

The Little Brown Jug

Words & Music:
Joseph Eastburn Winner (1869)

G C D7 G
My wife and I lived all alone in a little log hut we called our own;
She loved whiskey, I loved rum, I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

CHORUS:

G C D7 G
Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug do I love thee;
Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug do I love thee;

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes, 'tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
Here you are, so near my nose, so tip her up, and down she goes.

CHORUS:

When I go toiling to my farm, I take little brown jug under my arm;
I place it under a shady tree, little brown jug 'tis you and me.

CHORUS:

I lay in the shade of a tree, little brown jug in the shade of me.
I raised her up and gave apull, little brown jug was about half full.

CHORUS:

Crossed the creek on a hollow log, me and the wife and the little brown dog.
The wife and the dog fell into the bog, but I held on to the little brown jug.

CHORUS:

If all the folks in Adam's race, were gathered together in one place;
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear, before I'd part from you, my dear.

CHORUS:

If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the choicest hay, and milk her forty times a day.

CHORUS:

The rose is red, my nose is, too, the violet's blue, and so are you;
And yet I guess before I stop, we'd better take another drop.

CHORUS:

