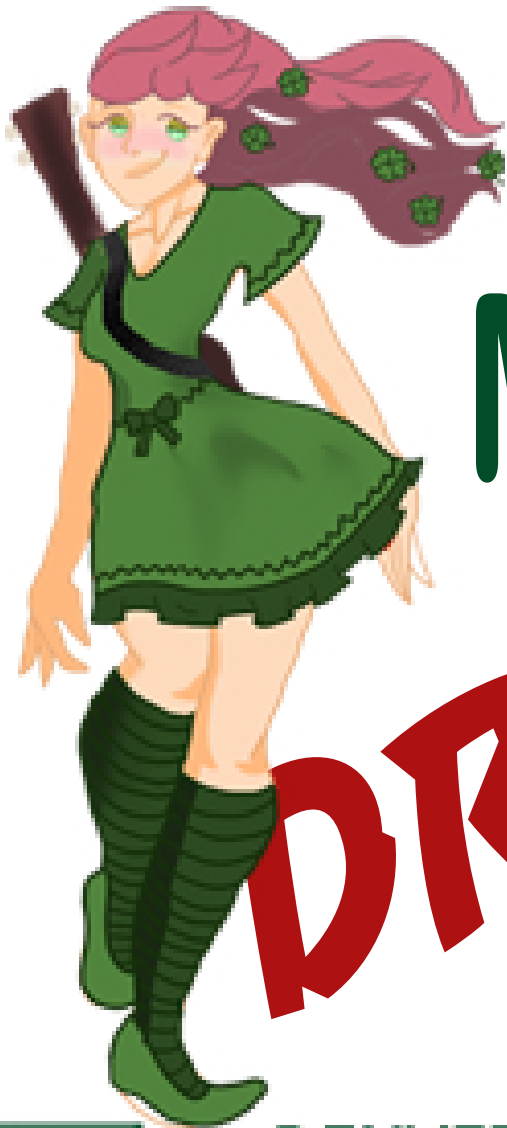


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MARCH  
MEETING

DRINKING  
SONGS

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ESTABLISHED  
2004

# Honky Tonk Women

artist:Rolling Stones , writer:Mick Jagger ,Keith Richards

Lifted from Magz Hinchliffe at Merry Pluckers Facebook Group – thanks Rolling Stones: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b0iLSCgMjvE>

Intro: [G]/// - // // - // (Riff ..)

I [G] met a gin soaked bar room queen in [C] memphis [Csus4] – [C]  
She [G] tried to take me [A] upstairs for a [D] ride [Dsus4] – [D]  
She [G] had to heave me right across her [C] shoulder [Csus4] – [C]

Cause I [G] just can't seem to [D] drink you off my [G] mind (Riff)

It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4] – [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)

It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4] – [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)

I [G] played a divorcee in New York [C] city [Csus4] – [C]  
I [G] had to put up [A] some kind of a [D] fight [Dsus4] – [D]  
The [G] lady then she covered me with [C] roses [Csus4] – [C]  
She [G] blew my nose and [D] then she blew my [G] mind (Riff)

It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4] – [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)  
It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4]- [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)

(Fast -- Single -- Down -- Strums )

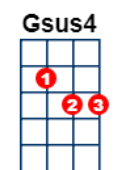
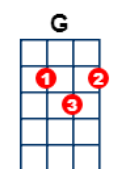
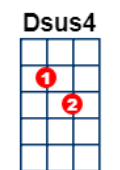
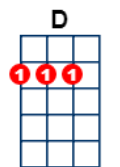
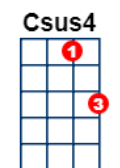
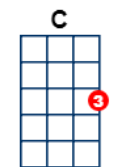
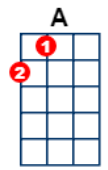
It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4]- [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)

(Fast -- Single -- Down -- Strums )

It's the [G] Hoo - [D] oonky tonk [G] women [Gsus4] – [G]  
[G] Gimme, gimme [D] gimme that honky tonk [G] blues (Riff)

Riff:- Hold [G] chord

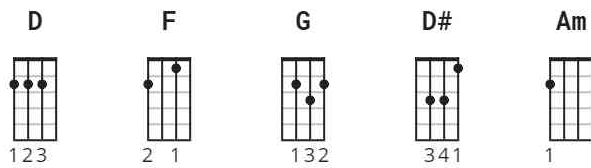
A -2---2---0-----0---2---0-----  
E -----3-----3---0---3-  
C -----  
G -



