Little Brown Jug

Glenn Miller Orchestra

Me and my wife live all alone
In a little log hut we're all our own
She loves gin and I love rum,
And don't we have a lot of fun!

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
When I go toiling on the farm
I take the little jug under my arm

Place it under a shady tree,
Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.
'Tis you that makes me friends and foes,
'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes
But, seeing you're so near my nose,
Tip her up and down she goes.

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were gathered together in one place,
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
(I'd let them go without a tear)
Before I'd part from you, my dear.

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk;
Feed her up on oats and hay,
And milk her twenty times a day.

I bought a cow from Farmer Jones,
And she was nothing but skin and bones
I fed her up as fine as silk,
She jumped the fence and strained her milk.

And when I die don't bury me at all,
Just pickle my bones in alcohol
I'ut a bottle o' booze at my head and feet
And then I know that I will keep.

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violets blue and so are you
And yet, I guess, before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.

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