

LITTLE BROWN JUG

CHORUS:

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug, how I love thee!

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug, how I love thee!

My wife and I live all alone in a little log hut we call our own.
She loves gin, I love rum; I tell you we have lots of fun!

CHORUS

'Tis you that makes me friends and foes.

'Tis you that 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 on my farm, little brown jug under my arm,
Place him under a shady tree. Little brown jug, don't I love thee?

CHORUS

Crossed the creek on a hollow log, me and the wife
and our little brown dog.

The wife and dog fell in kerplunk, but I held on to my little brown jug!

CHORUS