

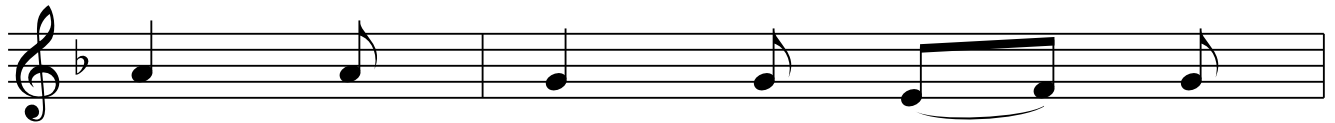
The Good Old Leathern Bottle



Come all you lads _and lass - es, to - get - er let _us go ___



In - to some pleas-ant corn__field _our cour-age for to shew!



With the good old lea - - - thern



bot___tle And the beer__it shall__be brown___



We'll reap and skip to - -



ge - - ther, boys, till bright Phoe - bus does go down

Come all you lads and lasses, together let us go

Into some pleasant cornfield, our courage for to shew,

(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,

We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

With reaphook and the sickle so well we'll clear the land,

The farmer says, "Well done, my lads, here's liquor at your command."

(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,

We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

By daylight in the morning, when birds do sweetly sing,
They are such charming creatures, they make the valley ring,
(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

Then in comes lovely Nancy, the corn all for to lay,
She is my charming creature, I must begin to pray;
(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

She how she gathers, binds it, she folds it in her arms,
Then she gives it to some waggoner to fill the farmer's barns.
(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

Now harvest's done and ended, the corn secure from harm,
All for to go to market, boys, we must thresh in the barn.
(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.

Here's a health to all you farmers, likewise to all you men,
I wish you health and happiness till harvest comes again.
(Chorus:)

With the good old leathern bottle, and the beer it shall be brown,
We'll reap and skip together, boys, till bright Phoebus does go down.