? For I'll prove in the course of life's bother

We all of us wear a cloak, some time or other It matters but little how great is our pride There is something, sometimes, most convenient to hide

Chorus:

3.

The dandy in military still wears his cloak And thinks the cigar is the tiffy to smoke With his fine frill and wristbands he makes a good show

But to take off his cloak is all dickey, you know *Chorus:*

4.

Young miss with her beauty, her airs and her graces

In the hood of her cloak, often carries two faces Her lover declares, she's an angel uncommon Till she pulls of her cloak - when she's only a woman

Chorus:

5.

The lover till wed seems to court beauty's sway And says he but lives her commands to obey But once tightly tied in the conjugal [yoke] Do as I tell you madam, for off goes his cloak *Chorus*:

6.

The lawyer a cloak wears, as well as the lover So many old suits he has always to cover His cloak, once thrown off, shows a great deal of evil

For instead of the lawyer, Oh there is the Devil *Chorus:*

7.

The doctor will boast of the skill and the way
To lengthen out life and cheat death of its sway
He has a great panacea for every ill
And when he's no lancet, he'll bleed with a quill
Chorus:

8.

Some clergymen there are of the hypocrite stock Who care more for the fleece than they do for the flock

You may always know such for before you install For the larger their salary, the louder their call *Chorus*:

9.

The singer will sing you a song for your pelf [money]

With his eyes on your purse and his thoughts on himself

The ring of the spelter is his key-note, I choke. So, I pray you excuse me, and I'll keep on my cloak

Chorus:

Composed by S.M. Grannis (American) Published 1855