Jug of Punch

1. As I was sitting with me jug and spoon
   G  C
   On one fine morn in the month of June
   C  F
   A small bird sang on an ivy branch
   G
   And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch

Chorus:
   C  G  C
   (Repeat last two lines of Verse)

2. What more diversion could a man desire
   G  C
   Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire,
   C  F
   A Kerry Pippin to crack and crunch,
   G  C
   Aye, and on the table a jug of punch

Chorus:

3. The learned doctors with all their art
   G  C
   Cannot cure the impression that's on the heart
   C  F
   Even the cripple forgets his hunch
   G  C
   When he's safe outside of a jug of punch

Chorus:

4. Well if I get drunk, then, me money's me own,
   G  C
   And if you don't like me, then leave me alone,
   C  F
   I'll tune me fiddle and rosin me bow,
   G  C
   Aye, and I'll be welcome wherever I go

Chorus:

5. And when I'm dead, aye, and in me grave,
   G  C
   No costly tombstone will I crave,
   C  F
   Just lay me down in me native peat,
   G  C
   With a jug of punch at me head and feet.

Chorus: