

Little Brown Jug - song lyrics

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LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.

My wife and I live all alone in a little brown hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum-tell you what it is, don't we have fun!

Chorus.

Ha, ha, ha! 'tis you and me, little brown, don't I love thee!

Ha, ha, ha! 'tis you and me, little brown jug, don't I love thee!

If I had a cow that gave such milk, I'd dress her up in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay, and milk her twenty times a day.-Chorus.

'Tis you that makes my friends, my foes, 'tis you who makes me wear old clothes;
But, seeing you are near my nose, "tip her up and down she goes! "-Chorus.

When I go toiling on my farm, take little brown jug under my arm.
Sit it under some shady tree-little brown jug don't I love thee!-Chorus.

Then came the landlord tripping In, round-top hat and peaked chin;
In his hand he carried a cup -says I: "Old fellow, give us a sup! "-Chorus.

If all the folks in Adam's race were put together in one place.
Then I'd prepare to drop a tear before I'd part with you, my dear.-Chorus.