

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I lived all alone,
In a little log hut we called our own,
I loved rum and she loved tea,
And we're as happy as can be.

Ch: Ha, Ha, Ha,
You and me,
Little brown jug how I love thee!

Repeat chorus

'Tis you who makes my friends my foes,
'Tis you who make me wear old clothes,
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes

Ch.

When I go toiling on my farm
I take Little Brown Jug under my arm,
Place it under a shady tree,
Little Brown Jug, 'tis you and me.

Ch.