# Beer Run ukulele chords by Garth Brooks

Tuning: G C E A

## CHORDS



Beer run (**D** double-**D** double-R U-N)

| **F** | **F F** | **F** | **G** | **F** | **F F** | **F G** | **F** |

**F**

Twenty-five minutes past quitting time

**G F**

Seven of us crammed into that truck of mine

**F**

Payin' no attention to them highway signs

**G F**

Ninety mile an hour toward the county line

**F D D# D**

Quick sack, twelve pack, back again

**F G F**

Its a B - double E - double R - U - N

**F**

My buddies and their babies lettin' down their hair

**G F**

As long as we're together it don't matter where

**F**

Ain't got a lot of money but we just don't care

**G F**

Knowing that the fun is in the gettin' there

**F D D# D**

Aztec, long necks, paycheck spent

**F G F**

Oh its a B - double E - double R - U - N

**D**  
I can't stop thinkin' what the Hell they were drinkin'

**Am**  
When they made this county dry

**D**  
I got a week long thirst and to make it worse

**F** **G**  
Lord its my turn to drive

| **F** | **F F** | **F** | **G** | **F** | **F F** | **F G** | **F** | **F** |

**F**  
Oh laughin' and a braggin' and a carryin' on

**G** **F**  
We loaded up the wagons and we're headin' home

**F**  
I guess half a dozen cases doesn't last that long

**G** **F**  
Come tomorrow morning it'll be all gone

**F** **D** **D#** **D**  
And its turn around, leave town, sounds again

**F** **G** **F**  
Like a B - double E - double R - U - N

**F** **G** **F**  
Like a B - double E - double R - U - N

| **F** | **F F** | **F** | **G** | **F** | **F F** | **F G** | **F** | **F** | repeat

## Beer song (sung to Do Re Mi)

C  
Doe, (dough\$) the stuff that buys my beer.

G G7  
Ray, the guy who pours my beer.

C  
Mi, (me) the guy who drinks my beer.

F  
Far, a long way to the John.

C C7 E  
Sew, (So) I'll have another beer.

D7 G  
La, -Ger in a Frosty Mug.

E7 Am C7  
Tea, no thanks, I'll have a beer.

Dm7 G7 C  
That will bring us back to do - oh - oh - oh!

# Cracklin' Rosie Neil Diamond

C C C C F  
 Cracklin' Rosie get on board. We're gonna ride till there ain't no more to go

F F F  
 Taking it slow. Lord, don't you know

Dm G7  
 Have me a time with a poor man's lady

C C C C F  
 Hitchin' on a twilight train. Ain't nothing here that I care to take along

F F F  
 Maybe a song; sing when I want

Dm G7 C C  
 Don't need to say please to no man for a happy tune

C// F// G// C//  
 Oh, I love my Rosie child  
 C// F// G// C//  
 You got the way to make me happy  
 C// F// G// C//  
 You and me, we go in style  
 Dm Dm  
 Cracklin' Rosie you're a store-bought woman.  
 Dm Dm  
 You make me sing like a guitar hummin'  
 Dm Dm G G  
 Hang on to me, girl, our song keeps runnin' on  
 G G G/ Gmaj7/ G7/  
 Play it now. Play it now. Play it now, my ba - by

Cracklin' Rosie is not a woman. Rather, it is a sparkling ("cracklin") rosé wine that lonely men would drink around the fire.

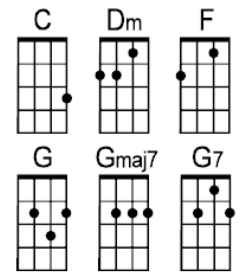
Yes, this final G walk down in the chorus is only 3 beats long!

C C C C F  
 Cracklin' Rosie make me a smile. God if it lasts for an hour, well that's alright

F F F  
 We got all night to set the world right

Dm G7 C C  
 Find us a dream that don't ask no questions, yeah

**<Repeat chorus. Repeat last verse.>**  
**<Fade on verse: "ba, ba ba ba ba...">**



I Gotta Get Drunk - Willie Nelson

                  D  
Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it,  
                  G                                  D  
'cause I know just what I'm gonna do.

I start to spend my money, callin' everybody honey,  
                  E                                  A  
and wind up singin' the blues.

                  G                                  D  
I've spent my whole paycheck on some old wreck,  
  A  
and brother, I can name you a few.

                  D                                  G  
Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it,  
                  D                  A                  D  
'cause I know just what I'm gonna do.

