

A Jug of Punch

The Clancy Brothers

Clancy Brothers

Miscellaneous

Jug Of Punch

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'Twas early, early, in the month of June

I was sitting with my glass and spoon.

A small bird sat on an ivy bunch

And the song he sang was a jug of punch.

CHO: Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie

Toor-a-loora-la, toor-a-loora-lie

(repeat last two lines of verse)

If I were sick, and very bad

And were not able to go or stand,

I would not think it at all amiss

To pledge my shoes for a jug of punch.

CHO:

Than to sit him down by a snug turf fire,

Upon his knee a pretty wench

And upon his table a jug of punch.

CHO:

And when I'm dead and in my grave

No costly tombstone will I have,

I'll dig a grave both wide and deep

With a jug of punch at my head and feet.