

Little brown jug



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A music hall classic. It reminds me, as a young child, of my mother's record player with its black disc, somewhat scratched, spinning delightful songs such as these. Written by R.A. Eastburn Winner in 1869, four years after the end of the U.S. Civil War.

Capo: 2nd fret

Me and my wife live all a - lone, In a lit - tle log hut we call our own; She loves gin and
I love rum, I tell you what we have lots of fun! Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee, Lit - tle brown jug, don't
I love thee! Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee, Lit - tle brown jug don't I love thee!

Me and my wife live all alone,
In a little log hut, we call our own
She loves gin, and I love rum
I tell you what we have lots of fun.

Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha, ha, ha, hee, hee, hee,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk;
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day. *Chorus*

When I go toiling on my farm
I take the little brown jug under my arm;
Sit it under some shady tree,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee. *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*