                  D  
I gotta get drunk, I can't stay sober,

**REFRAIN**

                  G                                  D  
there's a lot of good people in town,  
who'd like to hear me holler, see me spend my dollars,  
                  E                                  A  
and I wouldn't think of lettin' 'em down.

                  G  
There's a lot of doctors that tell me,  
                  D                                  A  
that I'd better start to slowin' it down.

                  D                                  G  
But there's more old drunks than there are old doctors,  
                  D                  A                  D  
so I guess we'd better have another round.

+ REFRAIN     + Instr. (=Refrain)                    + REFRAIN

# Cornbread And Butterbeans

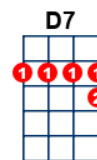
artist:Carolina Chocolate Drops , writer:Traditional

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xcn7-W57x1M>

*Thanks to Steve Przybelinski*



[G] Cornbread and butterbeans, and you across the [C] table  
[D7] Eating beans and making love, as long as I am [G] able  
[G] Hoein' corn and cotton too, and when the day is [C] over  
[D7] Ride the mule, a crazy fool, and love again all [G] over



[G] Goodbye. don't you cry. I'm going to Lou's-[C]iana,  
[D7] Buy a dog and a big fat hog and marry Suzy [G] Anna.  
[G] Sing-song, ding-dong, gonna take a trip to [C] China,  
[D7] Cornbread and butter beans, and there to Caro-[G]lina.



[G] Cornbread and butterbeans, and you across the [C] table  
[D7] Eating beans and making love, as long as I am [G] able  
[G] Hoein' corn and cotton too, and when the day is [C] over  
[D7] Ride the mule, a crazy fool, and love again all [G] over

[G] Wearing shoes and drinking booze, is goin' against the [C] Bible  
[D7] A necktie will make you die, and cause you lots of [G] trouble  
[G] Street cars and whiskey bars, and kissing pretty [C] women  
[D7] Woah man, that's the end, of a terrible be-[G]ginning

[G] Cornbread and butterbeans, and you across the [C] table  
[D7] Eating beans and making love, as long as I am [G] able  
[G] Hoein' corn and cotton too, and when the day is [C] over  
[D7] Ride the mule, a crazy fool, and love again all [G] over

[G] Can't read and don't care, and education's [C] awful  
[D7] Raising heck and writing checks, it oughtta be [G] unlawful  
[G] Silk hose and pretty clothes is just a waste of [C] money  
[D7] I can see how glad you'll be to marry me, my [G] honey

[G] Cornbread and butterbeans, and you across the [C] table  
[D7] Eating beans and making love, as long as I am [G] able  
[G] Hoein' corn and cotton too, and when the day is [C] over  
[D7] Ride the mule, a crazy fool, and love again all [G] over

# 307 Ale

## Tom Smith

C F C Dm G C  
There's many drinks you'll drink, me lads, on every world that's new.  
C F C Dm G  
There's Saurian Brandy, Cranapple Schnapps, and a good old Tullamore Don't.  
F C Dm G  
There's Busch and Beck and Bud and Bock and others dark and pale,  
C F C Dm G C  
But I think you'll find the finest kind is Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
It started out at M.I.T. one lazy summer day,  
C F C Dm G  
When a couple of the frat-boy techies started in to play,  
F C Dm G  
They'd caught up on their schedule with a couple hours to kill,  
C F C Dm G C  
So they fitted up the cyclotron and made themselves a still.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
They added choice ingredients to brew a little brew,  
C F C Dm G  
But they didn't know the wires were crossed in Chamber Number Two.  
F C Dm G  
A tiny bit of space got folded, things were looking queer --  
C F C Dm G C  
They turned the spout and then came out the world's first Hyper-Beer.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
C F C Dm G C Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste like Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads,  
Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale.

C F C Dm G C  
It bubbled and it burbled and it glowed a fizzly green,  
C F C Dm G  
And what it did to test equipment, frankly, was obscene.  
F C Dm G  
It took awhile to find a vial it wouldn't burst to flame,  
C F C Dm G C  
Then they measured out its potency, and that's how it was named.

C F C Dm G C  
There's many drinks you'll drink, me lads, but this one beats them all:  
C F C Dm G  
One hundred fifty-three and one-half percent alcohol,  
F C Dm G  
A beer, brewed in a tesseract, that'll shoot you through the roof --  
C Dm G C  
And if you don't believe me, I've got lots and lots of proof.

