

# The little brown jug

Trad. Engeland

arr.: Tom Overtoom

M

1. Me and my wife live all a-lone In a lit-tle log hut we call our own;
2. When I go toil-ing on the farm I take the lit-tle jug under my arm;
3. 'Tis you that makes me friends and foes, 'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes; But,
4. And when I die don't bu-ry me at all, Just pick-le my bones in al-co-hol;
5. The rose is red, my nose is too, The violet's blue and so are you; And

5

She loves gin and I love rum, I tell you what we've lots of fun!  
 Place it un-der a sha-dy tree, Lit-tle brown jug, 'tis you and me.  
 see-ing you're so near my nose, Tip her up and down she goes.  
 Put a bottle o' booze at my head and feet then I know that I will keep.  
 yet, I guess, be-fore I stop, We'd bet-ter take a-no-ther drop.

9

refr. Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee!

refr. Ha, ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee!

13

Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee!

Ha, ha, ha, ha, you and me, Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee!