

Bass Bb

# With my Jug in one hand

Glee 4 Voc: J.. H..

M 8

John Harkness  
Preston, Lancs., fl. 1859

With my Jug in one hand & my Pipe in the o-ther, I drink to my  
Neigh-bour and Friend of To-bac-co I smother, for  
Life I know short-ly must end, re-fills my brown  
jug with good Ale. I will make my-self mel-low, in my old wick-er chair I will  
seat my-self snug like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low, like a jol-ly, like a  
jol-ly like a jol-ly and true hap-py fel-low. I'll ne'er trou-ble my  
head with th'af-fairs of the Nation, I've en-ough of my own for to  
mind are but grief & vex-a-tion to death we must  
all be con-sign'd. and sing and leave no-thing to pay but  
drop like a pear that is mel-low, and when cold in my cof-fin I'll leave them to  
say he's gone, what a hear-ty good fel-low, he's gone, he's gone, he's  
gone, what a hear-ty good fel-low.