

Jug of Punch

1. As I was sitting with me jug and spoon

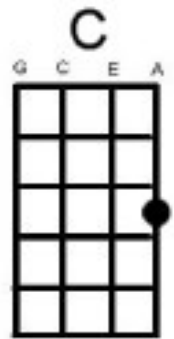
On one fine morn in the month of June

A small bird sang on an ivy branch

And the song he sang was the Jug of Punch

Chorus:

Too-ruloo-ruloo, too-ruloo-ruloo, Too-ruloo-ruloo, too-ruloo-ruloo.
(Repeat last two lines of Verse)

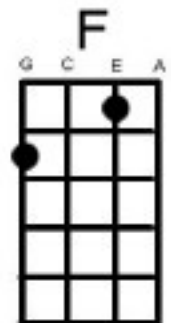


2. What more diversion could a man desire

Than to court a girl by a neat turf fire,

A Kerry Pippin to crack and crunch,

Aye, and on the table a jug of punch *Chorus:*

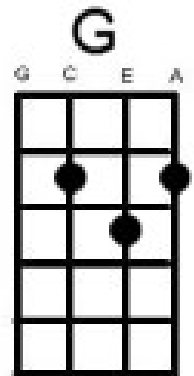


3. The learned doctors with all their art

Cannot cure the impression that's on the heart

Even the cripple forgets his hunch

When he's safe outside of a jug of punch *Chorus:*



4. Well if I get drunk, then, me money's me own,

And if you don't like me, then leave me alone,

I'll tune me fiddle and rosin me bow,

Aye, and I'll be welcome wherever I go *Chorus:*

5. And when I'm dead, aye, and in me grave,

No costly tombstone will I crave,

Just lay me down in me native peat,

With a jug of punch at me head and feet. *Chorus:*