Am G Dm G C  
Three-Oh-Seven Ale, me lads, Three-Oh-Seven Ale,  
Am G D G  
The finest drink that any bar has ever had for sale,  
C F C D G  
It'll lay your whole damn world to waste, it'll make you fit and hale,  
F C  
It sticks to your mouth like library paste,  
F Em  
With a stronger kick than toxic waste,  
C G Am  
There's nothing that you'll ever taste  
Dm G C F C  
Like Three-Oh-Seven Ale!

# What shall we do with the drunken sailor?

1. [Dm] What shall we do with the drunken sailor

[C] What shall we do with the drunken sailor

[Dm] What shall we do with the drunken sailor

[C] Early in the [Dm] morning

## Refrain

[Dm] Hoo-ray, and up she rises

[C] Hoo-ray, and up she rises

[Dm] Hoo-ray, and up she rises

[C] Early in the [Dm] morning

2. Put him in the long boat til he's sober ....

3. Pull out the plug and wet him all over

4. Take him and shake him and try to wake him

5. Give him a dose of salt and water

10. That's what to do with a drunken sailor ...



C

G7

C

Tiny Bubbles in the wine make me happy, make me feel fine.

C

C7

F

C

Tiny bubbles make me warm all over with a feeling that I'm gonna

G7

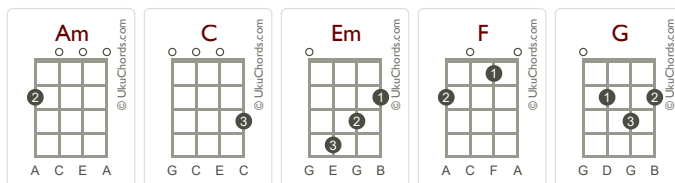
C

C/G7/C

Love you till the end of time

# MEMORIES

by Maroon 5



## Intro:

C G Am Em F C F G  
 | / / / / | / / / / | / / / / | / / / / |

C G  
 Here's to the ones that we got  
 Am Em  
 Cheers to the wish you were here but you're not  
 F C  
 'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
 F G  
 Of everything we've been through

C G  
 Toast to the ones here today  
 Am Em  
 Toast to the ones that we lost on the way  
 F C  
 'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
 F G C -nc-  
 And the memories bring back memories, bring back you

C G Am Em  
 There's a time that I remember, when I did not know no pain  
 F C F G  
 When I believed in forever, and everything would stay the same  
 C G Am Em  
 Now my heart feel like December, when somebody say your name  
 F C F G  
 'Cause I can't reach out to call you, but I know I will one day, ayy

C G Am Em  
 Everybody hurts sometimes, everybody hurts someday, ayy-ayy  
 F C F G  
 But everything gon' be alright, go and raise a glass and say, ayy

C G  
 Here's to the ones that we got  
 Am Em  
 Cheers to the wish you were here but you're not  
 F C  
 'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
 F G  
 Of everything we've been through

C G  
 Toast to the ones here today

Am Em  
Toast to the ones that we lost on the way  
F C  
'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
F G C  
And the memories bring back memories, bring back you

G  
Doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
Am Em  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
F C  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo  
F G C -nc-  
Memories bring back memories, bring back you

C G Am Em  
There's a time that I remember, when I never felt so lost  
F C F G  
When I felt all of the hatred, was too powerful to stop -ooh, yeah-  
C G Am Em  
Now my heart feel like an ember, and it's lighting up the dark  
F C F G  
I'll carry these torches for ya, and you know I never drop, yeah

C G Am Em  
Everybody hurts sometimes, everybody hurts someday, ayy-ayy  
F C F G  
But everything gon' be alright, go and raise a glass and say, ayy

C G  
Here's to the ones that we got  
Am Em  
Cheers to the wish you were here but you're not  
F C  
'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
F G  
Of everything we've been through

C G  
Toast to the ones here today  
Am Em  
Toast to the ones that we lost on the way  
F C  
'Cause the drinks bring back all the memories  
F G C  
And the memories bring back memories, bring back you

G  
Doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
Am Em  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
F C  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo  
F G C  
Memories bring back memories, bring back you

G  
Doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
Am Em  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo doot  
F C  
Doot-doot-doot-doo doot-doot-doo  
F G C  
Memories bring back memories, bring back you

G Am Em  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
F C  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, doh  
F G -nc-  
Memories bring back memories, bring back you

## Pub with No Beer

Oh it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all  
By the campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes call  
But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear  
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come  
And there's a far away look on the face of the bum  
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer  
Oh what a terrible place is a pub with no beer

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat  
He breasts up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat  
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer  
As the barman says sadly the pub's got no beer

