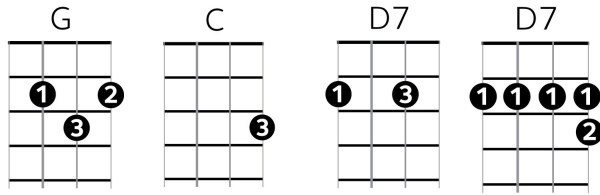


Little Brown Jug

Joseph Eastburn Winner (1869)



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

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: