

# Jug Of Punch

Traditional

One pleasant evening in the month of June  
 As I was sitting with my glass and spoon  
 A small bird sat on an ivy bunch  
 And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch"

*Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay, too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra lay*  
*A small bird sat on an ivy bunch*  
*And the song he sang was "The Jug Of Punch"*

What more diversion can a man desire?  
 Than to sit him down by an alehouse fire  
*Upon his knee a pretty wench*  
*And on the table a jug of punch*

Let the doctors come with all their art  
 They'll make no impression upon my heart  
*Even a cripple forgets his hunch*  
*When he's snug outside of a jug of punch*

And if I get drunk, well, the money's me own  
 And if them don't like me they can leave me alone  
*I'll chung me fiddle and I'll rosin me bow*  
*And I'll be welcome wherever I go*

And when I'm dead and in my grave  
 No costly tombstone will I have  
*Just lay me down in my native peat*  
*With a jug of punch at my head and feet*

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	V	-		I	-	
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