Then the swaggie comes in smothered in dust and flies  
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes  
But when he is told, he says what's this I hear  
I've truded fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer

Now there's a dog on the v'randa, for his master he waits

But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates

D7 G

He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear

A7 D //

It's no place for a dog 'round a pub with no beer

D D7 G

And old Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life

A7 D

Why he's gone home cold sober to his darling wife

D7 G

He walks in the kitchen, she says you're early my dear

A7 D //

But then he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer

D D7 G

Oh, Billy the blacksmith, rides home on his horse

A7 D

The cops pull him over, but he's sober of course

D7 G

He blows in the bag and they all shed a tear

A7 D //

There's no place for a Booze bus 'round a pub with no beer

D D7 G

Oh it's hard to believe that there's customers still

A7 D

But the money's still tinkling in the old ancient till

D7 G

The wine buffs are happy and I know they're sincere

A7 D //

When they say they don't care if the pub's got no beer

D D7 G

So it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all

A7 D

By the campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes call

D7 G

But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear

A7 D DGGD

Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

## Sin Wagon - The Chicks

D

He pushed me 'round now I'm drawin' the line

G Bb D

He lived his life now I'm gonna go live mine, I'm sick of wastin' my time

D

Well now I've been good for way too long

G Bb D

Found my red dress and I'm gonna throw it on, 'Bout to get too far gone

G

D

G

D

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, need a little bit more of my twelve ounce nutrition

A

D/

D/

One more helpin' of what I've been havin', I'm takin' my turn on the sin wagon

D

G Bb

On a mission to make something happen, feel like Delilah lookin' for Samson,

Bb

D

Bb

D

Do a little mattress dancin', That's right I said mattress dancin'

G

D

G

D

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, need a little bit more of what I've been missin'

A

D/

D/

I don't know where I'll be crashin', I'm arrivin' on a sin wagon

D

G

When it's my turn to march up to glory, I'm gonna have one hell of a story

Bb

D

Bb

D

That's if he forgives me, Oh Lord please forgive me

G

D

G

D

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, need a little bit more of that sweet salvation

A

D/

D/

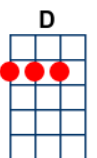
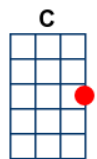
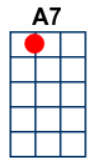
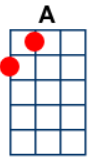
D/

They may take me with my feet draggin', But I'll fly away on a sin wagon

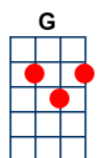
# Who Threw The Whisky In The Well

key:G, artist:performed by Buster Poindexter & His Banshees of Blue

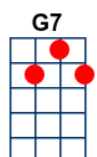
It was an [G]early Sunday morning  
And the church was crowded full  
Old elder Brown was rave'n  
He was [A]angry as a [D]bull  
The [G]congregation sensed it  
And they knew just what he meant  
When he said my text [C]today is  
You [D]sinners must [G]repent



Who threw the whisky in the [G]well (in the well)  
Who threw the whisky in the [D]well (in the well)  
Deacon [G]Jones knelt down to [G7]pray  
All he [C]said was "Hey Hey [A7]/ Hey"  
So [G]who threw the [D]whisky in the [G]well (in the well)  
(Now who threw the whisky in the [G]well) In the well  
(Who threw the whisky in the [D]well) In the well



[G]I'm feel'in mighty [G7]fine  
I'm [C]high as Georgia [A7]Pine  
So [G]who threw the [D]whisky in the [G]well



Who threw the whisky in the [G]well (in the well)  
Who threw the whisky in the [D]well (in the well)  
Keep you [G]dippers out of that [G7]well  
Or we [C]all wind up in [A7]/ (WELL)  
[G]Who threw the [D]whisky in the [G]well (in the well)

[G]Well brothers and sisters  
I'm taking my leave of thee  
Every time I show you the light  
[D]And y'all live outside of me

Since [G]/brother Luke brought his [G7]/uke  
And Sister [C]/Ash has all the [A7]/cash  
Let's [G]get together drink [C]water get tall  
Come on [D]children let's have a [G]ball

Who threw the whisky in the [G]well (in the well)  
Who threw the whisky in the [D]well (in the well)  
Keep you [G]/dippers out of that [G7]/well  
Or we [C]/all wind up in [A7]/ (WELL)  
[G]Who threw the [D]whisky  
[G]Who threw the [D]whisky  
[G]Who threw the [D]whisky in the [G]well

**Duncan** -(orig. = capo 1st) (Slim Dusty)

**C** **G**  
1. I love to have a beer with Duncan, I love to have a beer with Dunc,  
**F G**  
we drink in moderation, and we never ever ever get rollin' drunk.  
**C F**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great,  
**Dm G C G**  
I love to have a beer with Duncan, 'cause Duncan's me mate, yeah.

