Little Brown Jug Music resources from <u>www.traditionalmusic.co.uk</u> Joseph Eastburn Winner (1869)

G C My wife and I lived all alone D7 G in a little log hut we called our own;

G C She loved whiskey, I loved rum, D7 G I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

CHORUS:

GCHa, ha, ha, you and me,D7Glittle brown jug do I love thee;

GCHa, ha, ha, you and me,D7Glittle 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 the little 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 a pull, 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:

Just when I get death's final call, Just pickle my bones in alcohol;

Put brown jugs at my head and feet, So then I know that I will keep.

CHORUS:

Crossed the river on a raft of wood, Me and my wife and the little brown jug;

Raft tipped over and the wife got drowned, but me and the jug we made safe ground.

CHORUS: