

Old Man Clothed In Leather (One misty moisty morning)

**‘Twas on a misty morning and cloudy was the weather,
I met with an old man who was clothèd all in leather,
He had no shirt unto his back but wool unto his skin,
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**This old man was a thresher, his flail he daily plied,
He had a leather bottle he carried by his side.
And with a cap of lambswool he covered cheek and chin,
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**I went a little further and there I met a maid,
A-going then a-milking, “a-milking, sir,” she said.
Then I began to flatter her and she began to sing,
*Saying, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**This maid, her name was Dolly, she wore a gown of grey,
I being somewhat jolly, prevailed on her to stay.
Then straight I fell to courting her in hope her love to win,
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**I told her I would marry be and she would be my bride,
That long I should not tarry and twenty things beside.
That I would plough and reap and mow while she could sit and spin,
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**“Kind sir I have a father, a mother too”, said she
“And truly I would rather they should decide for me
For if I were undutiful to them ‘twould be a sin”
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**Away we quickly trudged it and to her parents went
And when we both got thither I asked for their consent
“You seem to be an honest man, sir I pray you to come in”.
*Singing, “How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again.”***

**As Dolly she was willing her parents soon agreed
They gave her forty shilling, we married were with speed.
And Dick the fiddler he did play and all did dance and sing.
*Singing, "How do you do and how do you do and how do you do again."***