Little Brown Jug<br>Music resources from<br>www.traditionalmusic.co.uk<br>Joseph Easthurin 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, ID

G
I tell yon what, we'd lots of fium.
CHORUS:
G C
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
D7 Gr
little brown jug do I love thee;
G
C
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
IJ G
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 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 iull.

Crossed the creek on a hollow log, me and the wiie 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 yon, 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 giness beiore 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 rait of wood, Me and my wife and the little brown jug;

Rait tipped over and the wife got drowned, but me and the jug we made saie ground.

