

# Little Brown Jug

Traditional American

G C Am D7



1. My wife and I live all a - lone, in a lit - tle log hut we  
 (2. When) I go toil - ing on the farm I take the lit - tle jug un -

5 G D G G C Am D7



call our own. She loves gin and I love rum I tell you we have  
 der my arm; Place it un - der a shad - y tree, lit - tle brown jug tis

9 G D7 G G C D7 G



lots of fun! Ha! Ha! Ha - you and me, Lit - tle brown jug how I love thee!  
 you and me!

14 C D7 G D7 G



Ha! Ha! Ha, you and me, Lit - tle brown jug, how I love thee.

3. '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.

5. 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.

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

6. 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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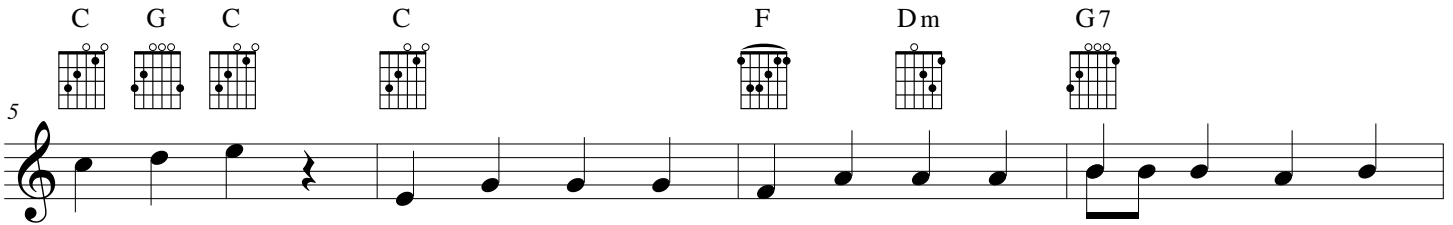
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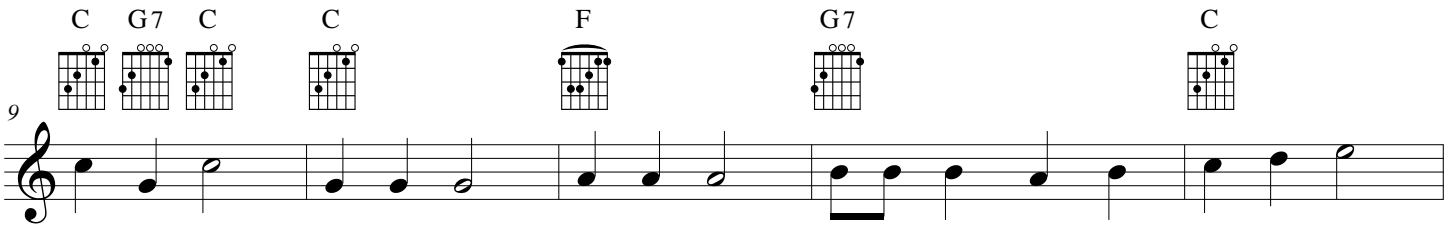
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## Ukulele

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