

**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: