

Little Brown Jug

Me and my wife live all alone
In a little log hut we're all our own
She loves gin and I love rum
And don't we have a lot of fun

Ha, ha, ha, you and me
Little brown jug, don't I love thee
Ha, ha, ha, you and me
Little brown jug, don't I love thee
When I go toiling on the farm
I take the little jug under my arm

Place it under a shady tree
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me
'Tis you that makes me friends and foes
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes
But, seeing you're so near my nose
Tip her up and down she goes

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were gathered together in one place
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
(I'd let them go without a tear)
Before I'd part from you, my dear

If I'd a cow that gave such milk
I'd dress her in the finest silk
Feed her up on oats and hay
And milk her twenty 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

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

The rose is red, my nose is too
The violets blue and so are you
And yet, I guess, before I stop
We'd better take another drop