## little brown jug

(Joseph Eastburn Winner)

Arrangement: Thomas Gundlach



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My wife and I lived all alone, In a little log hut we called our own; She loved gin and I loved rum, I tell you we had lots of fun.

|: Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little brown jug don't I love thee! :|

'tis you who makes my friends and foes, 'tis you who makes me wear old clothes, Here you are so near my nose, So tip her up and down she goes.

When I go toiling to my farm I take little brown jug under my arm, Place him under a shady tree, Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

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.

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

Went for a walk on the railroad track, Little brown jug on my back. Stubbed my toe, and down I fell, And broke that little jug I loved so well.