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A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottle

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A Song in Praise of the Leather Bottle.



GOD above that made all Things,
The Heaven and Earth, and all therein,
The Ships that on the Sea do swim,
For to keep the Enemies out, that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
It is for the use and praise of Men.

And I wish, &c.
And I wish, &c.
Then what do you say to those cans of Wood?
In faith they are not, and cannot be good;
For when a Man he doth them send,
For to be fill'd with Ale, he doth intend,
The Bearer falls down by the Way,
And on the Ground the Liquor doth lie.
And then the Bearer begins to ban,
And swears its along of the wooden Can;
But had it been a Leather Bottle,
Altho' it had fallen, yet all had been well.

And I wish, &c.
Then what do you say to these Glasses fine?
Yet they shall have no praise of mine;
For when in a Company they are set,
For to be merry as we are met;
But if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the Liquor, and all therein.
If your Table-Cloth be ever so fine,
Down lies your Beer, Ale, or Wine;
It may be for a small Abuse,
A young Man may his service lose;
But had it been the Leather Bottle,
And the Staple in, then all had been well.

And I wish, &c.
Then what do you say to these black Pots three?
Why they shall have no Praises from me;

For when a man and his wife falls at strife,
(As many have done I have known in my life)
They lay their hand on the Pot both,
And loth they are to spill the broth;
The one doth tug, the other doth ill,
Betwixt them both the Liquor they spill;
But they shall answer another day,
For casting the Liquor so vainly away;
But had it been in the Leather Bottle,
They might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake,
And yet the Liquor no harm could take,
And I wish, &c.

Then what do you say to these silver Flaggons fine?
Why, they shall have no Praise of mine;
For when a Lord he doth them send,
For to be fill'd with Wine as he doth intend,
The Man with his Flaggon runs away,
Because it is Silver so gallant and gay,
O then the Lord begins to ban,
And swears he has lost both Flaggon and Man;
There's never a Lord, Serving-Man, or Groom,
But with his Leather Bottle will come,
Then I wish, &c.

A Leather Bottle we know is good,
Far better than Glasses, or Cans of Wood;
For when a Man is at work in the field,
Your Glasses and Pots no comfort will yield,
But a good Leather Bottle standing him by,
He may drink always when he is dry;
It will revive his spirits and comfort his brain,
Wherefore let none this Bottle refrain.

For I wish, &c.
And so the honest Scytheman too,
He knew not very well for to do,

But for his Bottle standing him near,
Which is filled with good household Beer,
At Dinner he sits him down to eat,
With good hard cheefe, and bread or meat,
Then his Bottle he takes up again,
And drinks, and sits it down again;
Saying, Good Bottle stand my friend,
And hold till this Day doth end.

For I wish, &c.
And likewise the Hay-makers they,
When as they were turning and making their hay,
In Summer Weather, when it is warm,
A good Bottle full will do us no harm:
And at noon-time when they set them down,
For to drink of their Bottle and Ale so brown:
When the Lads and the Lasses begin to tattle,
What should we do but for the Leather Bottle?
For they could not work if the Bottle was done,
Since the Day is so hot with the heat of the Sun.

Then I wish, &c.
Also the Leader, Loader, and Pitcher,
The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,
The Binder, and the Raker, and all,
About the Bottle's ears do fall:
And if the Liquor be almost gone,
His Bottle he will pat with to none;
But says, My Bottle is but small,
One Drop I will not part withal;
You must go drink at some spring or Well,
For I will keep my Leather Bottle.

Then I wish, &c.
Thus you may hear of a Leather Bottle,
When it is fill'd with good Liquor well,
Altho' the substance be but small,
Yet the Name of it is all in all;
For there's never a Lord, a Duke, nor Knight,
But in a Bottle doth take great delight;
For when he is hunting of the Deer,
He often doth wish for a Bottle of Beer;
Likewise the man that works in the Wood,
A Bottle of Beer doth oft do him good.

Then I wish, &c.
Then when this Bottle doth grow old,
And will no longer good Liquor hold,
Out of the side you may take a Clout,
Will mend your shoes when they are worn out;
Else take it and hang it upon a pin,
It will serve to pint odd trifles in,
As Huggs, Awls, and Candle-Ends,
For young Beginners must have such Things.

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