

# The Little Brown Jug

By R. A. EASTBURN

*Moderato*      Doh is C. { s } m . s : s . s

1. My wife and I liv'd  
you who make my

all a - lone, In a lit-tle log hut we call'd our own; She lov'd gin, and I lov'd rum, - I  
friends my foes, 'Tis you who make me wear old clothes, Here you are, so near my nose, So

tell you what, we'd lots of fun, tip her up and down she goes, Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't

I love thee; Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee. 2. 'Tis

8 When I go toiling to my farm,  
I take little "Brown Jug" under my arm;  
I place it under a shady tree,  
Little "Brown Jug" 'tis you and me.—Chorus.

4 If all the folks in Adam's race,  
Were gathered together in one place;  
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear,  
Before I'd part from you, my dear.—Chorus.

5 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.—Chorus.

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