

# Maddy Prior And The Carnival Band, The Leather

Now God above that made all things,  
Heaven and Earth and all therein,  
The Ships upon the Swas to Swim  
To keep foes out they come not in:  
Now every one doth what he can  
All for the use and praise of Man,  
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell  
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what say you to the Canns of Wood ?  
Faith they are naught they cannot be good;  
When a man for Beer he doth therein send,  
To have them fill'd as he doth intend  
The bearer stumbleth by the way,  
And on the ground his Liquor doth lay  
The straight the Man begins to Ban,  
And swear it was long of the Wooden Can:  
But had it bin in a Leather Bottel  
Although he stumbled all had been well,  
So safe therein it would remain,  
Until the man got up again.  
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell  
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now for the Pots with handles three,  
Faith they shall have no praise of me;  
When a man and his wife do fall at strife  
As many I fear have done in their life,  
They lay their hands upon the pot both  
And brake the same though they were loth,  
Which they shall answer another day,  
For casting their liquor so vainly away;  
□But had it bin in a Bottel fill'd,  
The one might have tugg'd, the other have held,  
They both might have tugg'd till their hearts did ake'  
And yet no harm the Bottel would take.  
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell  
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now what do you say to these glasses fine ?  
Faith they shall have no praise of mine;  
When friends are at a table set,  
And by them several sorts of meat;  
The one loves flesh, the other fish,  
Among them all remove a dish;  
Touch but the glass upon the brim,  
The glass is broke, no wine left in;  
Then be your table cloth ne'er so fine,  
There lyes your beer, your ale, your wine,  
And doubtless for so small abuse  
A young man may his service lose.  
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell  
That first devis'd the Leathern Bottel.

Now when this Bottel is grown old,  
And that it will no longer hold;  
Out of the side you may cut a clout,  
To mend your shoo when worn out;  
Or hang the other side of a pin,  
'Twill serve to put many odd trifles in.  
I wish in Heaven his Soul may dwell  
That first invented the Leathern Bottel.