

Little Brown Jug

Joseph E. Winner

G G
My wife and I live all alone,
D7 G
In a little brown hut we call our own;
C
She loves gin and I love rum,
D7 G
Oh, don't you know that we have fun?

Chorus:

C
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
D7 G
Little brown jug don't I love thee?

C
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
D7 G
Little brown jug don't I love thee?

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

When I go toiling on my farm,
Little brown jug under my arm,
Place her under a shady tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

I lay in the shade of a tree,
Little brown jug in the shade of me,
I raise her up and give a pull,
Little brown jug's about half full.

Crossed the creek on a hollow log,
Me and the wife and the little brown dog;
The wife and the dog fell in kerplunk,
But I held on to the little brown jug.

One day when I went out to my barn,
Little brown jug under my arm,
Tripped me toe and down I fell,
Broke that little jug all to hell.

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.

I bought a cow from farmer Jones,
And she was nothing but skin and bones;
I fed her up as fine as silk,
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

When I die, don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet,
And then I know that I will keep!

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 with you, my dear.

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