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The Ballad of the CLOAK :

Or, The Cloaks Knavery :

To the Tune of, *From Hunger and Cold: Or, Packington's Pound.*



Come buy my new Waller,
 I have it in my Waller,
 But 'twill not I fear please every Waller:
 Then mark what ensues,
 I wear by my Mouth,
 That every Line in my Wallad is truth,
 A Ballad of Wit, a brave Wallad of worth,
 'Tis newly printed, and newly come forth:
 'Twas made of a Cloak that all out with a Gown,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and crimpl'd the Crown,
 We tell you in brief,
 A Story of Grief,
 Which happen'd when Cloak was Commander in Chief:
 A rose Common Papers,
 Ampius'd Arch Bishops,
 In one day it bored down Prelates and Players:
 It made people in point of Obedience,
 And the Covenant did cut off the Oath of Allegiance.

Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and crimpl'd the Crown.
 It was a Black Cloak,
 In good time be it spoke,
 That kill'd many thousands, but never struck stroak:
 With Hatchet and Siope,
 The Foulon Hope,
 Did join with the Devil to pull down the Pope:
 It let all the Sees in the City to work,
 And rather then fail, 'twould have brought in the Turk:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 It seiz'd on the Colv'r Gims,
 These fierce Dent-Gogons,
 It brought in the Bag-pipes, and pull'd down the Organs:
 The Pulpits did shoak,
 The Churches did Choak,
 And all our Religion was turn'd to a Cloak:
 It brought in Lay Elders could not write nor read,
 It set publick Faith up, and pull'd down the Creed:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 This Pious Imposter,
 Such fury did foster,
 It left us no Penny, nor no Water Poster,
 It threw to the ground,
 Ten Commandments down,
 And set up three twenty times ten of its own:
 It rounc'd the King, and Williams Cleard,
 To plunder all those whom they thought disaffected:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 To blind peoples eyes,
 This Cloak was to wile,
 It took off Ship-money, but set up Excise,
 Men brought in their Plate,
 For Reasons of State,
 And gave it to Tom Trumpeter and his Mate:
 In Pamphlets it writ many seditious Epistles,
 To rozen poe: Wench'es of Dookins and Whistles:
 Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That cramp'd all the Kingdom, and crimpl'd the Crown.

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 It Pulpits it mov'd,
 And was much appoy'd,
 For crying out— Fight the Lords Battle Belov'd;
 It bob-tail'd the Gown,
 But Prelacy down,
 It trod on the adypter to reach at the Crown:
 And into the field it an Army did bring,
 To aim at the Council but not at the King:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 It raised up States,
 Whole Politick Dates,
 Do now keep their Quarters on the City Gates:
 To Father and Mother,
 To Sister and Brother,
 It gave a Commission to kill one another:
 It took up Mens Votes at very low rates,
 And Plunder'd our Goods to secure our Estates:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 This Cloak did proceed
 To a Damnable deed,
 It made the best Hero; of Majesty bleed:
 Though Cloak did not do't,
 He set it on foot,
 By halping and calling his Journey-men to't:
 For never had come such a Bloody Defacer:
 If Cloak had not first drawn a Sword to his Master:
 Then let us endeavour, &c.
 Though some of them went hence,
 By forcibill Sentence,
 This last long Cloak is not mov'd to repentance,
 But he and his Men,
 Twenty thousand times ten,
 Are plotting to do their Tricks over agen:
 But let this proud Cloak to Authority stoop,
 Or CATCH will provide him a Duron and Hoop:
 Then let us endeavour to pull the Cloak down,
 That boldly did sever the Head from the Crown,
 Her's pray that the King,
 And his Parliament,
 In Sacred and Secular Things may consent:
 So rightously firm,
 And Religiously free,
 That Papists and Atheists suppress'd may be:
 And as there's one Deity both over-reign us,
 One Faith, and one Form, & one Church may contain us:
 Then peace, Truth and plenty, our Kingdom will Crown,
 And all popish plots and their plotters shall down.
 F I N I S.

Printed for P. Breakeby, near the Hospital-Gate, in West-Smithfield.