

Little Brown Jug

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.

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

G C D7 G
 'Tis you who makes my friends my foes, 'tis you who makes me wear old clothes
G C D7 G
 Here you are so near my nose, so tip her up, and down she goes.

G C D7 G
 When I go toiling to my farm, I take little brown jug under my arm,
G C D7 G
 I place it under a shady tree, little brown jug 'tis you and me.

G C D7 G
 I lay in the shade of a tree, little brown jug in the shade of me
G C D7 G
 I raise her up and give a pull, little brown jug was about half full

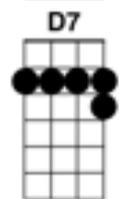
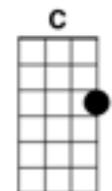
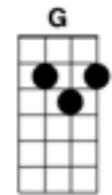
G C D7 G
 Crossed the creek on a hollow log, me and the wife and the little brown dog
G C D7 G
 The wife and the dog fell into the bog, but I held on to the little brown jug.

G C D7 G
 If all the folks in Adam's race, were gathered together in one place,
G C D7 G
 Then I'd prepare to shed a tear, before I'd part from you, my dear.

G C D7 G
 If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
G C D7 G
 I'd feed her on the choicest hay, and milk for forty times a day.

G C D7 G
 The rose is red, my nose is, too, the violet's blue and so are you,
G C D7 G
 And yet I guess before I stop, we'd better take another drop.

Ukulele



Baritone