**C G**  
2. I love to have a beer with Colin, I love to have a beer with Col,  
**F G**  
we drink in moderation, and it doesn't really matter if he brings his doll.  
**C F**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great,  
**Dm G C**  
I love to have a beer with Colin, 'cause Colin's me mate.  
**G C G**  
Mm-mm-mm. Mm-mm-mm-mm.

**C G**  
3. I love to have a beer with Kevin, oh, I love to have a beer with Kev,  
**F G**  
we drink in moderation, and he drives me home in his big old Chev.  
**C F**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great,  
**Dm G C - G**  
I love to have a beer with Kevin, 'cause Kevin's me mate.

**C G**  
4. I love to have a beer with Patrick, I love to have a beer with Pat,  
**F G**  
we drink in moderation, and it wouldn't really matter if the beer was flat.  
**C F**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great,  
**Dm G C - G**  
I love to have a beer with Patrick, 'cause Patrick's me mate.

(spoken : ) Change key ! - A7

**E B7**  
5. I love to have a beer with Robert, I love to have a beer with Bob,  
**G A7**  
we drink in moderation, just one more and back on the job.

**D** **G**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great,  
**Em** **A7** **D - A7**  
I love to have a beer with Robert, 'cause Robert's me mate.

**E** **B7**  
6. I love to have a beer with Duncan, I love to have a beer with Dunc,  
**G** **A7**  
we drink in moderation, and we never ever ever get rollin' drunk.

**D** **G**  
We drink at the Town and Country, where the atmosphere is great.  
**Em** **A7** **D - A7**  
I love to have a beer with Duncan, 'Cause Duncan's me mate.

**G** **Em** **A7** **D**  
I love to have a beer with Duncan, 'Cause Duncan's me mate.

(spoken : ) One more time!

## Little Brown Jug

The Little Brown Jug  
Joseph Eastburn Winner (1869)

G C D7 G  
My wife and I lived all alone in a little log hut we called our own;  
She loved whiskey, I loved rum, I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.

CHORUS:

G C D7 G  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug do I love thee;  
Ha, ha, ha, you and me, little brown jug do I love thee;

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

CHORUS:

When I go toiling to my farm, I take little brown jug under my arm;  
I place it under a shady tree, little brown jug 'tis you and me.

CHORUS:

I lay in the shade of a tree, little brown jug in the shade of me.  
I raised her up and gave apull, little brown jug was about half full.

CHORUS:

Crossed the creek on a hollow log, me and the wife and the little brown dog.  
The wife and the dog fell into the bog, but I held on to the little brown jug.

CHORUS:

If all the folks in Adam's race, were gathered together in one place;  
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear, before I'd part from you, my dear.

CHORUS:

If I'd a cow that gave such milk, I'd clothe her in the finest silk;  
I'd feed her on the choicest hay, and milk her forty times a day.

CHORUS:

The rose is red, my nose is, too, the violet's blue, and so are you;  
And yet I guess before I stop, we'd better take another drop.

CHORUS:

# Little Brown Jug

key:C, artist:Glen Miller writer:Joseph Eastburn Winner

Scroll

Stop



5 Chords:

Hide

Top

Right

Glen Miller: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YOG89TrL4Vk> Capo 1

Palmetto Bug Stompers: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_UFwSINSZ4s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_UFwSINSZ4s) in Bb

*Simplified version- thanks to marius.ionescu*

[C] My wife and I live [F] all alone  
[G] In a little brown house we [C] call our own;  
[C] She loves gin and [F] I love rum,  
[G] And we have a [C] whole lot of fun!

[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!  
[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!

[C] My wife and I live [F] all alone  
[G] In a little brown house we [C] call our own;  
[C] She loves gin and [F] I love rum,  
[G] And we have a [C] whole lot of fun!

[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!  
[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!

[C] My wife and I live [F] all alone  
[G] In a little brown house we [C] call our own;  
[C] She loves gin and [F] I love rum,  
[G] And we have a [C] whole lot of fun!

[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!  
[C] Ha, ha, ha, [F] you and me,  
[G7] Little brown jug, don't [C] I love thee!